

# THE WANDERER

*a novel by*

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*Founder of*

PSYCHIANA

PSYCHIANA

MOSCOW, *Idaho*

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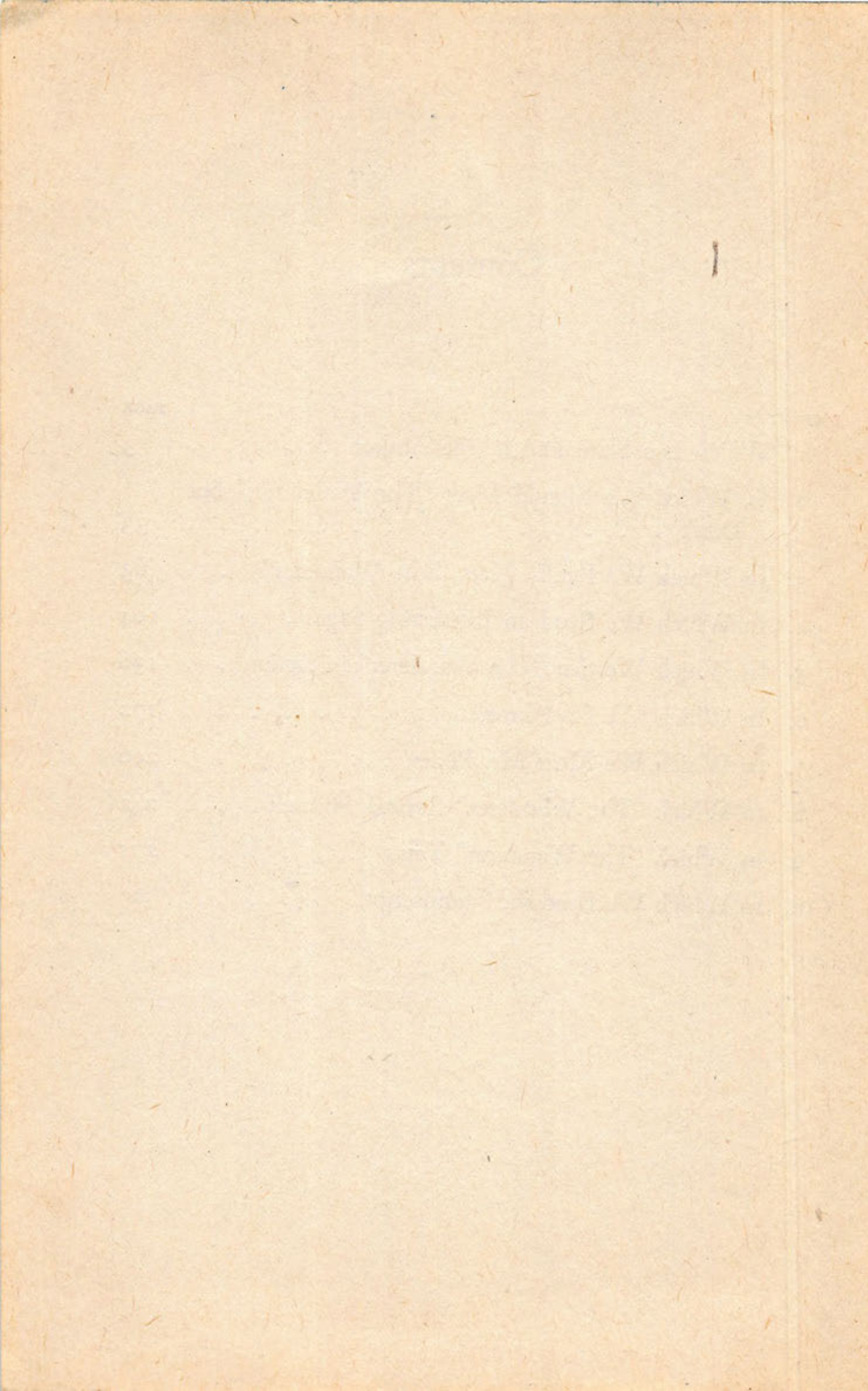


THE WANDERER



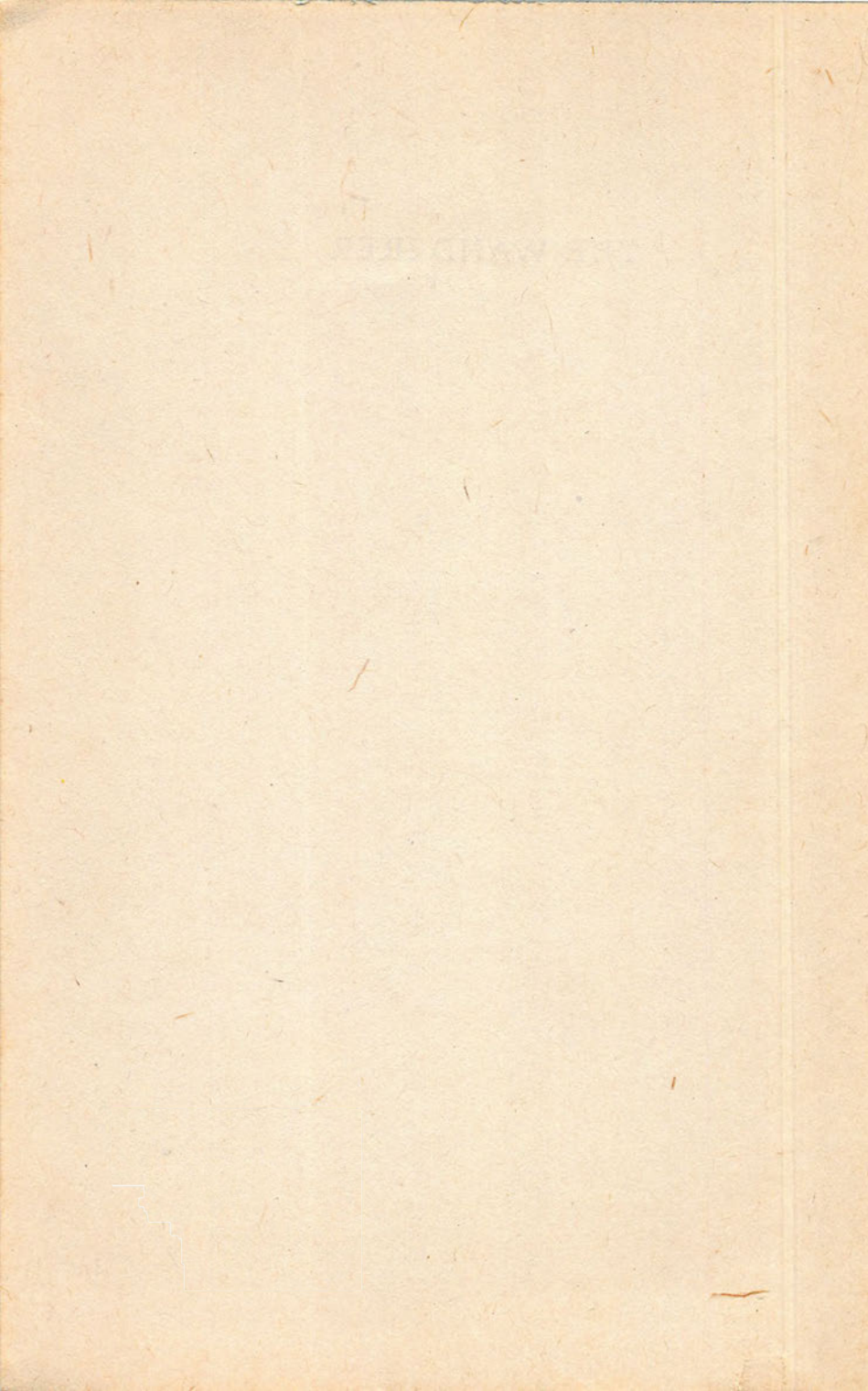
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THE WANDERER





## CHAPTER ONE

### Which Is a Statement by the Author

ON AUGUST THE SIXTH 1945, A B-29 BOMBER LEFT AN AMERICAN flying-field somewhere in the Pacific. It was headed for Japan. Few knew the gruesome cargo it carried. Less knew its destination. As the Japanese on the ground below turned their eyes toward the skies, this lone bomber created little more than passing interest. Bombers of that type were daily visitors as they flew over Japan carrying their winged flying messages of death and destruction.

The City of Hiroshima had not been bombed before, so the watchers there probably paid not much more than passing attention to the B-29 which was now approaching. The rest of the big bombers which had flown overhead had other destinations. Some were bound for Kobe, to unload their deadly missiles there. Others went to Osaka, while still others made Tokio and Yokohama their targets.

These cities were the suspected targets for such bombers. They were much larger. They were the natural targets, while Hiroshima was far too small for these huge messengers of death to bother with. This is what the natives of Hiroshima probably thought on that fateful sixth of August 1945.

They were stoical too. They had attacked the United States, at least their navy had, and while these Hiroshima mothers and children were but pawns in the fiendish military and naval machine the Japanese war-lords had created, they feared death but little. What had life held for them? They worked, they slaved, they ate, they slept, they raised their families—and they died.

Of course, there were those in Hiroshima who exploited their



fellow humans, but by and large the citizens of Hiroshima, that City of Death knew little of the joys and pleasures of life. Their overlords saw to that. For were they not citizens of the Empire of The Rising Sun? Had not the Eternal God of Heaven raised the Japanese people from ignorance and poverty to one of the mightiest naval powers in the world? At least that is what their overlords gave them to believe.

*And then it came.* There was unleashed upon the Japanese City of Hiroshima a force so fearful and so ghastly awesome that it wiped one hundred and sixty thousand of these people out of existence in the twinkling of an eye.

It came with a searing, burning flame. There was a blinding flash, the like of which human beings have never before witnessed. It destroyed their City as if it were so much matchwood. It left scores of thousands of these yellow human beings writhing in fearful agony. It blistered their flesh. It consumed their bones. It scattered pain, torture and horror in its wake. It blotted men and women out as if they had never existed. Those citizens of Hiroshima saw world-history made on August the sixth 1945.

*They saw unleashed a power which will never be leashed again.* They saw the atomic bomb.

What those few who remain think about it all, the author has no way of knowing. He does not particularly care to know. The horror of the experience sickens him. As the revolting details of that massacre still come in, he finds himself wondering how much lower the human race can descend, and will have to descend before it decides that the time is ripe for it to forever throw away such fiendish instruments and methods of death.

Almost one year later, at Bikini atoll, there was witnessed again another demonstration of the horrible destruction this atomic bomb caused, even though it is still but in its infancy. Three weeks afterwards men are not allowed to enter the lagoon because of the dangerous, deadly radio-activity which still lingers over the spot where atomic bomb number four was exploded.



The charge which exploded all four of these bombs may have been no larger than a pea. The reader may try to imagine what would happen if a ten-ton "block-buster," containing ten tons of fissionable Uranium 235 were exploded.

A column of water one mile high and half a mile wide was shot skyward by this fourth bomb. What would have been the toll in human lives had some foreign power dropped that bomb on New York City.

It would take a super-optimist to read the front page of any metropolitan daily, then go home, sit in his arm-chair, twiddle his thumbs and say: "Oh well—it looks bad, but God's in His heaven so all's right with the world."

God is *not* in His heaven and all is *not* right with the world. *For it was Christian America which dropped that bomb.* Perhaps Christian America may some day wish that bomb had not been dropped.

Oh yes—I know, those brutal Japs blasted hundreds of our young men into eternity by their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. But you and I may never know the sordid details which led up to that attack, if such sordid details exist. And there are many who believe they did exist. One hears rumors that Great Britain saw an opportunity to sell Uncle Sam a bill of goods by insisting that an "incident" be provoked which would lead to war, a war in which Great Britain would emerge with a much strengthened empire.

The Author is not interested so much in what led to this last world conflict. He knows that Rooseveltian policies and theories, right or wrong, have whirled this fair land of ours into the vortex of a maelstrom of political intrigue, debauchery, and hate, the like of which we have never known in the one hundred and sixty years since we first became a nation.

We are so hopelessly involved that we cannot extricate ourselves if we would. The die is forever cast. If the world levels off for a while and decides it has had enough of war, we shall level off. If it destroys itself with the atomic bomb, we shall be de-



stroyed. There are no half-way measures nor is there any turning back.

No thinking man or woman entertains for a moment the fantastic thought that the nations of this world will get together and agree that the atomic bomb is a very bad thing, therefore should be outlawed and never used for destructive purposes. To the contrary, we see many signs that already another world war is lining up. We see the sides. We see the handwriting on the wall. One would indeed be foolish to even hope that the nations will bring peace to the earth because they want peace. If some of the nations in the headlines want peace, they are showing it in strange ways.

No sooner do a few hopeful words come from the peace conference being conducted in Europe, than a spy story of some foreign power trying to steal our atomic secrets breaks. Intrigue and more intrigue. Double talk and more double talk. Secret diplomacy and more secret diplomacy. Plot and more plot. Hatred and more hatred. Suspicion and more suspicion. Anarchy and more anarchy right here at home.

No right thinking man or woman would seek to disparage any attempt among the nations of this earth to come to some agreement among themselves whereby war would forever be outlawed. And if the nations of the earth really *wanted* to outlaw war with the atomic bomb, it would not take them long to do just that.

When the right to veto was given a great power in San Francisco, the United Nations Organization might just as well have packed its baggage and gone home. As long as one power has the right to veto the acts of a majority of other powers, the foundation upon which a true, permanent and sound peace can be builded is not there.

There is not visible the slightest sign of any real attempt to build a permanent peace. The majority of the nations of the world want that sort of peace. But there are those who do not want it. As long as such nations exist the only logical thing to do



is prepare for the next war. That is what all nations seem to be doing.

General MacArthur is in Japan establishing democracy. One of his jobs is to disarm the Jap. Yet only yesterday the radio announced that *the Government of The United States had agreed to loan Japan and Korea over sixty millions dollars with which to purchase surplus war equipment from us*. It does not add up. Nothing the nations are doing adds up.

There are a few nations which, could they be eliminated from the peace conferences, would leave smooth sailing for the rest of the member nations. But those nations cannot be eliminated. Nor does there seem very much which leads one to hope that in the future they will cooperate so that lasting peace might become a fact.

This civilization stands at the fork of two roads. Very wide roads. At the fork stands a large signpost. On the left wing is this legend:—"*Complete annihilation.*" The right wing of the signpost reads like this:—"*The Power of God.*"

Civilization must take one of those two roads. There is no middle path, nor are there any short-cuts. Just two roads. One leads to the almost complete annihilation of the human race, while the other leads to a civilization so grand and full of splendor that no civilization known to history can begin to hold a candle to it.

The road to the left, the one marked "*Complete annihilation*" is a short road. It will not take many years to reach the end of it. The road to the right is much longer, and its destination is much more glorious.

There is almost no possibility that this civilization will take the road to the right. It must then, take the road to the left. This is an almost inhuman prospect, but remember Hiroshima with its pain, its frightful death, its horrible suffering. In the next war the bomb dropped on Hiroshima may seem as a child's fire-cracker compared with the atomic bombs which will be dropped if our civilization takes the road to the left.

But, granting for the sake of argument that it may be possible



for all nations to agree on the outlawing of war, including the atomic bomb, such a peace could be but short-lived. It could not endure. The fundamentals of universal permanent peace would be lacking. And until the nations of the earth, and the human beings which comprise these nations do get down to fundamentals, history will only repeat itself. One war will follow another. With the increase in frightfulness of the weapons employed, and the added knowledge our scientists have made available, it cannot be long until civilization destroys itself regardless of whether peace is honestly agreed upon in the present negotiations which, at this writing, have almost broken down.

The road to the right, you will recall, reads on the signpost:—"The Power of God," and at this point in my statement before beginning my story, I suggest that the reader not imply that the author is trying to promote his, or anyone else's system of religion.

The times are too critical for him to do that. He is not in the slightest degree interested in selling the reader on his own religion, for while systems of religion have usually been at the very core of most wars, they have never stopped a war. They never can.

So when I say "*The Power of God*," I mean that there exists a Power by that name, which not even our major systems of religion know anything about. They could know if they chose, and it is the Author's intense desire that they will know before too long. *For nothing less than the actual Power of God can bring eternal peace to this war-weary world.*

This Power to which I allude, is a completely unknown factor in both the world and the church. If the churches so much as faintly suspected the existence of such a super-ocean of Power which is available to them, there would be not only eternal peace and joy on this earth, there would be *eternal life* too.

By the same token, if the world which makes no profession of this thing we call "religion," knew, or even suspected the ocean of Power it contains, it too might have if it took the road to the



right, there would be no more wars. Instead, we should all live in a world in which war could not exist because who would want to fight when a super-abundance of all good things, including eternal life was available? Who would think about killing when the Source of all life was the center of the sphere around which the nations of this earth revolve?

The Power of God is available to every nation and to every human soul in every nation. Religion does not enter into it at all. What one believes is entirely beside the point. One's beliefs may be true or they may be false—in any event, they have nothing at all to do with what I am writing about—*The Power of God*, which, I repeat, is freely and fully available to men and nations, and this without any pretense of religion and without even membership in any religious organization.

As we live in a nominally Christian country, allow me to advance a few thoughts about The Power of God, and allow me to use the religion of our land for an example. The Christian Church has an opportunity now, if she will but avail herself of it, of bringing to humanity the greatest spiritual revelation this world has ever known. So world-shaking will be this revelation when it comes, and it will come—if not through the Christian Church through someone else—it will so re-create the human race that it will be able to actually live forever on the earth, eternally free from pain, sorrow, labor, sickness, worry, and even death itself.

These, and many more things, are available now to all men and all nations through the Power of God. Our scientists are coming pretty close to a complete understanding of The Power of God when they are able to discover the power The Almighty has wrapped up in every atom, are they not?

To have spoken about atomic energy one hundred years ago would have brought the retort that it is "wrong to try to find out how the Creator made the universe." But it is not wrong at all. It's absolutely right. Only through research of this nature can the true nature of God be discovered. If our scientists can prove



beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Creator has wrapped up in this universe, even in atoms, enough energy and power to blast this, or any other civilization out of existence, do you not suppose that investigation into the spiritual realm ought not to produce evidence of a Power so very much more potent than even the power of the atom?

When I say that the Christian Church could, if it knew the slightest thing about the actual Power of God, bring not only eternal peace but eternal life to this earth through that Power, I am stating only a fact. I am not wandering round aimlessly in the hazy realm of metaphysics or spiritism or any other "ism." I am stating something which anyone able to think clearly, will admit is the most logical thing to expect The Almighty to do for the man He created.

Ministers and priests of the churches will say "bosh" when they read this. They will desire to know how the Almighty can operate if He does not operate inside their own traditions. They will be very shocked to know that about the last place one can find the Power of God is *in* their traditions.

What we know as "religion" is one thing—the Power of God is something else. Certainly the Power of which I speak, and about which this book is written, has not been known by either the church or the world outside of the church. Had it been, how could have such maniacs as Hitler and Mussolini existed and gotten away with what they did?

Does any minister or priest know how to find and use the actual Power of God on this earth? Does any minister or priest know how to use the Power of God to eliminate all kinds and sorts of incurable illnesses and to cause men to live forever on the earth?

But ministers and priests make their living by the implication that they are agents of God—do they not? If they are agents of God, why is it that about all they can offer is a system of theology and a set of "articles of faith," creeds, dogmas, statements of beliefs, and rites. But have these ever stopped a war?



Have any of these things ever manifested the Power of God to the human race as our scientists have demonstrated the Power of God in the atom? I think not.

What the Christian church has done is advance a set of its own beliefs, and tell us that unless we believe what they teach we are damned. But so far as bringing to the earth any actual knowledge of the Power of God, no minister or priest, and no church has ever been able to do that.

Perhaps the time for such a demonstration was not ripe. But it is ripe now. For mankind has in its hands a secret of God which it can use to obliterate the human race if it wants to. Never fear—The Almighty will also raise up some man who will bring to this civilization a spiritual discovery as great, and even greater than the discovery of the power God has locked in the atom.

What I have implied here will cause ministers and priests to loudly decry these statements. Had I lived two hundred years ago, my head would have been chopped off, if indeed a death far more horrible was not meted out to me.

Happily however, the human mind is taking quite a few steps forward in its religious thinking. If it continues to think, it will inevitably reach the truth. When it finds the truth, it will have found God for there can be no religion higher than truth.

This is one reason why I say that the discovery of atomic energy is a discovery of the Power of God. All will agree, I believe, that there was a Creator of this universe. Not necessarily an anthropomorphic being, but a Creator nevertheless. Nothing in this universe could exist without a creative first Cause. We shall call that first Cause—God.

I realize of course that if it should be that the actual Power of God may be found without any religious "beliefs" whatsoever, our religious organizations will at once raise the cry that their religion is "threatened." Not at all. If the Power of God does not actually manifest itself through what these good systems of religions teach, then they must have missed the boat somewhere. It is not too late for them to get aboard.



It would be senseless for any religionist to decry the atom bomb as an "invention of the devil" as I have already heard them do. Nothing on this earth—nothing in this universe could possibly exist without the hand of God. What science reveals may relegate some of the old religious axioms into the discard, but if that happens it must be, for we must find out just what the relationship is which exists between man and God.

If, after an atomic bomb explosion, the radioactive waves are present in such profusion that it is not safe for human life to go near the place where the bomb exploded, it is reasonable to suppose that with the ray which can take a life, the Creator has also prepared a ray which can save a life—is it not?

One thing is sure—it is absolutely essential that someone at this stage of the world's history make a spiritual discovery which can nullify the atom bomb. If that is not done, man has the weapon in his hands with which he can destroy himself. The probability is that he will do just that, for I see nothing on the horizon which leads me to believe that man, of his own free-will, will agree never to fight any more. Perhaps the individual men and women on the earth would do this, but the leaders will not allow them to.

So then, I repeat my former statement that it is absolutely essential that some new and startlingly clear revelation of the Power of God be brought to this demoralized civilization, and at once.

The Author is not alone in this view. In the year 1935 Dr. Jean Milner, Pastor of The Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, the Church in which the famed Henry Ward Beecher used to preach, made the following statement in a book he wrote entitled:—"THE SKY IS RED" . . .

"We are living in one of those rare periods of Time from which greatness can emerge through the renewal of the human spirit by a more vital contact with the Great Spirit. Such moments, so pregnant with tremendous possibilities, are not often vouchsafed to man. A sweeping movement upward toward the



building of the world of our dreams,—or—a spiral downward toward disaster, seems to lie just beyond the borders of our day. One cannot view with serenity the possibility of our failing to take advantage of this supreme moment in Time. Out of such periods magnificence comes. *The Christian Church has an opportunity now, which, if she let slip through her hands, she may never have again. She must prove herself worthy of the leadership demanded of her. She will serve the world with Christian greatness or be repudiated by it.* THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST WILL NOT LEAVE THIS EARTH, BUT HIS SPIRIT WILL LIVE IN INSTITUTIONS OTHER THAN OUR OWN." \*

Here you have a prominent Presbyterian minister not only warning the Christian Church that she must serve the world or be repudiated by it, you have the unusual statement that the Spirit of God (Christ) will live in institutions other than the Christian Church. That really is a statement which contains a lot of meat in it. I believe that is exactly what is happening now.

However—it is not the author's intent to disagree with the Christian Church. He desires to help it if it will be helped. If it will not be helped, then he will turn his attentions to other institutions. If the Power of God does not manifest through the Christian Church, you may be very sure that Spirit and that Power will manifest somewhere on this earth. It will never be left Godless. This civilization is about as close to being Godless as it has ever been. If the Christian Church is to save this world, it will have to do some quick-fire moving in the direction of the actual Power of God. That Power does exist.

If the Christian Church wants to be the agent through which the actual Power of The Spirit of God will be made known to the peoples of this earth, it may be necessary for it to forget that it carries the name "Christian." It may be necessary that it will have to put to one side the very precious traditions on which it has been raised and nurtured for about nineteen hundred years. But if, by doing these things, the Christian Church can become

\* Italics and caps mine.



the medium through which The Almighty can reveal His Power and His Glory to the human race, would it not be very much worth while for it to do that?

Many of its traditions may not be anywhere near as true as the church thinks they are. We have atomic energy now, and that would have been thought impossible 1900 years ago. Then why must every other art and science progress while religion stands still by the side of the road, powerless, in spite of all its claims to divine origin, to do one thing on this earth to reveal to the human race the Power of God. Or does the Christian Church believe that God may not be known this side of the Styx? If that is what it believes then the reason for its failure to stop this trend toward annihilation is easy to understand. It just simply does not believe that the actual Power of God *can* manifest on the earth, outside of what *it* teaches.

That is a very tragic attitude to adopt, especially when the only foundation for the Church is a set of traditions handed down to it from long years ago. Too, it must be remembered that there are other and older major systems of religion on the earth. What I write here can apply equally to every major system of religion, to every one of them that is which claims divine emanation. I am not saying that these good organizations did not have a divine origin—I merely say that this world totters on the verge of annihilation, with no system of religion on the face of the earth able or willing to reveal the Power of God in such a manner that this frightfully un-Godly mess of humanity may be saved from itself, by the superior knowledge of The Power of God.

Present world conditions may be just a stage in the evolution of man. No one, religious or otherwise, may be to blame for them. Perhaps it is not meant for any system of religion to be able to manifest the Power of the Great Spirit on the earth. That is what a Methodist Bishop told me recently.

However—I must disagree with that brother, which I did. I must point out that with the advancements of the arts and sciences, religion too must advance, or be left at the post. World



conditions today call for action. They call for dynamic action. Man has made a mess of things, and unless the actual Power of God is made known to man, and that in a hurry, he is very apt to destroy himself from off the face of the earth.

That is the immediate prospect. None of us likes it. All of us know instinctively that something is wrong somewhere. Where? Perhaps we may find out just where before we close this book. It is written for no other purpose than that of suggesting to the Christian Church, and other major religious bodies, just what it means to know and be able to demonstrate on the earth—The Power of God.

It may be that the Author is hoping for too much when he suggests that if religious traditions interfere with the actual revealing of The Power of God, those traditions be laid to one side for a much more brilliant experience. But he does not believe so. True—this book will cause consternation among those who class themselves as “orthodox,” but at the same time there are millions of members of the Christian Church who are hungry indeed for any light they can get on the subject of God. It is to these millions, more than the few “orthodox” that this book is directed.

Inversely to the remoteness of time has been man's ascent toward the temple of knowledge. Truth has made its ingress into the human mind in the ratio by which man has attained the capacity to receive and appreciate it. Hence, as we tread back the meandering pathway of human history, every step in the receding process brings us to a lower plane of intelligence and a state of mind more thoroughly encrusted with ignorance and superstition. This is not to infer that the Author considers the religionists of two thousand years ago ignorant—he merely states that the concepts of God offered then, do not, and cannot fit twentieth century thought. They cannot, or at least they have not been able to reveal the actual Power of God to this human race at any time in their history.

The Right Reverend Bishop St. George Tucker, then newly



elected primate of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States said, just a few years ago:—

*"Unless the Christian Church develops an enthusiasm for its work, comparable to that of Soviet Russia or warring Japan, the Christian cause may fail and pass out of existence."\**

A student of history, the Bishop from Virginia pointed to the downfall of religions in the past as part of his warning to the Christian churches of today. These dead religions, he said, have died because they lacked the enthusiasm and aggressiveness which they needed. *"They did not meet the emergencies of ages just such as the present."*

Within one month of Bishop Tucker's statement, Bishop Ralph Magee of the Methodist Church urged adult education to combat slumps in Sunday school attendance. He said the M. E. Church (north) lost 2,859 Sunday schools and 732,271 students during the twelve months ending in 1935.

Now these, and other reports in similar vein, lead the Author to believe that there is something amiss with the Christian Church. He believes that it missed the boat during the first century after Christ. He believes that it has never caught up with the boat or got aboard it since that time. What actually happened, as the Author sees it, is this—the Christian Church after the advent of Christ, missed in its entirety the staggering message Jesus came to this earth to proclaim. He believes it made its most fatal mistake by attempting to deify the Messenger while remaining utterly oblivious to the message. That had been done before by other, and much larger systems of religion. The Author believes that was done by the founders and promoters of the Christian religion.

He believes that the message of Jesus was charged and supercharged with a spiritual Power, the like of which this world has never known. Having missed that Power, and that message, the Christian Church has attempted to struggle down through the

\* Italics mine.



ages, relying completely on its own organizing ability, and knowing nothing whatsoever about the Power of God—certainly being utterly unable to reveal the Power of God to this earth, in a degree sufficient to bring to the earth the message of eternal Life Jesus came to bring.

If the Christian Church does not find that Power, then it will probably follow the prophecy of Dr. Jean Milner. It will find the Spirit of God manifesting through institutions other than the church.

This may happen. The chances are that it will. If the Author has his way though, it will not happen. There is nothing this writer would like better than to see the Christian Church make the astounding discovery that the Power of God is a Power existing on this earth now,—a Power so great that all other powers and forces fade into insignificance beside It.

It will take action though. Immediate action. For the forces in man which can destroy man will not wait much longer. Unless the Power of The Spirit of God is manifested on this earth soon, then we may look for the almost complete destruction of our civilization, sad as that is to contemplate.

\* \* \*

The Author hesitated a long time before releasing this manuscript. He was torn between two urges. One was to continue the book in a factual philosophical manner, and the other was to fictionalize it. He decided to make the work semi-fictional and semi-biographical.

The object of this book is to try to awaken the Christian Church to the existing Power of God—a Power so dynamic and so very easy of access that it can straighten out this misguided, sorrowing, fearful civilization and light it up with a Light which comes from The Almighty. If the Author's attempt to awaken the Christian Church fails, and it probably will, then he believes enough Americans who have no religious persuasion at all, will make independent search for this superlative Power, and, finding



it, will go into the byways and hedges, seeking those who, benighted by a religion which is actually Godless, will show them how they too may take advantage of the greatest spiritual Power this world can ever know.

In times of the greatest danger, there is always the greatest opportunity. The fact that this civilization stands on the brink of total destruction, is proof beyond doubt that just around the corner lies the Power which, once discovered, can complete the circle which is now so very incomplete—it can join God and man together. That is what God intended when He created man in the first place. That is the message Jesus brought to the world. His was not a message of death—it was a message of Life. Hear Him:—*"I am come that they might have Life, and that they might have it more abundantly."* Once again:—*"He that believeth on me shall never die—believest thou this?"* He meant there, of course, "He that believeth on the message I bring," shall never die. Again, in the Gospel according to John, the 16th. chapter and the 24th. verse:—*"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive that your joy may be full."*

This world is in its twilight stage. The Light which has not been permitted to shine, shall now shine. It will not be too long before the greatest spiritual awakening this world has ever known will be made manifest on the earth. God created man *on this earth*. Man began to doubt the ability of God—*on this earth*. It is *on this earth* man will be re-united with The Almighty.

\* \* \*

Early in the author's life of some sixty years, there began to manifest an intense yearning for the things of God. His father was a Baptist minister. He still is, and is still preaching. As the complete story has been published in autobiographical form, he will not take much of the reader's time indulging in personal history. That doesn't matter. Who or what the Author may be is beside the point. What matters is this— Just what message has this man, and will that message help this confused muddled



world to find a straight path along which the human race can walk without the fear of total annihilation from atomic bombs or even worse forms of cruel warfare?—that is the only thing that matters.

It will suffice to say, in passing, that after many years of earnest sincere efforts to find God according to the traditional methods of various churches and evangelists, the Author one day found God. That was a day which may leave its mark on American religious history. In a way it has done that already. God often moves in a mysterious way.

Not that there is anything different in any way about this writer. For some strange reason, or one not so strange, he felt in his earliest years, this intense longing for God. He was not so much interested in theological history, nor did he care too much what any religious organization "believed." The one controlling desire of his life was to establish a vital, living contact with his Creator. He did not care how that contact came, and he cared less who brought the contact to him. For he instinctively knew that it is possible for man to link his life with the great Over-Life which is God. That was what he wanted.

He followed the traditional formulae for "conversion." In fact, he made himself a bit of a nuisance by continually asking those who should know:—"Just what do I do to find the actual Power which is God?"

On one occasion two evangelists, Crossley and Hunter had been holding a series of revival meetings in his father's Baptist church. When the altar-call was given, the author, perfectly honest and not seeing anything wrong with it at all, made his way to the penitent-form, there to pray for the "light," as he was told.

He well remembers Mr. Hunter, the singing leader, coming down to the altar which consisted of a long row of chairs strung across the front of the church in front of the pulpit. Putting his arm round my neck this good man said:—"Do you believe now?"

"Believe what?" I asked Mr. Hunter.



"Why, believe that Jesus has washed your sins away," he replied.

"What sins?" I then inquired, and was told:—"Why, every man is born in sin and shapen in iniquity—and it takes the blood of Jesus to wash those sins away."

"But I had nothing to do with being born—I didn't ask to be born—nor do I know anything about any sins committed before I was born for which I should be held responsible," I replied to this good man.

Finally, losing his temper, Mr. Hunter said to me:—"Your father is pastor of this church, why don't you ask him all about it when you get home?"

I knew better than to do that. In fact, I suspected I was in for a sound thrashing when I got home, and that is exactly what happened to me. I saw, the moment my father entered the room, that he was wild about something, and I suspected that I knew what that something was.

Then it came. It was just before dinner. My father invited me into his study, and no sooner had I closed the door than I received one of the cruelest blows a father ever dealt his son. "What's that for?" I asked my minister father. "Well that's for making a God-damned fool of yourself before my congregation," he replied.

The Author does not mean to insinuate that all ministers act as this minister-father acted. He does not know. He does know that sometimes he wishes he had been born outside of the shadow of the church. He feels that perhaps his search for God might have been much easier.

I have never been quite able to figure out my father. We have not had correspondence for many, many years, and that is as it should be I believe. One thing my early years as the son of a minister did—it gave me an insight into the "behind the scenes" affairs in many ministers' homes. I had an opportunity to see "religion" in action. I did not like what I saw. What I saw made my search for God infinitely more difficult. It made me very skeptical of the whole structure of religion. But it did something



else—it deepened my conviction that God exists, and it made me more determined than ever to find God, even though it might mean at the cost of my life.

There came a time many years later when I had lost all confidence in every minister, priest, and church. I had not been able to find among them all, one man who could show me how and where I could find the actual Power of God. Nothing less than that would satisfy me.

I remember once working in a drug-store in Winnemucca, Nevada. In the store I got acquainted with a Roman Catholic priest, a "good fellow" if I ever saw one. I mean as far as "good fellows" go. Never having talked religion to him though, I had no idea what he would say to me when I asked him the question I had asked so very many other ministers and priests—"Where can I find the Power of God?" One day I asked him. He invited me to the parish-house after work, and there I saw the "good-fellow" cloak fall from off his shoulders like rain falling from a roof.

Gone was the "good fellow" who would sneak into the prescription room and ask for a "little shot in the arm." In his place was the man of God. I remember that conversation almost word for word. Just as I sat down in the offered chair, my friend said to me:—"Frank—what is it you want to know about God?"

"I want to know if you can tell me how I can find the Power of God. I know that God exists. I know that God lives. I know that it must be possible for me to find Him, yet I have never been able to," I answered the good priest.

He looked at me rather strangely I thought, and then, placing his hand on my knee said: "Frank—you are asking for something you cannot hope to receive unless you join the church."

"What church?" I asked him.

"Why, the Catholic church of course—there is no other true church—Jesus founded our church, and all others are dead branches which have fallen from the good old mother-tree," was his answer.



"Then am I to believe that if I join your church the Power of the Spirit of God will come into my life, and I shall be able to live my life moment by moment with the conscious knowledge that God is in me, and with me?" I asked the priest.

He paused for quite a long time before he answered, and then, to my utter amazement the priest said:—"Will you have a drink?" I replied that I did not indulge, and my faith in my friend dropped plenty. However, he continued the argument until I saw that I was not going to get any further in my search for information now than I had in the past. The same old formula "Believe and be baptized" was about to be offered me. And when I asked in what I was to believe, I should be told "In the teachings of this church." It made no difference whether the church was Holy Roller, Catholic, Methodist or what-not—the answer always begged the question in that it insinuated that all that is necessary to find the Power of God, is church membership.

But I had been a church-member for many years, and I did not know God. Finally it dawned upon me that I was speaking a different language from the many churches I had contacted. Their whole philosophy was based upon their organization. The Catholic church believes and freely teaches that it is the only "true" church, all others being "fallen limbs" etc. Protestant churches however, advanced the theory that the Catholic church is all wrong, they being the ones who are right. And so it goes. Many years of my life were wasted trying to find God in churches.

And then it happened. It was in North Hollywood, Calif. The street address was 500 Laurel Avenue. My search for God had continued unabated from childhood until I was forty years of age. At the time I was employed as a registered pharmacist by that highly respectable firm of prescription druggists, Horton and Converse, the leading chain of prescription experts in California.

We were buying the little home. We had paid \$300 out of our bank account of \$600 as a down payment. Our son Alfred was less than two years old. Mrs. Robinson has always been



active in Presbyterian Church circles as she was in North Hollywood.

It happened one Sunday morning. Mrs. Robinson had gone to her Sunday school class and little Alfie was asleep on his bed. The question of finding God was, as always, very much in the forefront of my thinking. By this time however I had just about given up all hope of ever finding an experience which would manifest so clearly that none could gainsay it, the fact that I had found the Power which is God in my life.

I hated to give up the search. But what's the use, thought I. I must be all wrong. Perhaps all there is to this thing called religion is church-membership. Perhaps I had better do like the good wife—join the Presbyterian church and then forget all about God.

So much often hinges on so little. Many many times have I thanked God that I was able to hold out against the 'spirit of despair which seemed to grip me that Sunday morning. So I made one last desperate effort to find God. Standing there in the middle of the living-room floor, I lifted my eyes towards the skies, and, in a voice broken with emotion said aloud:—"Oh God—I've been trying to find You many years—if You live, and if I can find You, please reveal Yourself to me. I cannot stand this suspense much longer. But God—I've done all I can do. If I cannot find You, and have to go to hell, I shall go there with a clear conscience, knowing, God, that for forty years I did everything in my power to find You."

Those, in effect, were the words I used. They are quite accurate however. It must be remembered here that during the years which had passed since my childhood, my search for God had never abated. By the sea; on some lonesome hillside; alongside a highway; no matter where I chanced to be, if alone, my thoughts would always turn to God. Down on my knees I would go, and there, by the hour, I would agonize with God for a full and complete revelation of His Power in my life.

I did not ask for anything great. I did not wish to become



great. That is not possible for me. All I wanted was just the simple assurance that God and I were united. I wanted the witness that God and I were together, not only through this life, but through whatever other life there may be—if any.

Had I known, however, the heart-aches, the scalding tears which were to fall from my eyes so many times, I sometimes doubt that I should have been so insistent about finding God. There have been bitter years since that day. Years in which, had it not been for my experience on that memorable day, I should not have been able to stand against the load which I was called on to carry. *But the witness came. I had found God.*

When a man or woman comes into vital living contact with the Spirit of God, that man or woman knows it. It is hard to write a spiritual experience, for spiritual experiences are not subject to human expression. Such experiences are born of God while pen and ink are of men.

Nor shall I dwell upon that experience any more than to say briefly that there came surging and pulsing into my very soul, a throbbing peace which I had for so long sought, but which I had been unable to find through my father's ministry, Crossley and Hunter's ministry, or any other church ministry. Not even in theological seminary.

The reader must not infer that such an experience is not to be found in any and all of our major religions. To the contrary, an experience such as this may be found by all—but very few do—they are not sufficiently in earnest in their search for God. There is one thing which was indelibly impressed upon my mind, and that is that what I "believed" or did not "believe" *had nothing whatsoever to do with this revelation of the Power of God direct from God into my own soul.* It came direct. No human organization, no human being, no church organization could have stopped the Spirit of God from revealing Itself to me, *when I was ready for the revelation.*

I am not inferring that revelations and demonstrations of this nature are the experience of all, or are intended to be. I merely



submit that when The Almighty has need of someone for some particular work, you may be sure The Almighty will test in the fire such an one before He permits him to actively enter the battle to redeem this world by revealing to it, something of the unknown latent Power which exists in the Realm of God.

\* \* \*

The Author will skip here, and take up later, the details of the initial steps taken by him in the establishing of his Psychiana Movement. Suffice it to say that inside of one year from the date the now famous advertisement:—"I TALKED WITH GOD" appeared, he was sending his Teaching into 67 different countries and men and women by the scores of thousands were finding the actual Power of God in their lives, in very much the same manner in which I had found this dynamic, divine Power.

Almost at once, diseases, both curable and incurable, disappeared as the morning mist before the rising sun. So seemingly miraculous were many of these healings that all who heard about them scoffed—that is—all religious leaders did. However, I was not then, and am not now interested in the physical healing of anyone. If these things happen, well and good. But my work is far more important than the healing of the physical body. *My work is to reveal the true Power of The Spirit of God to a world which, if it does not find The Power of God before too long, will destroy the greater part of civilization with the atomic bomb and with other weapons now in existence, even more frightful.*

Man *can* be saved from this awful holocaust. There is little chance that man *will* be. You see, man does not yet believe in the Power of God. The responsibility lies right square upon the heads of the leaders of our religious organizations. Do they believe in the Power of God?

Almost at once the guns of the major religious organizations were levelled at the Author and his utterly new concept of God. He very frankly denied many of the supposed fundamentals upon which the major religious groups are founded. He claimed



that he had found the Power of God entirely outside of church influence, and that brought down the wrath of the entire American religious structure upon his head. Never was there as much concentrated effort to stop any teaching since the time of Jesus. And now, as then, the opposition to this "new"(?) Teaching came from the organized church. It was the organized church of His day which allowed and even caused the crucifixion of Jesus. It is the organized church which has tried so desperately to destroy The Psychiana Religion.

Never was the Power of God vindicated in human affairs any more than It has been in the temporal affairs of this Movement. The fact that it still exists, and is still much larger than ever before, is proof, if proof be needed, that the experience that day at 500 Laurel Avenue in North Hollywood, was an experience in which a human soul had found its God.

Outside of church attacks, only one notorious American racket has attempted to interfere with our work. It is to the everlasting credit of our democracy that, in spite of concentrated attempts to interfere with, and suppress this Movement, not one government agency has interfered with it, although much pressure from high places has been brought to bear.

The charge most frequently heard is that "That Man Robinson is an atheist." I do not believe many of the fundamentals of organized theology, and plainly say so. Hence, I am an atheist. But, writ in our country's reddest blood, are the cruel records of the struggles and sufferings of patriotism while laboring to give birth to a new nation.

Hallowed by age and sacred memories are the nightmare tales of Valley Forge, when despair sat in vain, brooding o'er the smoldering fires of hope, and the long dark night of disappointment settled like a pall o'er the sons of liberty. Just when the night was darkest, the "infidel" Paine brought hope and cheer in his book "*The Crisis*," whose opening words—"These are the times that try men's souls" are known to every schoolboy.

Then, from far-off France came Lafayette, an alien and an



infidel, to fight for freedom and humanity. In that dark hour, Benjamin Franklin, the American Socrates, an "infidel" and a deist, prevailed upon the court of France to send the aid that made our freedom possible.

When the long dark night was over, and the morn of liberty's day began to break, our fathers gathered together to formulate a plan of government. After due deliberation, these great men adopted our far-famed Constitution as it came from the hand of Gouverneur Morris, an "infidel." From this sacred document they purposely omitted all reference to a God, decreeing that religion and government should forever be separate, that you and I might be free indeed.

But one may be sure that if he advocates a new religious concept, his path will not be a bed of roses. His brow will feel the crown of thorns, and his hands will be pierced—not by government but by organized religion, which attempts to tell us that if one offers a new revelation from God which is not in accord with its own tenets, that one is attempting to destroy religion. As a matter of fact, such an one may be trying to lead religion up to a new height. But if he does not do it the "orthodox" way, he is to be shunned.

The Author did not find God the "orthodox" way. His revelation was direct from God. Nor does he operate his Movement the orthodox way. The leading for that comes from God also, and from God alone.

No matter what the future may bring, this Author will so govern the affairs of his Movement, and his life, that he will seek to please only the Great Spirit of God who gave him his earthly commission, and who will continue to abide with him until that commission is fulfilled.

There are many good sincere Christians to whom the passing of the old faiths and the coming of the new will bring much anguish and forebodings of impending evil. Many of these anxious souls are already crying, with the Solovetski monks, "Woe



unto you, Frank B. Robinson—Woe, Woe, Woe, for you have taken away from us the Son of God.”

I have done nothing of the sort. The reader will know before he closes this book, that instead of taking away the Son of God, *I have brought Him back.*

A minister said to me recently:—“You have taken away our Bible and have given us nothing in return.”

Again, I have done nothing of the sort. I have taken away from the Bible and religion only that which is a detriment to both. All that is good and true is still theirs, and much more besides. I have taken nothing away that I have not returned one hundred fold. I have taken away the cosmogony of Genesis and have pointed you to astronomy and geology, TRUTHS OF GOD.

I have taken away the instant creation of man, but I have given you his evolution. I have taken away the story of Babel and have given you comparative philology. I have taken away miracles and given you instead, the Law of God, which, while seemingly miraculous, may turn out to be so very beautifully natural, when we know God as we shall.

I have taken away much of superstition and ignorance such as the “fall” of man, but I have given you his divine and eternal progress toward God. This generation may not see the fulfillment of that progress, but what are a few thousand years to God? Man can see the glory of God in this day and age if he so wishes—but again I say I am afraid total destruction must come first. I shall work so very hard to prevent it.

I have taken away the false halo of deity from the brow of Jesus, but I have crowned Him with divine humanity. But the work is not yet complete. Many of the dogmatic walls of the old “faiths” must still be torn down, for they clutter up the ground where the edifice of a greater religion is being built. I have laid the foundations as I have had the light from The Creator. On those newer foundations I shall build, and keep building, a better and grander spiritual structure than the world has known to



date. It will be a spiritual temple of universal religion, based upon the universality of the Spirit of God. For knowledge of the Power of the Spirit of God must cover the earth as the waters cover the sea before universal peace can ever reign on this earth.

God Himself—that invisible Spirit of all creation, shall dwell in the midst of man, where He dwells today, if we could but recognize Him. No narrow creed shall bar the sacred portals of that temple, but her doors shall ever stand open to all who seek the Truth, as I sought and found it that day at 500 Laurel Avenue in North Hollywood.

Within the sacred walls of the temple I shall endeavor to build, devotees of every faith may worship in security. No cup of hemlock shall still the philosophic tongue as it stilled the tongue of Jesus, and no crown of thorns shall adorn the brow of the innocent. No burning fagot shall await the doubting or "heretical" mind, and no voice shall there command, except the still small voice of the Spirit of God.

On the sacred altar of this temple shall rest the Christian Bible, and the Bibles of every other faith that has inspired the heart of man no matter what his race or creed. There too, will lie every other book through which men have found God. There, in that temple I want to build, the lowly Nazarene shall be revered, and so will every other son of God who has helped to ease the burdens of the world.

The holy Mother Mary will be adored, as will every woman who has played the role of motherhood. Guided by the stars of hope and love, wise men from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south will lay their treasure at the feet of every new-born babe, and they will welcome it to a world of peace and brotherhood, while the whole world shall join the strain of Peace on earth—Good-will to men, for the Spirit of God shall dwell in the midst of them—forever. May God continue to help me make this vision real.



I have said earlier in this preliminary statement, that this book is semi-biographical and semi-fictional. The names and places mentioned in the book are the names of real people and places. All incidents which are fictional, are based upon actual happenings which have come within the knowledge of the Author. In some instances, where embarrassment might come if real names and places were used, I have changed the name and the place so that they cannot be recognized under any circumstances.

The Author has found it to be impossible to write this book without injecting much of his personality into it. He regrets that very much. But as he is the founder and active head of a very fast growing religious Movement, he has not been able to discover a method whereby the injection of his personality can be eliminated, without making the entire book fiction.

The Author is not a fiction writer however. He has far more important duties than the writing of fiction. If he can but write the Truth in such a manner that his fellow-Americans can grasp and understand that Truth, he will be quite amply repaid for his efforts, stumbling though those efforts are.

One thing is certain—someone has to bring to this faltering civilization a concept of God which is so flashingly bright and real, that it will, because of its brilliance, blot out the past mistakes of man, submerging them all in a sea of forgetfulness, and leading us slowly by the hand into a Life which will be real Life, because the Author of Life is ever-present and forever known.

The Author feels today something like Dr. Matheson of the Presbyterian ministry felt one hundred years ago. He was a prominent Scottish minister who had a good parish. He was well liked. His congregation was large for that day. Engaged to be married to a beautiful-looking Scotch girl, the future was rosy. It looked full of promise. And then, one day, Dr. Matheson was suddenly stricken blind. Totally blind.

The best eye specialists the country had were called, but the verdict was hopeless—Dr. Matheson would never see again. Be-



lieving it to be his duty to offer to release his fiancée from her engagement, but never dreaming for an instant that she would accept the release on account of his blindness, Dr. Matheson sat down at his desk, blind though he was, and wrote this girl a letter offering to release her.

His fiancée accepted the release stating in her letter of acceptance that she could never stand to live her life with a blind man.

This nearly broke Dr. Matheson's already sorely tried heart. Try as he did, he could not put thoughts of this girl from his mind. And then, when he felt the strain a bit too much for him, he did as every sensible American will do in any emergency—he turned to the God he believed in. And there he found solace. And there too, he found immortality, for he wrote words that will live as long as religion is an integral part of life. Here is what he wrote:—

"O Love that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths, its flow  
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's glow, its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain,  
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory, dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red,  
Life that shall endless be."



And so, in this spirit of complete humiliation and faith in God, the Author sends this book out. May the infinite Peace which is God, find a resting place in the life of every reader.

FRANK B. ROBINSON

*Moscow, Idaho, September 1st, 1946*

## In Which We Should Meet "The Wanderer," but Don't

NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A GREAT PROPHET MADE THIS statement:—"He that believeth in Me, shall never die—believest thou this?"

But He who uttered that statement Himself died. Or did He . . . ?

\* \* \*

I met The Wanderer on a Northern Pacific train which leaves Spokane, Wash. every morning at 8.45 A.M. and arrives at Moscow, Idaho, a distance of 75 miles, at 12.15 P.M. the same day.

My duties as founder and active director of a large organization which operates exclusively by mail, and which employs over 100 people, all of whom are necessary to handle the huge volume of mail which flows in and out of Moscow, require me to make several trips to the east every year.

We purchase names by the million, to whom we mail our religious literature. Then too, we advertise nationally in newspapers and magazines. Then there are constant speaking engagements which the Author is required to fill, but which he would much rather not fill as these speaking engagements take too much time which he could use in ways which would be more effective than addressing an audience, no matter how large that audience may be.

The writing of a book, for instance, would mean that hundreds of thousands of his own people would read that book.



Therefore, his message would be carried to many more people through the book than through a public address.

However, he deems it advisable, in view of the interest which some universities and theological seminaries are showing in his Movement, to speak at these institutions of learning when invited. This all takes time.

Then there are the many social engagements which he finds it advisable to fill whenever in the east. These trips usually take in the cities of Chicago, New York, and Washington, D.C., and in each of these cities there are several close friends with whom a visit and perchance a luncheon engagement are necessary to make such trips complete.

One of the oldest friends of the Author is Mr. James W. Brown, Sr., the directing head of the "bible" of the publishing business, "THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER." Mr. Brown was one of the first Members the Author had. He enrolled during the first year the Psychiana Teaching was released, and he has been a constant friend and confidant of the founder ever since.

Usually there is a personal call at Mr. Brown's suite in the Times Building, followed by an invitation to lunch at The Union League Club, of which Mr. Brown is an esteemed member. If Mrs. Robinson and daughter Florence, or son Alfred and his wife accompany the Author on his trip, they are usually invited also: Mr. Brown is one of the most lovable characters the Author has ever met, and his standing throughout the publishing industry is proof that the esteem the Author holds for Mr. Brown is shared by publishers in all lines of endeavor.

Then there is Mr. Mortimer Bercowitz, the brilliant publisher of The American Weekly, the Hearst magazine publication which has the largest circulation of any magazine in the world. This luncheon engagement is usually filled at the famous Roosevelt Grill, to the music of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra.

Mr. Bercowitz is also a close personal friend of mine, the friendship having originated many years ago when The Ameri-



can Weekly first ran the famous "I TALKED WITH GOD" copy which created such a sensation throughout the publishing world. That piece of advertising copy incidentally, together with almost every other piece of advertising copy I have ever written, has been widely reproduced in sales-magazines and trade journals throughout the United States and in many foreign countries.

Why this particular piece of copy causes such a sensation I do not know. But it is very significant that whenever that copy appears, ministers and priests are the first ones to say:—"Why he did no such thing—it's blasphemy for a man to say he talked with God."

Just why a minister or a priest should say that it is blasphemy for an ordained minister to say that he talked with God, I have never been able to understand. But the very idea of talking with God seems to be so foreign to ministers and priests that it may be very significant. It may throw considerable light on the aims of this book. For if ministers of the Gospel, and priests, say that it is not possible for a man to actually talk with God, then perhaps we may be able to understand just why the world is in the condition in which we find it today.

Perhaps if ministers and priests actually believed that it is possible to talk with God, and perchance, if they themselves could talk with God once in a while, and then show the man on the street how that can be done, perhaps, I repeat, we should not be looking forward with horror and fright towards another world war, one incidentally which may very easily obliterate the major portion of the human race.

There will be nothing funny about the next war. It will be an atomic war. Disease cultures will be spread throughout the world from airplanes, and death and destruction in the most horrible forms ever devised by the evil mind of man, will be turned loose to complete their deadly work. And these inventions of men who have never yet learned to talk with God, will effectively do their heinous work of human destruction.

Regardless of what religionists think, I believe it is about time



the whole human race learned to talk with God. And then, after having talked with God, it might be a good plan to stop for a while and listen. God might possibly have something to say in return. As a matter of fact, The Almighty might just conceivably be able to tell those who listen, just how the spiritual contact may be made which can liberate this civilization from the threat of total destruction which hovers closer and closer to us.

Well anyway—shall we return to Mr. Bercowitz? I believe we left him at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, where we were having lunch to the music of Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Mr. Bercowitz is one of the keenest minds I have ever met. His success in building the tremendous circulation *The American Weekly* enjoys speaks volumes. In his efforts however, he has been most ably assisted by Coulter McKeever, the manager of the Pacific Coast branch of *The American Weekly*.

This book is not a piece of propaganda for *The American Weekly* or for any other periodical. I am merely trying to write so clearly and simply that you will get a true picture of the author, and the everyday commonplace happenings which might just as well happen to any reader.

I think it is essential to success as a writer that one have the knack or ability to do two things—first, he must make the reader feel absolutely at home with the author. Second—he must write on the same level as his reader. I have neither the ability or the inclination to try to write over my reader's head. If I tried that, the publishers would probably return the manuscript with the usual "So sorry" slip enclosed. That—I should not like to have happen.

So throughout this book I shall try to be as human as you are, and as I try to be. Why attempt flights of rhetoric when what I have to say to you can be said so very simply? It is these little everyday happenings which I shall record all through this book which will convince the reader that there is nothing about me which is not common to you.

In his book "THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH," Dr. Mar-



cus Bach, of the Dept. of Religion at Iowa State University records an experience I got quite a laugh out of. The good doctor had made a trip to Moscow to secure material for his Chapter on "PSYCHIANA." On arriving at the Moscow Hotel, he phoned my home, and advised me of his arrival here. I told him that I would be down right away and meet him.

In the book above referred to, Dr. Bach says this:—"I had expected to meet an anaemic sentimentalist, but you may imagine my surprise when a six-foot, broad-shouldered westerner, wearing a big Stetson walked in, and accosted me with a handshake which said 'Put 'er thar pardner.'"

Well, I usually wear a big Stetson—yes. But that is only because I look better in a Stetson Beaver twenty-five than in any other hat. I do stand six feet tall and I weigh about 200 pounds. So you will understand that there is nothing of the anaemic sentimentalist about this writer.

Many people look upon a religious leader very much as Dr. Bach did. He had read my writings, and he told me later that he had been profoundly moved by them. I was glad to hear that. But just why men and women should look upon a religious leader as some sort of a second-hand specimen of a man, I do not know.

If I had my way I would make every minister and priest throw away every piece of black clothing he possesses. I would make him put on the best looking suit he can find. I'd make him wear a red tie, or a blue tie, and I'd make every one of them wear a Stetson Beaver twenty-five. Perhaps some of them would look good with a brace of six-guns at their hips. Personally I like to carry a six-gun and usually do, being a special deputy sheriff.

I do not like representatives of Almighty God walking round the streets looking as if the world was coming to an end tomorrow. This world will never come to an end in their day or mine. A cantankerous civilization may destroy most of the human race from off the face of the earth—in fact I look for that to happen. But I believe the complexion of the whole world of religion can



be changed if every preacher and priest will throw away his priestly or ministerial raiment, and put on the conventional garb of a cow-puncher or some other human being who under no circumstances could be accused of being a representative of Almighty God.

I do not believe Almighty God wants, or should have any special representatives on this earth. I believe Almighty God wants *every* man, woman and child to be so familiar with Him, and His power, that no special representatives will be necessary.

Our present religious set-up is all wrong. We have about two hundred and fifty different religions here in America. Each believes it is closer to the truth than the others. One vies with the other in proselyting members. One antagonizes the other by stealing "its stuff" as Pegler said not so long ago.

As I see it, this business of going to a building every Sunday morning to hear the same man advocate his particular views on things religious is not as it should be. His circumstances and experiences are very different from yours, the chances are. And again, whatever religious experience that man has, is only second-hand by the time he tells it to you.

I am not decrying organized religion. If I am, I shall have something far better to offer the reader before he lays this book down.

The day will come, and before too long, when the human race will be so thrilled with the knowledge and Power of God that the individual who does not constantly talk about that Power to his neighbors will be considered very strange. For when a man realizes the actual Power there is in this unknown Realm of the Spirit of God, it's pretty hard to keep that man quiet.

You will recall that when Jesus was on the earth, He had, on one occasion, been discussing things religious with the apostles. It had been a strenuous day, yet Jesus would have continued to talk, going from one village to another, had not some of the apostles constrained Him, saying:—"Abide with us—for the day is far spent—it is towards evening."



You will recall that Jesus listened to them, went into the house, and stayed with them, eating the regular fare they had provided. Up to that point not one of those apostles knew who He was. It had been a simple discussion of things pertaining to God. They had probably all discussed what a blessed thing it is to have the Power of God in the life, *and know it*.

When He asked a blessing before He gave them the food, one of the apostles recognized Him, and He vanished out of their sight.

After He had gone, one apostle said to another:—"Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the scriptures?"

Certainly they did not know who this stranger was. Yet here they were, probably a half a dozen apostles, or men who had found the Spirit of God in their lives, plus one stranger whom they did not know. Yet their conversation was of things pertaining to God.

That day will come on this earth. It is perhaps a good deal closer than we have any idea of. I wish it would come tomorrow. If God could be made so real to the American people that they would "talk about God by the way," there would be no need of peace conferences in Paris or anywhere else. Not that these conferences are not good. They are. They are all that man can do in his blind searching for permanent peace. Such efforts are good and right. The pity of it all is that if the actual truths of God, as those truths exist, had been taught to the American people by our ministers and priests, instead of church traditions and customs, there would be no need for these human attempts to straighten out this world, banishing war forever. The truths of God would automatically straighten it out.

All such attempts will fail until the day comes when the whole human race makes the most staggering discovery it can ever make—the discovery that the Spirit of God is closer to each one of us, with all Its Power, than we have ever dreamed possible.



I am over sixty years of age. My whole life has been wrapped round, and intimately intertwined with some phase of religion. In those sixty-odd years, I have never heard a priest or preacher discussing the Power of God on the street, in the pulpit, or anywhere else. I have listened to thousands of sermons in thousands of different churches. One will be about Paul. Another about Jesus. Another about John. *I have never heard one sermon on what the Power of the Spirit of God can do for humanity here and now.*

Last year I called upon my friend Dr. Charles Braden of the religious department of Northwestern University, in Evanston, Ill. On a Sunday morning he invited me to attend a large church which boasted a very famous preacher. I went with Braden and sat there for an hour listening to what may have been a "wonderful sermon" to a mind more enlightened than mine.

As we were leaving the church Dr. Braden said to me:—"Doctor Robinson—wasn't that a wonderful sermon?"

I never indulge in double-talk, so, as usual, I blurted out what I thought—"What was so wonderful about that sermon—why that man never even mentioned the name of God once in the entire sermon?"

The church was filled, of course, and after the service several hundred people met the great pastor in the basement of the church where he was shaking hands at such a rate that it required the constant use of a bath towel to keep his forehead dry. Yet the man never once mentioned the name of God in the entire sermon. Not one word about what The Spirit of God can do for us all, here and now—*right on this earth.*

I gauge a man's religion by how much of the Spirit of God that man can reveal to those who travel along life's highway with him. I care nothing for the black uniform he wears. I care less whether he buttons his collar at the front or at the back—if that man, minister or priest, cannot reveal the actual Power of God



to humanity, he might just as well get out of the business of presuming himself to be an agent of God.

This world is too far from God for any set of church theories or rituals to bring it back. It will take a super-human effort by someone who has been with God and knows something about the Power of God. Even that may not be sufficient to head off the holocaust which lies just ahead of us all.

As a first step though, I suggest that all ministers and priests discard their ministerial and priestly robes, changing them for the brightest colored clothes they can secure. White would be the best I believe. For white is a sign of life. Black denotes death, and there is nothing even faintly connected with death in the Realm of The Spirit of God. That is one of the things this world still has to learn. *To actually know God is to be able to live forever, through the Power of God in the life, not in the sky.*

\* \* \*

Another friend we usually meet in New York is Ned Pines. His business associate Marcus Goldsmith too. We invariably have several meals together. Ned picks out some night-spot, and we sit for a few hours, eating and discussing my advertising program for the coming year.

The first time I met Ned and Marcus was in the New Yorker Hotel about 19 years ago. At that time they owned but one magazine, Thrilling Detective. I gave them one of the first advertisements they ever had. They have both been eminently successful. Their chain of pulp magazines now is over fifty, and I am given to understand that both are millionaires.

The last time I saw Ned was in an elevator at the Roosevelt Hotel where we had eaten our lunch together. He had lost his nice white silk scarf and was very perturbed about it. Inquiries at the lost and found office of the hotel were fruitless, the white silk scarf had vanished. Feeling sorry for Ned, and desiring to repay him to some extent for the wonderful basket of fruit we



receive each month from him, I went across the street and bought Ned the finest white silk scarf I could find.

Taking a taxi to Ned's office on West 42nd. Street, I presented him with the scarf for which he thanked me very profusely. Later in the day my room phone rang. Here was Ned on the phone. He had found his scarf—it was in his inside coat pocket all the time. Now what I want to know is—what became of the scarf I bought?

There are just a couple more friends I shall mention here, on which I always call while in New York. One is Harold Wise, the publisher of True Story magazine and the other is George Rittenhouse, vice-president of the huge American Book-Stratford Press. George is usually printing a book for us, and we usually go to Kelly's for an evening meal.

Harold Wise and I were working at the old Hegeman Drug Stores in New York about 45 years ago, so naturally we are close personal friends. We always sneak out for a quiet little dinner together.

On every visit to New York, Jim Mosely, from whom we buy millions of names, comes down from Boston, and it is Jim with whom I spend probably more time than anyone else. The lists of names we buy have to be very carefully selected, so we usually spend about one week together, lining up a schedule for the coming few months.

Jim comes from Boston. Codfish for breakfast. Being a broad-shouldered Westerner with a grip that says "Put 'er thar pardner," I have to have something a bit more substantial for breakfast. I abstain from codfish therefore.

Similar business connections exist in Chicago, and in Washington, and after they have all been attended to I take The Olympian back to Spokane, and the 8.45 train from Spokane to Moscow. It was on a return trip from the east that I met The Wanderer. The Olympian arrives at Spokane at about ten in the evening, so I usually have a room awaiting me at the Davenport Hotel, and make the trip to Moscow the next morning.



Spotting me walking across the lobby of the Davenport rather late the night on which I had arrived on The Olympian from the east, my friend Harry Lantry of radio station KHQ had invited me to make a short address on his station on a 6.30 A.M. program. I was happy to oblige Harry, and did so.

I had therefore quite a bit of time on my hands on this particular morning, before the train left for Moscow. This train, which consists of two chair-cars of the 1900 vintage, a baggage car and locomotive of the same vintage, backs from the round-house into the Northern Pacific depot at 8 A.M. When I have time on my hands, I usually board the train and relax until it leaves Spokane. This was my procedure on the morning I am writing about.

Approaching the entrance to the train I was greeted by Ed. Kehoe, the conductor, with a cheery "Good morning, Doctor Robinson—you've been away quite a spell this time—six weeks isn't it?"

"About that Ed." I replied, "anything new in Moscow since I left?"

"No—I guess the old town is about as it was when you left—will you be at home long this time?"

I explained to Ed. that my time was never my own. I might be on my way again before morning. As a matter of fact, a check on the time I have spent in Moscow over the past twenty years reveals the fact that more than half of the time I am out of the city.

Perhaps I should explain to the reader at this point in my narrative that so many calls come in from the outside asking for aid in helping someone who is seriously ill or dying, that it is impossible to comply with more than a small fraction of these calls. Most of the time I am already out somewhere in the United States, trying to demonstrate the Power of God in cases where, for some reason or other, our friends are unable to help themselves.

It has been necessary to install in my home a switch on the



telephone which can be thrown to the "off" position whenever desired. There is seldom a night that many calls do not come in from somewhere—usually from the east. It has always been a source of wonder to me why people should think that I can do something they cannot do.

I explain so very thoroughly that I possess no power not possessed by anyone else. I explain too, that whenever a seeming miracle of healing is witnessed, that miracle would doubtless have happened much more quickly had I not been there at all. When I am there, the afflicted ones seem to feel that I possess some sort of inside track with The Almighty. That is not good. The last thing I want to get around is the idea that the Spirit of God is available only to a chosen few. That is the very idea I am trying to destroy.

My work in this life is to explain and demonstrate the fact that the Power of God is instantly available to all, at any hour of the day or night. Once discovered, there is no limit of any sort to this Power. But it is essential that one recognize the source of the Power. If that source is attributed to a man or an organization, it ceases to become a Power and becomes a liability.

Nevertheless, one of the most difficult tasks in my life is to convince men and women that the actual and literal Power of God exists, and is freely and fully available to all, anytime, anywhere. When this fact is fully grasped, then, and only then will this world begin to get into its proper perspective. Then, and only then can the necessary change in men's consciousness take place.

Just so long as God is an "absent" God, incapable of dealing directly with the human race, then so long will there be organizations, honest and charlatan, who will take advantage of the credulity of the human race where God is concerned.

The late President Roosevelt and I were discussing world conditions a few years ago in the White House. Pulling a set of my writings from the middle left-hand drawer of his desk, Mr.



Roosevelt said to me:—"Doctor Robinson—you and I are trying to do the same thing, are we not?"

Knowing that I am a rabid Republican and he as rabid a New Dealer, I wondered what we could have, or be doing in common. So I was prompted to put this question to the President:—"What am I trying to do that you are trying to do?"

His reply was instant. "We are both trying to make people think."

I could not resist the temptation to tell the President that I was afraid he was trying to make people think along the wrong lines, and to this he replied:—"Doctor Robinson—is there no possibility of your ever getting any brains?"

"Not Democratic brains," I replied, and this caused one of those hearty laughs for which the late President was famous.

If it were possible to make the American people *think out* their religion, instead of allowing others to do their thinking for them, all poverty, crime, drunkenness, debauchery and immorality would be banished from this land. *Thinking inevitably leads one to God.* Thinking along religious lines, that is.

I do not believe it is possible for any normal man or woman to sit down and think God through in the light of his or her own reason, without coming into the grandest experience which can befall anyone.

The path which leads to God is so simple that only a few find it. One looks to this church organization. Another looks to that church organization. One reads this Bible while another reads another Bible. In spite of all this, the world gropes in darkness so absolute that if this world destroys itself, it will do so with the full Light of God shining on it. Blind people, however, cannot see the Light. It is shining nevertheless.

The utter lack of belief in God, so manifest on the earth today, has been brought about in the name of God, by the very organizations which claim to represent God. They really believe they do. But, as Jesus said:—"By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits are not good.



Then Jesus launched into one of the most scathing rebukes ever handed out to His followers: "Many will say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and have we not cast out devils?—and I will profess unto them—'depart from Me ye workers of iniquity—I never knew you.'"

When the immanent picture of the Power of God comes to this earth, the most surprised people on the face of the earth will be the church-members who, while knowing nothing whatsoever about the Power of the Spirit of God, have been the best attenders and givers to their church.

For many years in my home in Moscow, the First Presbyterian Church—rather the Mary and Martha society of the First Presbyterian Church—has held its annual Xmas meeting in my home. Usually about 60 or 70 attend. We have a fine pipe-organ in my home, and after the business meeting is over, the folks gather round the organ. I play the old Christmas carols while the group sings lustily for an hour or so. It is not an exaggeration to state that this Xmas gathering is looked forward to many months before Xmas comes round.

There is a good old Presbyterian lady in Moscow, a member of the Mary and Martha society, who has religiously abstained from attending any meeting of the society held in my home. She was questioned one day just before Xmas as to why she attended all the other meetings, yet stayed away from the best meeting of the year—the Xmas meeting.

It was the pastor, The Rev. Clifford Drury who questioned her. Dr. Drury is not here any more. The last I heard from him he was a chaplain in the U. S. Navy. Anyway, this good old soul, when questioned by Dr. Drury as to the reasons for her absence, replied: "Well Dr. Drury—I'd like to go, but I'm afraid I'll lose my soul if I put foot in that atheist's home—do you think I shall?"

To which my friend Drury replied:—"Well if you lose your soul, I'll lose mine too, and so will all the rest of the good folks who gather there year after year."



I relate this incident for the sole purpose of showing how very far many of our good church-members are, from the Kingdom of God, while actually believing that they have a reserved seat in Heaven any time the "good Lord" should call them home.

There is nothing wrong with this attitude at all. It is part of a process of evolution which the peoples of the earth evidently have to pass through, before they begin to even faintly realize that the Power of God exists, not "in Heaven" *but right here on the earth.*

When our religious leaders begin to recognize that superlative fact, and plan their activities accordingly, *recognizing the actual Power of God with them*, then shall we begin to see changes take place on the earth; changes which will be brought about through the Power of the Spirit of God—not through the atomic bomb.

It is just a matter of thinking God through. Believe me.

\* \* \*

Boarding the "Palouse Special" as the Spokane-Moscow train is called, I took a seat near the door. The day-coaches used on this train have an old-fashioned stove at each end, and as this was winter-time, I took my seat where the heat was.

Having three-quarters of an hour to relax before the train began its journey through the rich wheat-belt known as the Palouse Empire, I leaned back in the seat, closed my eyes, and indulged in my favorite pastime of checking up on myself. It was just twenty years ago since Mrs. Robinson, and small four-year-old son Alfred had boarded this same train for Moscow.

Prior to coming to Moscow I had been employed as a pharmacist at the Pioneer Drug Store in Yakima, Wash. The city was then known as North Yakima. The Spirit of God had been making known to me in no uncertain manner, the path which I should have to tread, in giving to the world the revelation which came to me from God, that day not so very long ago, at 500 Laurel Avenue in North Hollywood.



In a very unmistakable manner I was led to move from Los Angeles to the Pacific Northwest, and had secured a fairly good paying position with Jim Urquhart at the Pioneer. Night after night, and after a heavy day's work at the drug-store, I would sit alone in my room, and would wait until the Spirit of God revealed Itself to me anew, in much the same manner that Spirit had, the day I found God.

I was smart enough not to try to tell God what I wanted Him to do for me. I wanted nothing from God. I was only waiting for the Spirit of God to reveal to me, *what God wanted from me*. Before too long, I knew what would be necessary. Of course, my whole aim in life from the moment the Spirit of God spoke His peace to me, was to spread the good news that the Power of God is available to all men and women, *without attending any church, and without believing a single thing any church teaches*.

This is not because the churches are not good. It merely demonstrates the fact *all men, everywhere, may make a direct contact with God, and may do this without any "beliefs" of any sort, and without any religious affiliation of any sort*.

"Belief," in itself, has nothing whatsoever to do with a man finding the actual Power of God. A "belief" may be true or it may be false. In any event, "religious tradition, rite, ritual, creed, or article of faith" has absolutely no bearing on the revelation of the actual Power of God in anyone's life. The rottenest drunk, staggering round in his folly, can find the redeeming Power of the Spirit of God instantly. He needs neither priest nor preacher to assist him. All he has to do is to grasp the self-evident fact that God lives—IN HIM, AND CAN BE FOUND BY HIM.

When it became definitely plain to me that I must write my experience and draw up a definite set of plans whereby all men may actually find the Power of God, I began to look for another position. In Yakima I had been working the "graveyard" shift. I decided to find a position in a smaller town, preferably where the drug-stores closed at six P.M.

I wrote a letter to the Spokane Drug Company, the nearest



wholesale drug house, asking them if they knew of a position open in a small city where the drug-stores closed at 6 P.M. In a few days a wire came in from a Mr. Peyton Hawes, asking me to report for work at once at the Corner Drug Store in Moscow, Idaho. The wire also informed me that all drug-stores in Moscow closed at 6 P.M.

I at once gave Sam Mortland, the manager of the Pioneer, a week's notice, and began to plan on leaving for Moscow. That was just twenty years ago. And here I was, twenty years later, on board the same train which had carried the Robinson family to Moscow, that fateful day which in reality seemed about fifty years ago.

Much water has gone over the dam in the past twenty years. There are many things which I have done, which I would not do again. But in the main, I should not recall one deed or act. I have followed the Light which is God as I saw that Light. It has led me aright.

Then, while relaxing there with my eyes closed, I allowed my thoughts to wander still farther back. To my childhood. I recalled the long years during which I had sought in vain for God, and I wondered if other people had the same trouble finding Him. Or did they not care?

Perhaps I was the only one who had trouble finding God. Perhaps I was all wrong. Perhaps there is no possible chance of anyone's actually finding God and His power on this earth. Could it be that The Creator, after having created this wonderful universe and man, had turned the whole thing loose, not caring what happened to it—was that it?

Of course, having met God face to face, and actually talked with God, I knew better than that. I remembered back some twenty-odd years when I had told God that if I had to go to hell I should go with the consoling knowledge that I was going to that place of horrible torment with the full consciousness that I had done everything in my power to find God—and had failed. That would place the burden of my damnation right square on



the shoulders of God. For, you see, I believed implicitly in what had been told to me in my early years.

I remembered back to one Sunday afternoon in the Sunday school. My teacher was a Mr. Dan Calverly. He had been telling the story of Jesus. As he recited the cruel details of how Jesus had been compelled to carry His cross, then the lashes, then the cup of vinegar mixed with gall and hyssop—I broke down and cried. Putting his arms tenderly around my shoulders this good man Calverly said to me:—"Frank—wouldn't you like to be saved?"

"I should like to find the Power of God in my life, if that's what you mean," I had replied.

"But I don't mean that—I mean wouldn't you like to be a Christian? That's what I mean," said the good teacher, looking at me with a rather puzzled expression on his face.

"But I am a Christian, am I not—I was born in a Christian land—certainly I am not a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, am I?" I queried.

"Oh—you do not know what I mean, Frank—I am asking you if you would not like to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Savior?"

"My Savior from what?" I replied.

"Why your Savior from sin, of course. Do you not know that all are born in sin, and without the cleansing blood of Jesus there can be no salvation—only utter torment in hell?"

I did not reply to that one. Here again was cropping up the same old theory that the entire human race was born under the spell of doom. For some unknown "sin," committed by our forefathers, hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years ago, we are all eternally damned unless we accept the Christian concept of God—for that is what it amounts to. I could not see it. I still cannot see it. I never want to see that sort of theological picture.

I remember good old Dan Calverly going to my father, who was minister of that Baptist church and saying to him:—"Frank is a curious boy—I don't believe he is a Christian, but he keeps



talking about the Power of the Spirit of God in his life—He will not accept the story of the fall of man—about all he seems to want is the Power of God to manifest itself to him, here and now—I have never heard of the Power of God manifesting in anyone's life as Frank expects It to."

"Well," replied my father, "this boy has funny ideas about God. He seems to feel that it is possible on this earth to establish a vital living connection between God and him. Of course, that is all tommy-rot, but the boy seems to believe it. What's more, there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it. He is absolutely convinced that there is very much more to the God proposition than appears in our Christian religion—maybe I'd better send him away into the navy or some place where his funny ideas about God will be knocked into a cocked-hat."

That was actually what happened. A few days later this "great man of God" as he was called, my father, marched me down to a navy recruiting office where I was forced, against my will, to join the navy. Not that there was anything wrong with that in itself. But if, by that method, my father thought he could eradicate my "strange ideas about God," he was very much mistaken. Those "strange ideas" remained until the day came when I actually vindicated my confidence by finding the much sought after Power of God in my life, here on this earth.

Then my mind wandered back to the day on which I was release from the navy, and my unexpected return home early one Sunday morning. Instead of the fatherly welcome I expected, I was met by my father who said:—"What in the hell are you doing here?"

My father had come down at the ring of the bell and opened the door. We were both standing in the front hallway. Soon I heard the voice of my step-mother calling down from her bedroom:—"Henry—who is there at this hour of the morning?"

"Oh—it's that damned fool Frank—he's out of the navy—has a medical discharge he says," my father called back.

"Well there's no place for him in this house—send him on



his way—we don't want him here," said the good step-mother.

"Don't you think I ought to give him a bite to eat first?" my father asked her.

There was a silence for a few moments and then she replied:—"Well—it's nearly breakfast time and the maids will be down shortly—so let him sit in your study until breakfast is ready. Then we'll take him to church and after that he can get out—we don't want him or his screwy religious ideas in this house."

Breakfast over, I was marched to the church at which my father was minister. I was not particularly anxious to go, but church and Sunday school were the order of the day in that home. There was little of the Spirit of God in it though.

My father's sermon that Sunday morning was taken from Matthew 8:20. It reads like this:—"And Jesus said unto them, 'the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'"

I knew the son of a man who too, had no place to lay his head that Sunday night. And the man who brought this son into the world was preaching from Matthew 8:20.

My own mother had died many years before at the age of 33. She was one of the grandest Christian women I have ever known. I have not met more than half a dozen Christians who actually believe what they preach, in my life—I question if I have met that many. But my mother was one. Not only did she believe in the Christian religion—she lived it insofar as lay in her power.

Another I must mention here is one of my old instructors in the Bible Training School in Toronto, Canada. This man, Dr. John McNicol, is now Principal of the Toronto Bible College, which is an outgrowth of the old Bible Training School. I had a letter from him only yesterday. Of course, Dr. McNicol and I differ violently on matters of Christology, and while we differ, and while Christians fight and argue amongst themselves, the world plunges closer and closer to the brink of catastrophe. What a pity some common denominator cannot be found upon



which all religions can agree and fight for the actual truths of God, instead of making the Power of God of no effect through their traditions—traditions which for the greater part are absolutely unprovable.

There is a common ground upon which all systems of religion could meet. But they will not. The ground is the actual existence of the Spirit of God, and the Power of God, on this earth, here and now, *IN EVERY CREATED SOUL*.

Of course, if they all met on that ground, considerable revamping of their doctrines of "original sin" etc. would have to be done. But if, by revamping those doctrines, this world could have brought to it a concept of God upon which all can agree, then I say throw overboard every article of faith, every tradition, every rite, every ritual, and let us, for the first time in the history of man, *give The Creator an opportunity to show what He can do when man stops interfering by his own man-made ideas and traditions about God.*

If every theological tradition, rite, creed, ritual and ecclesiastical order could be drowned at the bottom of the sea, *man would automatically find the Power of God through his own reasoning ability.* So long as one church and one system of religion teaches one thing, and another teaches another, and two hundred and fifty others teach two hundred and fifty other things, the human race will drift farther and farther away from God—if that be possible.

We have drifted so far away from God already that it is very questionable if this generation can be saved from total destruction by any means. If such a terrible event occurs, man will have brought it on himself. Man will have destroyed himself because he has not known the actual existence of the Spirit of God—*IN HIMSELF*.

God never destroys anything or anyone. He put this human race on the earth and endowed it with the natural capacity to live forever. And what happened? Churches began to spring up with doctrines which, in ages gone by, were completely foreign



to everything God stands for. Whereas God breathed His own life into the human race, and told it to live forever on the earth, old politically minded church fathers originated the idea that man was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity." Nothing could be farther from the truth than that. You may be sure that when The Almighty had finished the creation of man, He had done a very complete job. Eternal life on this earth followed the creation of man, just as surely as the night follows the day. That was the immutable Law of God.

And then man began to doubt. And then man invented the "death-idea" which was rapidly seized upon by church fathers who saw in it the means to make themselves powerful world organizations.

As doubt of the ability of God to give eternal life to every created human on the earth began to creep in, death also came. Ages ago, the human race lived to at least a thousand or more years. Gradually, with the advent of churches, that span decreased until now it is about seventy years.

But once again, from several different sources, comes much evidence that man is again turning his eyes towards the prospect of eternal life on the earth. If eternal life is manifested, it will be manifested on the earth where the Creator originated human life. It will not be "in the skies" or anywhere else but here.

Russian scientists, American scientists, British scientists have been working for years on a connective-tissue serum which, they say, will increase the normal span of human life from seventy years to one hundred and fifty years. I do not care from what source eternal life comes. It may be through scientists. It may be through medical men. It may be through religious leadership. *I am convinced that it will come, and before too long.*

Last summer I was spending a few weeks at Meadowlark Farm on the outskirts of Hemet, Calif. There I met a rather famous pathologist from one of the large hospitals in Los Angeles. I got rather well acquainted with Ralph. One day, while discussing



the possibility of eternal life on the earth, I said to my friend:—"Ralph—I suppose one of these days some one of you medical pathologists will come up with a discovery which will make eternal life on the earth possible." His reply nearly knocked me off my feet.

"Frank," he said, "What you have just suggested is not at all impossible—it may happen in our day."

It is interesting to note that the aim of every system of religion on the face of the earth is eternal life. Of course, these systems of religion completely spoil the picture by interpolating the death-idea first. They tell us that eternal life is the goal and aim of man, God, and religion. "But," they say, "*All must die first.*"

In other words, the Great God of the universe was capable of creating life ages ago—human life—here on earth, but He is not capable of continuing that life. He is so inefficient that He allows someone else, or something else to destroy the life He created. Frankly, I do not believe that. I am of the opinion that when the human race gets closer and closer to God (and it will, even if the present civilization be destroyed) it will find that the closer it gets to the actual truths of God, the closer will it get to eternal life on the earth.

The theory that The Almighty allowed an interloper to come between God and man, separating the very life God gave, from man, is a theory I cannot possibly hold. *There is only one who could have permitted the death-idea to destroy the life God gave, and that is—MAN.* And if by man, *death entered the world, it will be by man, eternal life shall again be restored.*

How will it be restored? Well how did we lose it? Did we not lose it by unbelief? Then we shall restore it by our own beliefs in the impregnability of God. Is that too much to ask our churches to advocate? Or would they prefer to continue to preach the inevitability of death? Of course, if the death-idea is removed from church theology, there is nothing left—is there?

It seems to me there is much left. It seems to me that the present-day church would go very far, if it replaced its rather



old-fashioned ideas of inevitable death, with the more modern idea of eternal life. I suggest the churches try that. It could harm no one. It would not destroy their membership, quite to the contrary it would increase it. For in the moment the Christian church changes its ministry from one of eternal death to eternal life, and gives The Creator credit for having the ability to bring that to pass here on the earth, our churches will be so jammed that men and women will be unable to enter them.

This world is sick and tired of death. We have been swimming in it for centuries. More blood was spilt during the last war than in all other wars combined. Now, we are preparing for another war which, if it comes, will decimate the earth. I say that war can be averted. I say it can be averted by the Christian church. But I say that it cannot be averted so long as the Christian church limits the ability of God to avert it. Let the Christian church throw away forever its impossible man-made theory that death is inevitable, and let it give the Creator credit for being able to give us a life which even death cannot destroy, and you will see the Power and the Glory of God cover the earth in short order. Life which cannot be destroyed is what God gave us in the beginning. What a pity man would not accept the gift of eternal life when it first was given man—at the original creation of man.

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Modern civilization, with all its errors, shams and debaucheries, will finally *think its way through to God—at least a remnant will.*

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A Christian minister at Rotary Club here in Moscow and I were discussing this matter of eternal life on earth, last evening. This good chap said to me:—"But Doctor Robinson—there is nothing in the Christian Bible upon which to predicate such an assumption."



Oh yes there is. There is so much in the Christian Bible upon which to predicate the theory of eternal life, that one has to stumble over it from cover to cover. It must be remembered that the Christian Bible, like the sacred writings of other major religions, is a man-made book. True, "Holy men" may have written what God revealed to them—but holy men today are still writing what God has revealed to them, and what was revealed 1900 years ago, and what is being revealed today, appear to be quite different things. However—they may be one and the same thing.

The author will allow every Christian to believe exactly what he chooses to believe about his Bible. He will allow every other religionist in every other major system of religion to believe whatever they choose to believe about their "sacred writings" or Bible. And the Bibles of the Hindoo are just as sacred and precious to them as the Christian Bible is to the Christian. None of them would stand up in a court of law, if what is contained therein was required to stand or fall according to the rules of evidence.

I realize of course that this statement will bring a loud cry of "atheist" once more. But that will have to be as it may. *This is no time to mince words.* Civilization hovers between life and death, and the author believes that a true understanding of the God who created us can avert a cataclysm which seems inevitable. His motive is true and pure. Therefore, he will ask the indulgence of those who do not believe as he does, while he is permitted to advance to the world of unbelievers, a philosophy of God which the world of unbelievers might possibly accept, and which, through accepting, might bring an end to the awful muddle in which our many religions have plunged the world.

What you call me doesn't matter. Nor does it matter how much you threaten and malign me. Jesus Christ was crucified by church-members. Remember?

The author has met and talked with God. He has received a revelation which could not have come from anyone else than



the Creator. It is his duty to pass this revelation on to the world. The world will write the verdict.

The only thing the author regrets is that he is such a broken vessel—and so unworthy of the honor which has been bestowed upon him by the God who gave him this revelation. It is a pity that someone more capable and less prone to wandering did not receive this Light instead of him.

However—the pathway is clear. This civilization needs, not more theories of God, but the actual Presence, Spirit, and Power of God if it is to be saved. I have before me at this moment, a brochure recently released by the Toronto Bible College. It was written by my old friend and instructor Dr. John McNicol, to whom I referred a few paragraphs back. The brochure is entitled:—“*The Bible's Philosophy of History.*” Let me quote a paragraph from that brochure:—

“... Protestantism should set the presence of the Holy Spirit in the life and worship of the church, and seek to make that a reality. This is the real problem of the ecumenical movement, for unless that is done the church will not be able to convince the world that it is a divine institution. *There is little evidence anywhere that the world gets this impression of the church today.*”

When a noted divine like Dr. McNicol dares to make such a statement, may I not be pardoned for agreeing with that divine?

I might point out to my friend Dr. McNicol that no church can make the Spirit of God, or the “Holy Spirit” as he calls It, a reality. *It is a reality now.* The greatest, living, potent reality this world will ever know. To recognize the absolute reality of the Spirit of God is the thing I have been endeavoring to get the churches to do for more than twenty years.

But for any religious organization to attempt to make the Spirit of God a reality—well—the organization which tries that would do far better if it began at once to recognize the present existence of the Spirit of God on the earth, and preach and teach



the absolutely limitless Power which is involved anywhere where God is, and include the entire human race, not just they who "believe" certain ecclesiastical doctrines.

Most of my friend's brochure is an attack on Rome. Well Rome should be attacked perhaps. But I should like to suggest to my friend that he might be able to do much more towards bringing the Spirit of God to men, if he forgot Rome, and everyone else who does not agree with him, and began to first find the actual Power of God—the Spirit of God—in his own life. For no man can be equipped to teach others the truths of God unless that man has been with God. He must have "talked with God."

When such an experience comes to anyone, church-member or non church-member, he or she, like the apostles of old will say:—"Did not our hearts burn within us—by the way."

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There is not a Bible or "sacred writing" in existence which does not contain enough in its first chapter or paragraph to more than justify the possibility of eternal life on the earth. The Christian Bible for instance. We are informed that after God had created man's physical form, whether from the dust of the earth or not does not matter, God breathed into man the Breath of Life. In other words, *Almighty God gave to men, the very same Life He Himself possessed.*

God did not merely possess His own Life, He was, and is His own Life. So then, when, in the beginning, place it where you will, The Creator gave Life to the human race, that Life was immortal. It must have been for it was—not alone the Life of God—BUT GOD HIMSELF.

That being a fact, what power is there which has the ability to take away from man the Life which God gave to him? To admit the invincibility and fathomless Power of God, is to admit the invincibility and fathomless Power of the man in whom the Spirit of God lives. So sure as God is eternal, so the Life in



man's physical body is eternal. Nothing can come from God which is not eternal.

*With that gift of eternal life to man so long ago, The Almighty made the only revelation to man He will ever make.* The discovery of what lies in the Realm of the Spirit of God is up to man to discover for himself.

The Spirit of God cannot make any man great. The eternal truths of God cannot make a man great either. But man can make the Spirit of God great by finding and using all the Power which exists in man himself, because the Spirit of God actually exists in man. Everything man can ever need through life—eternal life—has already been provided by God. It already exists in the Realm of the Spirit of God—in man. There remains then but one thing for man to do, and that is to recognize the fact that actually living in man, *is all the Power there is in the Realm of God.*

Eternal life already exists. It exists for *you*. It exists because the Life you now possess is the very same Life as that possessed by God, or, to put it perhaps a bit clearer—IS GOD.

When America realizes this fact, if it ever does before the next world war, the birth of a real freedom will have begun. Twenty years ago the writer made the statement that in America the fire would be lighted which would eventually flare round the world, and bring to all men and all nations, the staggering fact that the Power of God exists here on earth, and through that Power, all may live forever in perfect peace and harmony, *because God lives.*

Why allow something called "death" to interfere with the plan of God? Away with all theories, religious or otherwise, which deny either the willingness or the ability of God to manifest His presence to the full, right here on the earth, right now.

The Creator has already done everything He can do. The rest is up to man. God lives. God lives here and now. All the shimmering Power there is in God, is available to man now. Never was that Power more urgently needed than It is now, when man



stands upon the brink of a precipice which if he falls into it, he will never fully recover.

Why should the Christian church bemoan its loss of members? Why should it advocate the impossible theory that man was "born in sin and shapen in iniquity?" The Creator does not build that sort of man. The writer admits freely that man is a long way from God, but that is man's own doing. The organization responsible for the great gulf which exists between God and man is the church. It has taught nothing but separation from God. It has taught nothing but death and hell. If any church down through the ages has ever taught that "The Gift of God is Eternal Life here and now," I do not know what church it was.

Of course, the Christian church will insist that the gift of eternal life from God must come through Jesus Christ and Jesus Christ alone. But other major systems of religion claim that eternal life can only come through their "god-man."

All any human being can do, and all may do it, is point out to another individual that God has already given eternal life to "Whosoever will," and if Jesus did that, and He certainly did, that was all He could do, because God has already freely given eternal life to all men at birth. Jesus did not originate eternal life any more than I did. All Jesus ever professed to do—all He ever came to this earth to do was reveal the Spirit of God to the rest of the world. The Spirit of God is the Spirit of eternal Life, for GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE.

He most plainly stated that He had come that men might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Many other Prophets before the time of Jesus came to the earth with direct messages from the Spirit of God, and most of them met death as a result of their efforts. Most of the deaths of the prophets of God can be laid at the doors of the varying church organizations which have stained with blood the records of the upward climb of the human race toward a lucid and sensible explanation of the relationship which must exist between God and man.

When everything unreasonable is eliminated from religion,



then there must be left sufficient facts to enable man to instantly grasp the staggering truths of his Maker—God.

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I have digressed here in my narrative. Please excuse it. I realize my utter inability to properly put these truths into print. I have always known that I am not a writer. But whatever I do write, bungling though it usually is, most of my readers understand it. That is what matters.

This is the chapter in which we were to meet the most fascinating man ever to come into my life, "The Wanderer." You will recall that I had boarded the Palouse Special three-quarters of an hour before the train left Spokane for Moscow.

While relaxing there in my seat, I had been permitting my thoughts to travel back over my life, from childhood up to the present time. I believe I had recalled that twenty years earlier, Mrs. Robinson, Alfred and I had boarded this same train for Moscow. I had wanted a position in a small place where the drug-stores closed at 6 P.M. and had been asked by the Spokane Drug Co. to report as soon as possible to Mr. Chas. Bolles, owner of the Corner Drug Store here in Moscow.

(I think I shall divide this book at this point and take up my meeting with "The Wanderer" in chapter three.)



### CHAPTER THREE

## In Which We Really Meet "The Wanderer"

THE RAPID FILLING OF THE TRAIN AROUSED ME FROM THE reverie into which I had allowed myself to lapse for the past forty minutes or so. Opening my eyes, I saw that the coach in which I was seated was just about full. In fact, the only vacant seat was the one opposite the seat in which I was sitting. The reason that seat was vacant was, in all probability, because of the fact that during my half-snooze, I had stretched my feet across to the other seat. Evidently no one wished to disturb me.

There was rather a motley crew aboard the train. A typical mixture of all of the sorts which one might expect to find on a train whose destination was through the Palouse Empire. As I have previously said, this is one of the greatest wheat-raising areas in the United States. There is no irrigation yet a crop failure has never been known.

Moscow, Idaho, ships more peas to the nation than any other city. Wheat, peas, and dairy products make this part of Idaho and Washington rich, and the fertile lands keep it rich.

There is a good deal of logging in the mountains behind Moscow, and at Lewiston, Idaho, the end of the line for this train, the Weyerhaeuser interests have the largest saw-mill in the United States. Lewiston is about forty miles from Moscow.

Had I been making the trip in the summer or early fall, I should have been able to look through the train windows and see mile after mile of rolling, golden-brown wheat-fields. As it was, snow was falling, and the snap of the cold Idaho winter was in the air. Usually I plan to remain in Moscow in the winter time if at all possible, although it is hard for one leading a religious



Movement as large as mine to count on being anywhere at any certain time with any degree of certainty. Nevertheless, we do try to stay at home during the winter months.

I spotted a couple of professors from Washington State College on the train. Also Dr. John Miller, head of the department of history at the University of Idaho—he was there too. Washington State College is located at Pullman, Wash., and the University of Idaho is located at Moscow, Idaho. The two cities are but nine miles apart. The population of each is about the same—around 6000 people, not including the college enrollment which is about 2500 for Idaho and perhaps double that number for Washington State, the home of the famous “Fighting Cougars” of football fame.

A couple of loggers were aboard also. One had a bottle of whisky which he was offering to anyone who wanted a drink. A couple of Chinamen from a Pullman restaurant were evident, and the usual run of mothers with their small babies were in the coach.

I had already given my ticket to the conductor when I boarded the train, so when he passed my seat he stopped just long enough to place the little red identification tag in the receptacle provided for it.

The whistle finally blew and we were off on the trip, each to his or her destination. The first town at which this train stops (and it stops at all of them) was Spangle. This is a very small place of about 22 souls. It has quite a history, however, which goes back to the Indian wars which used to pester Washington, D. C., not so many years ago, when the American government was stealing land from the Indians. “Stealing” is the correct word, for that is just what it was.

After Spangle comes Oaksdale, Garfield, Palouse, Pullman, and then Moscow, the train then passing through Juliaetta and Kendrick before arriving at Lewiston, the end of the line, where the train changes crews and keeps steam up for the return trip later in the day.



It was at Spangle "The Wanderer" boarded the train. I saw him standing on the platform. I saw him get aboard. Entering the coach in which I was, and looking for a vacant seat, the most fascinating person I have ever met spotted the vacant seat opposite mine. I had, of course, removed my feet, so, being the only vacant seat in the coach, the new passenger stood for a moment at my elbow, looking at the empty space.

Presently I heard a voice, perhaps the saddest and sweetest voice at the same time, say, while pointing to the seat across the way:—"Pardon me please sir—that seat—is it occupied?"

I informed the gentleman that it was not occupied.

"Then would you have any objections to my using it?" he queried.

I assured him that it would be a pleasure to have his company. Returning my smile with one of his own, he sat down.

During the past twenty years it has been my privilege to meet many hundreds of thousands of people. They have come from all walks of life. Rich. Poor. Happy. Unhappy. Fearful. Fearless—all sorts and kinds cross my path. But never in my sixty years of life have I met a person who so attracted me by his personal charm and magnetism, as the new arrival did.

Usually I can place a person within the first few minutes of meeting him. But this one was different. I said the "magnetism" of his personality. It was more than just magnetism. What it was, I did not know at the time. I know now.

The first thing I noticed about him was that he was immaculately dressed. He wore a beautiful camel-hair overcoat, under which was a spotlessly clean suit of banker's grey. His shoes were brown, and were of the high shoe variety, not usually seen on well-dressed men nowadays.

He wore a white silk shirt, the detachable collar type, and as he removed his camel-hair overcoat, I saw a beautiful pair of gold cuff-links, with a strange design on them. In the lapel of his coat was a small forget-me-not. Rather an unusual flower to be wearing, I thought.



His vest was, like his suit, spotless. It was white, with an embroidered pattern woven into it. One does not see that type of vest any more, especially out here in the west. This man must have weighed a full two hundred pounds, and that was all bone and muscle. There was not one pound of fat on him.

Usually able to take care of myself under most circumstances, the thought subconsciously flashed into my mind that here is a man with whom I should not like to tangle in a rough and tumble fight. I have had to do that more than once since coming to Moscow. But here was a man I should hesitate a long time before deliberately tangling with. Not that he was the fighting type physically. But I did not need a second look at his square-cut jaw to know that here was a natural born fighter for principle.

He was not an American. I saw that at a glance, for his face was swarthy, somewhat like that of a Mohammedan or a Hindoo. I knew he came from somewhere in the Far East, possibly the Arabian Sea, or thereabouts. He was not what we Americans call a "white man." But that mattered little to me. Here was a man I wanted to get acquainted with.

Set low in his handsome face, was a pair of eyes, the like of which I have never seen before, and do not expect to ever see again. I cannot fully describe them. Those eyes made this man master of any group or any circumstance.

They were a light blue. Almost steel-grey, and from their depths there emanated a limpid flow of power and magnetism which automatically held one in a sort of a semi-awe. The first impression I received of this man was of power. Both physical and spiritual power, for I knew that any man who possessed such a personality as this new arrival on the train possessed, was a spiritually minded individual.

Not only power and determination shone from those eyes. They possessed a great sadness, it seemed to me. I instinctively knew that somewhere in this man's life was a burden. A sorrow.



Yet there shone from those eyes an intense love too. A compassion I believe is the word I want.

He was clean-shaven and his hair was raven black, as were his eyebrows. But those eyes . . .

His hands were not large. They were the hands of an artist. If this man had ever done physical work, his hands did not show it now. His age? . . . I should say anywhere between thirty and thirty-five. Perhaps thirty-three to make a rough guess. Truly this was an unusual individual.

And yet, as I sat there observing him, and trying at the same time not to appear too rude or inquisitive, I felt that I had known this man before. I racked my brain trying to remember if I had ever met him. I was sure I had not. Yet the impression took root, and grew, that I knew this man. (It turned out later that I knew him very well indeed.)

After he had hung his overcoat on the hook provided on trains of even 1900 vintage, he looked me square in the eyes as if expecting me to say something to him. Perhaps he was going to speak to me. In any event I had made up my mind to discover, if possible, who this unusual individual was. I suspected that he was a stranger in these parts. A Mohammedan or a Hindoo is not a common sight in either Washington or Idaho. Yet I was not so sure that this man was either one. His curved aquiline Roman nose did not suggest either one, yet the swarthinness of his skin, the white perfection of his teeth when he smiled told me that he was a foreigner of some sort.

He kept his hands tightly closed and did not open them until we parted at Moscow, some three and one half hours later, for, as usual the Palouse Special was late that day. On the third finger of his left hand he wore a beautiful ring. A turquoise, set in platinum. I should say the ring was worth at least, more than \$500.

We sat there looking at each other, a sort of a half-smile on both our faces, for perhaps five minutes. Then I decided that I would open the conversation, and try to be sociable. If the gen-



tleman wanted to talk well and good—if he did not, well, that would be well and good too. But I knew that he wanted to speak with me. How I knew, I do not know. But I knew. I saw it in his gleaming, azure-blue eyes perhaps.

My first remark was about his camel-hair coat. I saw at a glance that it was a genuine camel-hair coat. That type of coat is not common here in America. There are woven imitations, but I knew that this coat was the genuine article.

Putting on one of my most winning smiles I said to him:—"That is a beautiful overcoat you have there—may I inquire where you bought it? . . . I should like to have one like it very much."

"Oh—I'll be glad to give you this one," he replied, adding, "I can easily get another just like it, and while I am waiting for it to arrive from my native land, I can buy another coat anywhere."

Of course, I was not going to let him give me his overcoat, no matter how much I liked it. But what sort of a man was this who offered to give his own expensive overcoat to a total stranger.

"Oh no—I appreciate very much your generosity, and I respect it very much, but you cannot give me that coat—it belongs to you, and the one I am wearing is a new one, and quite satisfactory. I just happen to know that you did not buy that coat here in the United States, and wondered where you did really get it—those camel-hair coats are not common here in America," I said to him.

"No, I understand not," he replied. "I bought that coat in Alexandria."

"Oh you have been in Egypt then?" I inquired, adding, "Do you live in the United States now, or is your home still in the East?"

"At the present time I am in the United States on a visit. I do not know just how long I shall be here. I have a very important mission to perform, and I am not at all sure just how long that mission will take," he said in perhaps the most perfect English I have ever listened to.



I wanted to know his nationality in the worst way, yet did not choose to come right out and ask him. So this is the way I secured the information.

"It is, of course, a business mission you are on here in America, is it not?" I inquired.

Fastening those magnetic eyes on me, and smiling from the very depths of his being it seemed, he replied:—"I am on a mission for my father."

"Oh—that's interesting. Is your father in Alexandria, or is he over here with you?"

A sad light crept into his eyes, as, waiting for quite a few moments, he replied:—"My father is with me."

Then, quick as a flash, and watching intently to see what reaction his next statement would have on me, he said:—"I am a Jew." He probably knew the un-American sentiment which unhappily prevails in many corners of our land against the Jew, for he waited another few moments before adding:—"A Syrian Jew."

My sympathy instinctively goes out to anyone of any race who is the subject of persecution, and when this gentleman told me that he was a Syrian Jew, I felt strangely warm towards him.

"I certainly trust that your business in this land is successful," I told him, and then, wishing to know his name I said:—"I am Dr. Frank B. Robinson of Moscow, Idaho—you may have heard of me."

"Yes—I have heard of you," he replied, but he did not tell me his name. Realizing that etiquette called for him to reveal his identity to me after I had introduced myself to him, he said—"I suppose you would like to know my name?"

I admitted to him that I should very much like to know his name, and his address. I told him quite frankly that there was something about him which attracted me to him. I am quite frank about such matters, usually speaking my mind when the occasion demands it.

Reaching over, he rested his right hand, still tightly clenched,



on my knee saying:—"Some day—before too long, you shall know my name—suppose you call me 'The Wanderer' for the time being—is that agreeable to you?"

This was a strange request, but one which I could not very well deny. In any event I saw that it would not have helped me any had I come right out and asked him his name. That type of person talks when he wants to, and when he does not want to, he just does not talk. So, to assure him that his reply had not hurt my feelings in the slightest, I said:—"That is perfectly all right my friend—you probably have a very good reason for concealing your identity at this time . . . I'm afraid perhaps I may have seemed a little too inquisitive."

"Not at all—but there is a reason which you will understand later, why it is best that I do not reveal my identity to you at this time. I assure you that you shall know quite fully who I am before too long," was his comment.

This mystified me more than ever. That he was an unusual personality I knew. Who he was I did not know—and yet—there kept coming to me a strange presentiment that I had met him before. There seemed to be something in common between us. A bond of friendship, or love, or something which I could not just put my finger on. I was sure, however, that if our paths had not crossed in the past, they would in the future.

I began to relate to him an incident which happened some years before when I was travelling through Syria and the Holy Land. I had rented an English Sunbeam automobile in which I made the trip throughout the Holy Land and the surrounding country. Also I rented, or rather I hired a Syrian Jew to accompany me, and act as interpreter.

I had secured permission from the British government to spend one night in the great pyramid at Gizeh. Such permission was rarely granted, and one had to have a good reason for such a request. The British Consul was very cooperative however, and so I was able to stay in the great pyramid all through the long watches of a lonely night.



When I was released in the morning, the Syrian I had hired had fled with the car, my motion-picture machine, and all my clothes.

As I related this incident to "The Wanderer" he smiled, and, to my utter amazement said:—"Yes Doctor Robinson, I know all about that incident—the Syrian you hired was my brother."

After a few moments in which he evidently liked the surprise I registered, he said:—"Your car was returned to the garage, and your camera was sent on to you at Bethlehem, was it not?"

I admitted that was the case, but did not know or could not conceive just how "The Wanderer" knew anything about it, even though it was his brother who had stolen both car and kodak.

He took the question out of my mouth though by saying:—"You see, I have two brothers who live in Bethlehem. You hired one, and the one you hired is not above stealing whenever he gets a chance. However, my father always makes him return what he has stolen, and there is seldom any trouble. He's a good boy at heart."

"But did you live in Bethlehem?" I inquired.

"I was born in Bethlehem in Judea," he retorted. "Later, we moved back to Syria, my father and my mother and my two brothers and I. You see, when I was born we were only in Bethlehem temporarily."

"That is where Jesus was born," I said, waiting for his answer to that remark with interest.

"Yes—that is where Jesus was born," he replied. Seemed to me I detected a note of sorrow and sadness as he made that reply. His handsome face became somewhat clouded I thought. And then, turning to me he said:—"Do you know Dr. Robinson, I often think it might have been better had Jesus never been born."

I sat for several minutes looking at the man after he made that statement. That is the sort of statement no man can make unless he has a very profound reason for making it. This man



had told me that he was a business man . . . or had he said that?

He sat there, his piercing blue eyes fastened on mine. He had a way of looking at you which the word "fasten" best describes.

"Who are you?" I shot at him rather unexpectedly.

"I told you that I was here on business for my father. You probably thought I meant my human father. That is not what I meant however—I mean my Heavenly Father."

"But what are you—a minister or priest—you told me you were a Syrian Jew, so you cannot be either, can you?"

"No," he replied, "I am neither minister nor priest. I am only a human being, even as you. I spend most of my time about my Heavenly Father's business though," he answered me.

"But are you a Christian?"

"No Jew can be a Christian," he replied, and then, "A Christian is one who believes that Jesus was Almighty God—the second Person in a Trinity of Three, and no Jew, Syrian or otherwise believes that."

"But you say that you are on your Father's business—who do you consider your Heavenly Father, if not Jesus?" I queried, anxious now, more than ever to cultivate this unusual human being who had boarded the Palouse Special at Spangle.

"My Father is Almighty God—my Creator. We Jews know the truth about Jesus, for He was one of us. He was a Syrian Jew—I am a Syrian Jew. The record of Jesus has been most carefully preserved by us Jews, who look upon Him as a great prophet, but most certainly not as Almighty God. It is for this reason I stated to you that sometimes I think it might have been better had Jesus not been born at all. You see, Jesus was a prophet of God. He was born of God just as you and I were born of God—according to the law governing childbirth as prescribed by my Father—God, in the beginning when He first brought human life to this earth."

"Then you mean that Jesus was *not* miraculously conceived and born in the womb of a virgin?" I parried.

"Every baby that is born is conceived miraculously, in that the



Spirit of God, my Father, is *in every human conception*. Whenever a child is born, you may be sure that the law of my Father governing childbirth has been fully complied with. Our parents do that physically when, through the ordinance of holy matrimony, they unite their bodies, thereby making it possible for two germs, the male and female to meet. But that is all they can do. That is the law of God governing childbirth. That was the law of my Father, God, when Jesus was born."

I looked at my friend in absolute amazement. He was expressing sentiments and views which I had broadcast to the world years before, and was still broadcasting and advocating. It was for such statements as these that so many efforts have been made to silence me. Yet here on a small country train I met a man, a Syrian Jew, who, although plainly educated, was expressing the very sentiments I had been expressing for twenty years. It was a remarkable coincidence to say the least, for I was of the opinion I was the only religious leader who even dared to express such views in "Christian" America.

"But how do you figure that every conception is immaculate?" I asked him.

"That is quite simple is it not? Christians believe that at the birth of Jesus, the actual conception was by the Spirit of God. And it was. And it is, in every conception. It must be. Let us consider what happens when a child is born, shall we?"

I was more than anxious to hear the explanation this strange fellow calling himself "The Wanderer" would have to offer, so I urged him to continue.

"I have already explained just what happens when a child is born. The parents meet. They fall in love. They obey the laws of the land and the laws of God. As a result of their love, a child is born. Now just what did the parents have to do with the birth of that child? All they could possibly do was to unite their bodies so that the male germ, the sperm, could come in direct contact with the female germ the ovum—am I correct, so far?"



I admitted that I saw no flaw in his logic, and he continued:—"But at that particular point in the building operations of the child, another Power came into the picture. That Power is the Spirit of God, and from that moment, It enters and takes charge of the building operations. It performs biological and physiological equations which cannot be duplicated in any chemical laboratory. It changes sugars into starches, and performs so effectively Its operations, that nine months later, a child is born. Yet the parents of that child had nothing to do with the building of that tiny body. They merely complied with the law of my Father governing childbirth, and the Spirit of God gave the actual life."

"And you believe Jesus had that sort of a birth?" I queried.

"Yes—Jesus had that sort of a birth, my friend. He was born in exactly the same manner in which you and I were born. Had He not been born as you and I were born, my Father would have had to break one of His own laws, and that is impossible. If my Father broke His own laws, even once, He may do it again. That would leave the entire universe hanging on chance, or the whim of my Father—and my Father does not work in such a manner."

"Would you like me to continue?" he asked me, taking a beautiful silk handkerchief from his pocket and running it gently across his forehead, for the car had become quite warm in spite of the cold weather outside.

I assured him that I was more than eager to know all he knew about God—for I was convinced that this "Wanderer" knew a lot more than I knew about God, yet I had spent almost twice as many years as he had in endeavoring to discover just what the truth about God is, and just what is the relationship which exists between God and man.

I have suspected for a long time, that the mystery surrounding the Creator is a mystery which man originated himself. I have never believed that The Almighty, after having performed such a miracle as the creation of human life, took Himself off to parts unknown, never to be heard directly from since. I do not



believe that now. I believe the "mystery" of God may be solved by the life of man.

I was convinced that this meeting on this train running through the rich Palouse country was not a chance meeting. How this man came to be on the train, and why he would not reveal his true identity to me, I did not know, and I cared less, for here was a man who knew God. He had to know God to reveal to me the truths he was revealing. I myself had come to these identical conclusions many years before. I knew they were true, and by the same token, I knew that "The Wanderer" actually had been with God. He had probably talked with God as I first had so many years ago.

Continuing, he said:—"Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, where I was born. His father was Joseph, a carpenter. His mother was a very wonderful lady whose name was Mary. We Jews know her last name too. Mary and Joseph, who was about three years older than Mary, she being twenty-one at the time Jesus was born, had been keeping company with each other for about a year. They were both desperately in love with each other, and they could both be seen taking long walks into the country surrounding Nazareth, where they both lived and worked.

"Jesus was born in Bethlehem where His parents had taken Him when they went to pay their taxes. In those days there was no mail. Tax notices were not sent to the tax-payers. They were required to report in person, and pay their taxes. Those from Nazareth paid them in Bethlehem.

"It was discovered sometime before tax-time, that Mary was going to have a baby. Nothing was thought of it, in spite of the fact that no marriage ceremony had been performed. In those days, marriage ceremonies were things of luxury, and Joseph, being only a carpenter, did not feel he could afford such a thing as a ceremony at that time. However, it made no difference, for Joseph took Mary to be his wife, a marriage ceremony being performed at a later date.



"In due time, a bit before the expected time, Jesus was born just as any other child of that day was born—just as you and I were born. There was no room for Jesus in the inn, as that was only a small affair, and few could afford to stay there. This particular inn was always crowded when the taxpayers from the surrounding territory made their way to Bethlehem to be taxed.

"The story that Jesus was born in a manger because there was no room for Him in the inn, as told by Christians, is substantially correct. Many children were born in mangers. Many were born alongside the road. Few were born in inns, for few people in that day could afford the privileges of an inn.

"Perhaps I should mention the fact that in those days, many babies were born out of wedlock. Whenever that happened, it was the custom to say that the 'Holy Ghost' was the father of these babies, when as a matter of fact, their real fathers were known to their mothers. In Greece, however, the 'Holy Ghost' legend was being used to such a degree, that many were using it as an excuse for avoiding the marriage ceremony altogether. So the King of Greece passed a law, decreeing death to any mother who claimed the 'Holy Ghost' was the father of her baby, if that baby was born out of wedlock."

I looked at "The Wanderer" and marvelled at his knowledge. The statements he was making were all known to me. I had spent many years in research along this particular line, trying to get at the truth of the birth of Jesus. Turning to him I said:—"Your theories are undoubtedly true, but what you are saying knocks the props completely out of the Christian religion, does it not?"

"It only knocks the useless props out," he replied. "It places the birth of Jesus on a very much higher plane than the Christians have placed it. You see, if there was a special effort made by my Father to bring Jesus into existence, it puts His great life far beyond the reach of you and me. But if Jesus was born of a woman by the same exact procedure which resulted in your



birth, and mine, do you not see that this fact raises us all to the stature of Jesus?

"If Jesus had the same identical birth you and I had, then do you not see that Jesus was absolutely correct when He said 'The things that I do shall ye do also.'"

"You do not need to spend any time trying to tell me that the birth of Jesus was a perfectly natural birth," I said to "The Wanderer." "I have known that for many years. The thing that I am more interested in, is bringing these truths you are telling me to the people. They want God—but they want the true God. Never was the world as hungry for spiritual truth as it is now, and whether the Christian church likes it or not, *this world will not follow Jesus so long as the Christian church insists on hanging a miraculous conception and virgin birth onto Him.* But give Jesus the same birth that you and I had, and then go as far as Jesus went, claiming unity with God, and eternal life, and *this world will follow that sort of a Jesus.*"

My friend "The Wanderer" smiled as he said to me:—"You have learned the one great truth which will do more towards uniting men and God than any other truth, although all truth must, because of what it is, inevitably bring us all closer to the perfect day which is at hand—the day in which the human race and God shall be re-united. In that day, which you and I shall see, there will be no more pain. There will be no more sighing, or sorrow, or fear, or travail of soul, for my Father and His creation shall reign on earth forever and ever. Death will be unknown. It will be the last enemy to be destroyed, and the destruction of death is very close. When such truths as you and I are discussing become known to the masses, as they must, and will, the Kingdom of God truly will be at hand."

"Is it your opinion that the theory of the immaculate conception and the virgin birth have done more to alienate man from God than any other one thing?" I asked him.

"Not exactly," he replied. "You see, ten thousand years are as but a day with God. It is true that had not the doctrines of the



Trinity, Immaculate Conception and the other theories of that type been known, God and man might have been re-united long ago, but I'm not so sure that man, once he had alienated himself from God because of his doubt of the ability of God to give him eternal life here on earth, would have gotten over his disbelief any faster. Man is not yet ready to return to God. He is on the threshold of throwing overboard theories of God which, while good for the churches, cannot ever reveal the Spirit of God to man. But I am afraid that unless man begins to accept the actual truths of God before too long, this civilization will perish."

"What a pity then, that the virgin birth of Jesus was ever advocated," I mused aloud.

"Yes—that is a pity," my friend rejoined. "No one in His day ever even suspected such a birth. No one ever heard of it. It was not until hundreds of years later that such a theory was advanced, and then only by ecclesiastical minds, unable to think for themselves. Human beings did not originate such theories of God. These, and others, equally far from God, were the originations of various church organizations. Well-meaning, of course, but so soaked in superstition that their poor minds could not accept God at face value. Jesus saw the truth when but a child. You will recall that at the tender age of twelve years, he entered the temple and began to tell the priests that their theology was all wrong. So sure was He of His ground, and so sure were the priests that He was right, that it soon became evident that, if He lived, He would become a menace to organized ecclesiasticism so His death was plotted years before it happened."

"Then Jesus actually was crucified?" I interpolated.

"There is no question about that," he replied, "but He was not crucified as a God. In fact, no one considered Him to be God until several hundred years after his crucifixion. He ran around and played with the other children. He made mud-pies with them. He had two brothers, and certainly none had the faintest suspicion that at some future time some church organization



would try to make a God out of Him—nothing was farther from anyone's mind."

"Why did you say a little while back that it might have been better had Jesus never been born?"

"I believe I explained that to you Dr. Robinson, but there is one more reason why, at times, when I look at the condition of the human race, I wonder if it might not have been far better if Jesus had not born, and I'll tell you what that reason is—you see, millions of people, earnest and honest in their search for the actual truths of God, have been so terribly misled through this impossible theory that Jesus was Almighty God, that most people on earth today have lost all faith in religion. Atheism was never more rampant than it is today. People look at this world, with its crime, its debauchery, its immorality, brutal wars with their utter lack of respect for human life, and then they look at our churches which have represented themselves as revealing God to the world—and they wonder. They doubt the very existence of God. But—had the message Jesus came to bring been accepted by the church of His day, and had He never been deified by a later ecclesiastical organization, this world might very easily be the most beautiful spot in all creation. But that did not happen. The message of the Power of God, and the Spirit of God was missed completely, and an unbelieving church, down through the ages, has made of religion a political weapon for terrifying the people into believing that only after death can one know either God, or eternal life. Jesus came to tell this world that eternal life is possible, here and now, because God actually lives. You will recall that a few moments ago I was speaking to you about the Life which is God entering into a human body shortly after conception. I tried to point out God, without human help, took those two tiny little Life-germs and, in nine months created a human body out of them. Now may I ask you this question—do you believe that the Spirit of God, after having performed the most amazing of all miracles by creating that tiny body, took Its departure at birth, handed the child over to its



parents with the admonition that it can paddle its own canoe from that point on—or—does the actual Spirit of Life—the actual Spirit of God still live in that body? If not, from whence comes its motivating Power?”

“I have been teaching that for twenty years,” I reminded my friend “The Wanderer.”

“Yes I know you have,” he replied, “and your work has taken root to a degree little understood by you—as yet. Soon, you will know just how great spiritual truths you have been teaching. But let me ask you—has your pathway been easy? Has not organized religion tried for twenty years to crush you and your teaching?”

Recalling the vicious, persistent attacks which have been made on my Movement and myself and family, I had to agree that my friend was speaking the truth.\*

\* \* \*

“Had Jesus had no message which threatened the very existence of the priests and the “holy-men” of the temple, He would never have been crucified. But, seeing the light, He flew in the face of religious tradition, and His shocking crucifixion resulted,” “The Wanderer” said.

“That crucifixion was a horrible thing,” I ventured, wondering what “The Wanderer’s” reaction to that statement would be.

\* In this book I shall not relate the many attempts which have been made to crucify the Psychiana Movement. The author has been attacked so viciously that if the facts were to be made public, a wave of resentment against a certain racketeering organization would start, and it would result in the complete annihilation of this particular racket from the American business scene. On two different occasions the Author has been forced to defend himself and his Movement in federal courts. It has cost him, and this Movement, over \$75,000 defending his religion against these subversive, unAmerican attacks, which are still continuing. However, the Spirit of God happens to be in the Psychiana Movement, and not so much as a traffic violation has been found against the Author, who, while not likening himself to Jesus, is bringing the same truth to the earth which Jesus brought, and is suffering the same persecution. I may write another book following this one, and if I do, I shall go into much detail, mentioning names of persons and organizations, with places and dates. That book will shock America, I promise you.



"It was horrible—yes—but in those days crucifixion was the legal manner of putting a person to death. Murderers and thieves usually suffered death in that manner. Many people have the idea that Jesus was the only Man ever to be crucified. As a matter of fact, that means of putting a person to death is still followed even to this day in some of the Latin countries of South America. I saw a crucifixion not too long ago, in South America."

"Is crucifixion a speedy death?" I inquired of my friend.

"No—it is a very slow death. The condemned person is first made to carry the rough cross, usually hewn out of trees with the cross-piece tied to the upright. It is quite a task for a full-grown man to even lift a cross. But in those days, that was required. Should the condemned man falter or stumble, he was beaten with lashes from a cruel whip. The nails used to fasten the hands of the one being crucified were not the bright shiny things you can buy in any hardware store today—they were crude, rough, jagged pieces of iron, round, and about as big as a railroad spike. The cross was laid on the ground. Then, the accused would be seized and usually stripped naked. His body was lashed to the upright piece of the tree, while his feet rested on two small foot-pieces. Then, the nailing of the hands was done on the ground, and when the victim was securely nailed to the cross, the whole gruesome contraption would be raised and stuck in a hole which had already been dug in the ground. Death would usually follow in about thirty-six hours. Sometimes sooner."

"How long do you think it took Jesus to die on the cross?" I asked him. His reply did not shock or stagger me as might have been expected. Nevertheless, the manner in which he answered me will never be forgotten by me. He paused for a few moments, his glistening eyes lighting up with a strange inner light, it seemed to me, as he said:—"*Jesus did not die on that cross.*"

"You think He was still alive when Joseph of Arimathea asked for, and received permission of Pilate to remove the body?" I asked "The Wanderer."



"I know He was alive," was his reply.

A silence, deep and profound on my part, followed that announcement. I had heard this theory expounded before, and gave quite a little credence to it. Before I could ask the question that was on my mind, however, "The Wanderer" continued: "Of course, the injustice of the crucifixion of Jesus lay in the fact that He was not a criminal. He had murdered no one. He had stolen nothing. He had never claimed to be God. He had claimed that the Spirit of God lived in Him, but as for claiming to be Almighty God in person, Jesus never in His life made any such claim. Quite to the contrary, He persistently denied that He was God. Read John 14:10 and you will find that Jesus explicitly gave all credit for everything He had been able to do to His Father, the Spirit of God which lived *in Him*."

Being quite familiar with this passage, I repeated it aloud to "The Wanderer"—"Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but *the Father that dwelleth in Me—He doeth the works*."

"You have correctly quoted," he replied, continuing. "In that passage lies the very crux, the very kernel of the whole life of Jesus. Those words of His contain the core of His entire mission on this earth. Early in life, He knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that His Father—the invisible Spirit of God actually lived in Him—in His physical body, that is. He knew that, to a greater degree than He knew anything else. He knew it from childhood, and because He sought to bring that message to the 'wise men' in the temple, and to the whole world, they crucified Him. Those religious racketeers knew full well that if Jesus was able to convince the world that the Spirit of God actually lives in every man and woman from birth, their philosophy would have to be thrown out of the window, and their livelihood would be gone. Let me ask you a question—if every man and woman on this earth today, knew, with a living actual consciousness, and from actual experience, that the Spirit of God actu-



ally lives in each of them, how many people do you think could be found in our churches next Sunday morning?"

"Very few," I replied, seeing the point he was making.

"You see, the mistaken, misguided church of today still insists on clinging to a theory which never was true in the first place, and which has utterly failed to reveal the Power of God to this world, in the second place. Your churches have a thousand and one excuses for their failure to help this world, but they seem to be utterly unable to see that the fallacy of the God-ship of Jesus is at the very core of all their failures. Of course Jesus was God—just as you and I are God. We are God because the Spirit of the Living God *lives in us*. This same Spirit lived in Jesus, and to that extent He was God, even as you and I, but to no other extent. If the Christian church would forever cast off the fantastic claim that Jesus was the second person of a mythical trinity, and if it would teach that everything Jesus did we can also do, all the while enjoying to the very full the limitless Presence and Power of the Spirit of God in us, how long do you think it would take the church to bring the Spirit of God—the Spirit of infinite Peace—to this war-torn, suffering, bleeding civilization?"

"I tell you Doctor Robinson, this world can be saved, and the Kingdom of God can be established on this earth by the Christian church, *but that church will have to get rid of the foolish theories on which it was founded. It will have to change its present message, if it has one, for the same identical message Jesus brought to the earth in His day—that message is that the Spirit of God—the Father—abides, or lives in every created human being—here and now.*"

"Do you think the Christian church will ever do that?" I queried.

"It may—although the chances are very much against it. However, there is still some hope."

Reaching into his side coat pocket he brought out a clipping, and, handing it to me said:—"Read that."



The clipping was the result of a recent poll taken among theological students in twenty of the country's major theological seminaries. Although I knew of this poll, I was rather surprised that "The Wanderer" also knew of it. I still had not figured this man out. That he was a student of religion I knew full well. That there was something more than human about him, I began to suspect.

Many polls of this type have been made over the past twenty years, and it is very significant that the more recent the poll, the greater the percentage of "unbelievers" among our theological students—men who are training to preach the Christian theology. These students do not believe the very fundamentals of the theology they are soon to go out into the world and preach, and freely and openly say so. What then *are* they going to preach? Are they going to manufacture a theology all their own? Methinks that is exactly what is happening. Methinks too, that the reason for the chaos in the Christian church today is the conglomeration of personal ideas which are foisted on the unsuspecting public. Why do not these ministers and priests, if they do not believe Christian theology, come right out and say so? The world would have more respect for them if they did.

Here are a few of the sermon-subjects taken from the church page of a leading metropolitan newspaper, just a few weeks ago by the Author:—

*"Should a stenographer accept gifts of jewelry from her employer?"*

*"Will Russia declare war on the United States?"*

*"Will the Republican Party be elected this fall?"*

*"Was Hitler the Anti-Christ?"*

This is mute, but very tangible evidence that neither minister or priest has any fundamental message of the Power of God to bring to this world. Only the Power of God can save this civilization—that is very evident. Yet—because Christian ministers and priests *do not believe the very things they preach*, this civilization will, in all probability catapult down to its impending doom,



with the Christian church standing listlessly by on the side lines, unable to do one thing, or preach one gospel which has the Power to save this unbelieving civilization from itself, and from impending destruction.

(The Author would like to offer a suggestion to the Federal Council of The Churches of Christ in America. He would like to make two suggestions in fact. The first suggestion is that it change its name to *The Federal Council of the Churches of the Spirit of God in America*. The second suggestion is that it lay to one side the "articles of faith" which have made it so utterly impotent in the world, and instead of preaching about the deity of Jesus, instruct all its ministers to first recognize the Power of the Spirit of God in their own lives, then go into the world and preach the Power of the Spirit of God to the multitudes. They will listen, I can promise the Council that. About the easiest thing I know of, which the Christian church could accomplish, would be the winning of this world, not to Jesus, because the world rightly does not accept Jesus as God Almighty, *but to God—the Father—the Great Spirit of God which comes into every life at birth, and which, if allowed to, can and will continue our present life through eternity. For God means us to inherit eternal life on this earth, where He originated human life in the first place.*)

I looked at the clipping which "The Wanderer" had handed to me and this is what I read, condensed:—

"Eighty-five percent of all theological students polled denied the immaculate conception of Jesus. Eighty-six percent denied the virgin birth. Seventy-eight percent denied the resurrection, while sixty-three percent denied the deity of Jesus."

That is quite a record. Is there any wonder that this world is on the verge of falling into utter chaos? With the actual Power of God so near, why will not the Christian church give the world the answer it is looking for? Why will it not see the hand-writing on the wall, and change its doctrine from the deity of



Jesus to the present existence of God—the Spirit of God—in every human life? Why does it continually harp on sin, death, destruction when The Spirit of God stands by, anxiously waiting to find some honest heart through which that Great Spirit can manifest Its Power, not only in the Christian church but throughout the whole world? The mystery of “godliness” is too deep for this writer.

Turning again to “The Wanderer” I said:—“You just told me that Jesus was alive when Joseph of Arimathea removed His body, did you not?”

“I said that Jesus was still alive when Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus from Pilate,” he corrected.

“Then when did Jesus die?” I queried, anxiously awaiting his answer, for I wanted to see whether he had the same answer I had. I was not at all prepared however, for the answer he gave me. Turning his sad, rather wan face from the train window out of which he had been looking, he said to me:—“*Jesus has never died—He is still alive.*”

“Am I to understand you to mean that Jesus—this same Jesus who came to this earth some nineteen hundred years ago, is still alive, and on this earth?” I asked him.

“That is exactly what you are to understand my friend,” he replied. Before I could ask him the next question I had in my mind, he leaned across the small aisle which separated his seat from mine and said:—“Please refrain from asking me the question you are about to ask—before long, you will know the reason for this request—you will know where Jesus is, and where He has been since that day, so long ago now, when Joseph of Arimathea secured possession of His still living body.”

“I think I understand perfectly why you make that request, and I shall honor it.” I said to “The Wanderer,” adding:—“But if Jesus did not die on the cross, and if He was not permanently buried, what does that do to the story of His resurrection?”

“The story of the resurrection of Jesus,” he began, “is pure fiction. Let me tell you where it came from.”



"But just one moment my friend—you say the story of the resurrection of Jesus is pure fiction, but if that is true, does it not once more destroy the entire structure of the Christian church?" I said.

Smilingly he looked at me, and his handsome face seemed to be lighted with that same halo which I had imagined I had seen several times when he smiled. Then he said:—"No—the elimination of the story of the resurrection of Jesus from the Christian religion, will not destroy it—*it will purify it*. It will remove one of its greatest stumbling blocks. With that story gone, the Christian religion may, if it so chooses, change its message to the same message Jesus taught. That message, as you know, is the present existence in every life, of the Spirit of God. The story of the resurrection of Jesus has done more than any other one thing to bring the Christian, and other religions having a resurrection story, into disrepute. You see—you cannot hope to redeem this civilization by offering to it a theory of God which the reasoning minds of twentieth century men and women cannot, and will not accept. You will have to present God to the world on its own level. You must bring to the human race, a concept of God so simple that all can see it, and accept it. Not in ten million years would the story of the resurrection of Jesus unite this world to God. As a matter of fact, that is one of the doctrines of the Christian church which is rendering it so impotent today. It says it represents God. It brings to earth a theory of God which has been taught for over nineteen hundred years. There are hundreds of millions of nominal followers of Christianity. It has built tens of thousands of churches. It has hundreds of thousands of priests and ministers. One would think, with such an array of power as that, that the actual Power of God, and the Spirit of God would be pretty well known on the earth today. But are they? Well you know as well as I, that even as quickly as tomorrow morning we may read of an attack by atomic bombs on any part of this earth. You know that the whole earth is a powder-keg. You also know that not one of the major



systems of religion on the earth has ever been able to manifest or demonstrate the Power of God on the earth. And yet—the Spirit of God actually lives in, and gives life to, every one on the face of the earth?—is not that so?”

I was bound to admit that it is so. The question of getting the facts before the people is what has concerned me most for the past twenty-odd years, and I told “The Wanderer” that. To which he replied:—“Don’t worry too much about that—when the proper time comes, and when the right man presents the facts of the existence of the Spirit of God to this present civilization, what men and women there may be left on the earth will run to these truths. They will wonder why it was that they did not see them years ago. The Christian church, or what is left of it will hang its head in shame when it sees, too late, the golden opportunity it has had for so long, to preach the actual Power of the Spirit of God on this earth, and in human lives, sacrificing that precious opportunity for the fable of the resurrection of Jesus, for that is the keystone of the Christian church structure. It is a very unsafe foundation. On it has been reared a false faith.”

“You were about to tell me why the story of the resurrection of Jesus is fiction,” I urged. “I shall be very glad to have you explain that to me in detail. I have, of course, my own theories which I teach, but I am more than interested in hearing from your lips, just what you believe to be the truth about the supposed resurrection of Jesus.”

“Well, in the first place,” he began, “Long before the advent of Jesus, other systems of religion had claimed that they had a man who was God, who was crucified, and who arose from the tomb.”

I interrupted him at that point, with the remark:—“You said ‘long before the advent of Jesus,’ will you go into detail a bit, if you can?”

“I happen to know quite a little about the gods which appeared and were crucified, and then resurrected before the time of Jesus,” he said to me, adding, “I do not ever like to allude to



these other gods of other religions, and should not do so now were it not for the fact that you and I are interested in only one thing, that is, revealing the actual Power of God to this world. We have both seen the Light. We both know how very easy it would be for the Christian church to redeem this world through the Power of God. We also know that while the Christian church doubtless suspects where its trouble and weakness lie, it seems loath to do anything about it. In other words, it wishes, and very honestly, to do what it can to redeem the human race from the burden under which it struggles today—but it wants to do the impossible. It wants to redeem this world and, at the same time, cling close to a set of old traditions which were handed down to it by well-meaning, but completely ignorant church fathers, so many centuries ago. The Christian church cannot do that. It will either keep its traditions at the expense of saving this world, or it will change its doctrines for the very much more powerful doctrine of the present existence of the Spirit of God, in each man's life. I do not ask the Church even to publicly deny the doctrines which have brought it to the sorry mess in which it finds itself—but I do ask it to give God credit for being able to reveal Himself to the creation He made, which creation stands at this very moment, on the brink of annihilating itself. This—is what I am interested in doing, and this is what you are interested in doing also. Yet we are very much misunderstood. But Jesus, the greatest spiritual Prophet of all ages, went to the cross trying to do exactly what you and I are trying to do, for, believe it or not Dr. Robinson, I have a following too, as great as yours."

"I wish you could tell me who you really are," I said to "The Wanderer."

"It is in the interests of the Kingdom of God that you do not know—yet," he replied, and with that reply I had to be satisfied for the time being.

"You probably will write a book, telling of your meeting with me, and if you do, and if you record the facts I am now going to reveal to you about the resurrection of Jesus, and other gods,



please impress upon your readers that I do not tell you these things to criticize the Christian church. Tell them I love it. Tell them I should like to be a part of it, but cannot, so long as they insist that Jesus was Almighty God. One day—not too far hence, you and I shall have our part in the great resurrection, not of Jesus, but of the Christian church. Then it will know how very kindly I feel in disclosing to you proof positive that the story of the immaculate conception, the virgin birth, and the resurrection of Jesus are the very themes which are making the spoken words of God of none effect. What was it that was written so long ago? I believe it is in Mark 7:13—‘Making the Word of God of none effect through your traditions’—is not that the quotation?”

I assured him that that was one of the two quotations dealing with the nullifying of the Word of God by church traditions. He continued:—“Jesus saw all these things which are happening now. He knew from the beginning what the end would be. He foresaw the day when the Christian church, the one organization through which the Power of God should come to the earth, or rather should be made known to the inhabitants of the earth. He knew too, that the church would not rise to the occasion. He knew that it would make clean the outside of the cup, leaving the inside full of filth and rottenness. Jesus knew all these things. He also knew that just before the end of this dispensation, there should arise a prophet, who, in biting withering terms, would try to lead the church back to God. He suspected the efforts of this prophet would fail. He foresaw the almost complete destruction which man would bring upon himself, because of his own unbelief in the existing Power of the Spirit of God. He knew too, that the most ignorant of all, would be the church which bears His own name, but which *will not see—in fact does not want to see the bright, Shining Light of the Spirit of God, which Light this world is so earnestly looking for at this moment.* Jesus knew all these things. Do you know why, on the cross, Jesus sweat great drops of blood? Do you know why that sweet, sad face of his was torn by an internal agony never suffered before



or since by any man? Do you know why, in the throes of His physical suffering He lifted His eyes toward Heaven, and, with a heart that was writhing with pain shrieked out 'MY GOD—MY GOD—WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME'? Let me tell you why, for I do not believe you know why it was. You will recall that at that moment, even His closest friends, the members of the Christian Church, the apostles, had all forsaken Him and fled. In the hour of the world's direst need, they were not to be found at His side. In that moment of writhing, tormenting agony, He made His famous cry, not to His Father 'in the sky' but to His Father, the Spirit of God within Him. Jesus knew then, as He knows now, that the church of this day in this hour of direst need, when this world needs the Power of God as never before, that the Christian church would be found lacking—even as it was when He tried in vain to save it. Had Jesus died physically, which He did not, it would have been of a broken heart—not because of physical pain. A broken heart—*broken because He knew that the church of His day would choose to worship Him, the Messenger, and completely ignore the message He came to bring.* Had His message been accepted then, this world would be living with God now. But the ancient church chose to accept the traditions which have brought it to its doom, instead of the Spirit of God, which would have brought eternal life to it. Now, when the world needs it most, all the Christian church has to offer are the old traditions of immaculate conception, virgin birth and resurrection. As these traditions have brought death and destruction to humanity before, they will do it again, unless a very quick change comes over it."

"How old are you—do you mind telling me that?" I inquired of "The Wanderer."

"Not at all—I am only about half as old as you are—you are 61, I am 33."

"I cannot understand from whence your grasp on things religious came from at your young age—you haven't lived long enough to think these things out—have you?"



Again that sad smile came over that handsome face as he replied:—"With God there is no time. No age. Just one eternal life, coming from God."

"We were speaking of resurrections of gods prior to the time of Jesus," I reminded him.

"To be sure we were. There was a virgin-born God called Quetzalcoatl of Mexico, who was crucified long before the time of Jesus. There was Chris of Chaldea. Then, again, there was Quirinus of Rome, and Prometheus of Caucasus. Also, Osiris of Egypt, Aty of Phrygia, and Mithra of Persia. All of these gods were supposed to be born of virgins. They were all crucified, or so the traditions concerning them say, and after three days they all rose from the dead. I am not saying that any of them did. Nor am I saying that Jesus did. I am saying that He did not. With so many prior crucified, virgin-born, resurrected gods, whether fact or fiction, it is easy to see how the tradition of some former religion could very easily have been adopted by those who formulated and brought into existence, the Christian religion.

"There will be those Dr. Robinson, as you undoubtedly have discovered, who will tell you that if you take away the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus, you will be destroying religion. I have once explained to you that this disproving of the resurrection will take away nothing that is good from religion. It will purify it by getting rid of the dross which never should have been there. Undoubtedly, sir, in your work in Moscow, you have been told by church-members that, in trying to point the way to the Power of God, eliminating the deity of Jesus, you have taken away their only moral guide and left them drifting on an unknown sea. In pulling up some weeds, that flowers may grow, you have been accused of destroying the faith of millions. If that faith however is not of God, it should be destroyed, should it not?"

"As I see it, Mr. Wanderer, the Christian church should examine the very foundations of its faith. It should prove its beliefs and hold fast to only those foundations upon which a noble struc-



ture which can save humanity can be built. To choose other foundations is to leave humanity drifting hopelessly on an unknown sea. As I see it, the Christian church should follow the Heavenly Light, even though that Light lead away from the flesh-pots of prior and ancient traditions, through the dead sea of its cherished hopes, and over the arid deserts of disappointment which the Christian church is hopelessly bogged down in. It is my further opinion that the church should follow the clear light of reason, for only thus may it hope to reach the actual truths of God. The Almighty can never reveal Himself to any human being through anything beyond the comprehension of that human being. The plan God gave to man, for his eternal life on the earth, is so simple that it has been missed entirely on account of its simplicity.

"True religion, as I see it, is a realization of one's actual relations with God, and, through God, with his fellow-men. The Christian Bible, like other writings both sacred and profane, may help point the way to true religion, which is the personal recognition of the Spirit of God in life, but it is no necessary part of religion or God. All that is good and true in any Bible of any religion, will still remain long after belief in its superhuman origin has ceased to exist. Take the Christian Bible, for instance, viewed as a work of man, not of God, all its cruelties, all its immoralities, its absurdities and contradictions, Deuteronomy and Esther, Jonah and the Whale—all these cease to trouble. They are but the chaff amidst the wheat, the dross amidst the gold.

"I have often said, while preaching on this subject, that there is no religion higher than the truth. No ancient tradition, no church council, no Christian creed can decide for anyone what is true, what is good, what is inspired. Only the indwelling Spirit of God can do that. God's ever-inspiring word is written on every page of nature. The laws of nature are the laws of nature's God, not proclaimed alone to a favored few in ages past, but ever revealed in every age to every man whose mind and



heart is open to receive the truth. Some have said to me that this leaves us drifting helplessly on a great unknown sea. No it does not—it leaves us with our reason, which is the safest and surest guide to the Realm of the Spirit of God. Better to sail alone upon a shoreless sea, tossed by the waves of doubt, drifting with the winds of truth, guided only by the stars of hope and reason, than to be soothed to sleep by a siren's song, amid the rocks and breakers of a false belief. I have been very bitterly criticized for the sermon in which I use those words. However, the Spirit of God is revealing Itself to hundreds of thousands through my message, so I imagine I shall continue it as it is."

"The Wanderer" looked at me, and I thought I discerned a feeling of gladness in his face.

"I understand now why the Spirit of God spoke to you, my friend. I see in your eyes, that which will never brook defeat, but which will, on the contrary, sail through to brilliant success in the Realm of my Father."

I thanked him for those good words, and reminded him that he still had not given me his reasons for doubting the story of the resurrection of Jesus.

"Well here are a very few of the reasons why I know that Jesus did not rise from the dead. In the first place, *Jesus did not die on the cross*. Apart from that though, about 1200 years *before* the time of Christ, Chrishna, the crucified Hindoo savior rose from the dead and ascended into heaven. Attended by celestial spirits, amid the wondrous illumination of heaven and earth, Chrishna, the savior of men, slowly rose from earth to Paradise, while witnesses exclaimed with joy 'Lo Chrishna's soul ascends its natives skies.'"

"Five centuries *before* Christ, the great Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, a religion that embraces one-third of the human race, lay dead in a tomb. From heaven's supreme God came the command:—'Rise—Holy Love.' Then, the lid of the coffin was removed by divine power, the shroud that wound Buddha by the same divine power was unwound, and Buddha, the Enlightened



One, the savior of mankind, released from the grip of death, rose to heaven's glory.

"Five thousand years ago, men and women by the hundreds of thousands in ancient Egypt, worshipped Osiris, and he too, after being crucified on a cross, rose from the dead. Among the Greeks, Aesculapius, the son of God, the divine healer, he who was called 'The Great Physician,' after being put to death, rose in triumph from the grave.

"The resurrection of gods was a fundamental idea in the religions of all the nations by which we Jews were surrounded. Being a Jew, I am, of course more familiar with the actual truth than you, a Gentile, can be. We ourselves, the Syrian Jews, had a savior called Adonis, which means 'Our Lord' long before the time of Christ. To this god was built an altar in the middle of the temple at Jerusalem. Adonis too, rose from the dead, and his resurrection was annually celebrated in Bethlehem of Judea, as late as 386 A.D. The Catholic St. Jerome has this to say about our other god, Adonis:—'Over Bethlehem the grove of Adonis was casting its shadow, and in the grotto where formerly the infant Jesus cried, the lover of Venus was being mourned.'

"Please observe, Dr. Robinson, the significance of this declaration—in the very cave in which the infant Jesus lay, Adonis, says this Christian father, was mourned. For centuries the Christian church had a tradition that Jesus was born in a cave. Later they changed that cave for a manger. It is quite reliably reported, and this is very significant, that 'the celebration of the resurrection of Adonis became, without a break, the celebration of the resurrection of Jesus.'

"If, Dr. Robinson, the story of the resurrection of a god who was the son of a god is far older than Christianity, if thousands of millions of people in India, Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, Greece and Rome lived and died in the conviction that savior gods had died in their behalf, and if these resurrection stories were well known to the people among whom Christianity rose, how can we



be certain that the account of Christ's resurrection is not the ancient myth told again?

"The worship of Osiris continued for about 6000 years. During that time, thousands of millions of Egyptians believed implicitly that he had risen from the dead. Christianity is less than 2000 years old; and the resurrection of Jesus is, as I have shown to you, rejected by even the great percentage of students for the ministry. So I believe you and I can safely reject this resurrection, even though, by its rejection, the Christian structure falls, which it will not.

"The cornerstone of Christianity is the resurrection of Jesus. But if He did not rise from the dead, then the entire Christian philosophy of God can be discarded in its entirety. If Jesus did not rise from the dead, Christianity has nothing to offer this world. That, I believe, is abundantly demonstrated by the total lack of the Power of God in your America—is it not?

"You see, sir, you and I care nothing for church traditions. We are trying to introduce the Christian church to the actual Power of God. The world is full to overflowing with the power of evil, which is only the absence of the Power of God. What you see today is mankind, slowly slipping into the depths of despair and degeneration, simply because it is totally ignorant of the existence of the Spirit of God—in him. The reason he is ignorant, is because your church is ignorant of the existence of the Spirit of God in it. The Christian church cannot teach what it does not know. All it can teach today, are the traditions on which Christianity was founded. But it will take much more than traditions to straighten this world out. *It will take all the Power God has.* I do not, however, expect the Christian church to rise to this high calling. Rather do I agree with Dr. Jean Milner that the Spirit of God will live in, and be revealed by institutions other than the Christian church. That is a pity. A terrible pity. Making the Power of God neutral because of their traditions.

"Of course, the Christian will reply to the statements I have just made to you regarding the resurrections of other gods, by



stating that these were only men, while Jesus was really a God, and, as God, He conquered the grave. But that supposition cannot be maintained. The truth is that Jesus was not a God. He was an inspired prophet of God, but a man nevertheless. As a man, His death was a human death, and therefore could not be an atonement for the sins of this world. But Christianity teaches that Jesus was God. It tells us that His sacrifice was divine and infinite, and that *as God*, He rose from the dead.

"But if Jesus was God, how could He die? How could a few moments' suffering destroy the infinite resources of Almighty God, my Father? How could a God's infinite hold on life be conquered by the frail means used to overcome the life of a man? Nothing could be more absurd Dr. Robinson, than the idea that Almighty God was put to death by piercing the hands and feet of a Syrian Jewish carpenter.

"But shall we suppose that God did die. Let us suppose that the Creator of this universe, my Father, threw His life away, and allowed crucifixion to reduce him to the cold pathetic stillness of death. God was dead. He lay dead in a tomb. They buried my Father. But how did God come to life again? Who, or what resurrected Him? A dead God, my Father, becomes a living God—by what means? Could He again thrill his nerves with the melody of life when He was dead? Could He, in death, reanimate with infinite designs the brain from which all consciousness had fled?

"You see Dr. Robinson, my Father is the only God, and if Jesus was God, and He was dead, then my Father was dead, for they were supposed to be one and the same. So if Jesus was God, and He died, there could have been no one to resurrect him, for only my Father can create and give Life—and He was dead.

"I am going to quite some length to explain to you the extreme importance of the resurrection. I stated to you a little while ago, while the train was at Oaksdale, that the story of the resurrection of Jesus was fiction.

"You see, aside from the absolute impossibility of the resurrec-



tion or the death of Almighty God, the gospel paragraphers are so very much at variance in their respective accounts. I happen to know that Jesus did *not* die on the cross, but I am one of the very few individuals who can say that with certainty.

"Then shall we suppose that Jesus died as a man. There again you run into difficulty. You cannot tell from the record, which is of very questionable authority at best, just what did happen. According to Luke, Christ was on the cross about three hours. Mark says he was on the cross six hours. I have explained to you that crucifixion is a long drawn out death, the victim usually dying in agony, not from loss of blood but from protracted nervous strain and hunger and thirst. You will recall that in the midst of the agony Jesus did suffer, He said 'I thirst.' There is no wonder He thirsted. But many times, the condemned man on the cross lived for several days. In Jamaica, in 1760, a negro slave was crucified on a cross. He lived for two hundred and ten hours—nearly nine days.

"I happen to know that Jesus was not a weakling. It is strange that the record should attribute His death within three or six hours, is it not?

"You will recall that two thieves were crucified with Jesus. Roman soldiers broke their legs, as was sometimes done. *But the legs of Jesus were not broken.* I could submit to you very much more evidence that Jesus was not resurrected, either as God or man, but I believe I have covered this point thoroughly. I had a motive in so doing. Aside from the fact that the truth or falsity of the whole Christian structure hinges on the resurrection, the point that Jesus was not raised from the dead must needs be established beyond peradventure of doubt. If He were, it is too bad for humanity. There is absolutely no hope whatsoever for it, and you and I might just as well commit suicide in the light of coming happenings."

"The Wanderer" and I sat there looking at each other for several minutes. Neither spoke. Much food for thought had been



given me, although he had told me nothing I did not already know.

But who was this man? Where did he come from? What was he doing in Spangle? And why did he board this particular train? Whither was he bound? Was he going to leave the train at Moscow, or continue on to Lewiston or perhaps Juliaetta. Perhaps Kendrick. I was mystified.

There was no question about the man's ability. Nor was there any question about his being one of the best posted men on the Christian Bible it has been my pleasure to meet. But who was he? Was it coincidence which threw us both together?

I had been rather at my wit's end for many months. Try as I may, I had been unable to make the slightest impression on church leaders. The Rev. Dr. Van Kirk had recently sent out an appeal over the radio, asking anyone who thought they could help the Christian church to more power, to let him know. I had wired this gentleman, but the wire was ignored.

A few months before, hearing that Dr. Stanley Jones was in Los Angeles, I had sent him a wire from the Leamington Hotel in Oakland, asking for an appointment. I had heard that Stanley Jones was a very broad and forward-looking minister. Perhaps, if I could contact him, I could make known to him what the Spirit of God is waiting to do for this world, preferably through the Christian church, but if that cannot be, *through anyone who will believe in the Power of God*. But Stanley Jones wired me that nothing would be gained by a conference with me. *How very little he knew*. This was the same sort of reception Jesus was tendered when He tried to reveal the Power of God to the world. Religious politicians of that day, who caused the arrest and trial and death sentence of Jesus, were as callous to the Power of the Spirit of God then, as Christians are now.

"Whom will ye that I release unto you—Jesus or Barabbas?"

"Why Barabbas of course."

"But what shall I do with this man who calls Himself Jesus?"



"Why crucify Him, of course."

"But what harm has He done."

"Never mind that, he tells us our concept of God is all wrong. He says there is another God, and that ours is not the true God, so away with Him. Crucify Him—Crucify Him."

And the cowardly religious political judge, probably scenting an election around the corner, released unto that mob of back-slidden religionists, Barabbas, and Jesus—they sentenced him to death on the cross, between two thieves. *If Jesus were to return to this earth today, preaching the very same doctrine He taught nineteen hundred years ago, the Christian church would crucify Him again.*

Jesus was manifested on this earth to proclaim, not His own gospel, but the gospel of the Power of His Father—The Spirit of God. Instead of the religionists of His day listening to His message, they would have none of it. As a direct result of that rejection of the teachings of Jesus, this world, nearly two thousand years later, stands on the threshold of doom. If the Christian church once more rejects the Spirit of God, then watch for that Spirit manifesting in the most unexpected quarter. For God will not allow His Spirit to be driven from this earth just because the Christian church will have none of Him.

A few years ago, I was attending a Rotary meeting in the Olympic Hotel in Seattle. The speaker was Dr. Dan Poling of the Christian Endeavor Society. I sent a note to Dr. Poling requesting an interview with him in the interests of the Christian church.

Dr. Poling graciously agreed to speak with me. Calling me by hotel phone, I invited him to my room; he came, where we spent over one hour and a half discussing how the Christian church could use the Power of the Spirit of God to the redemption of humanity.

Dr. Poling told me frankly and plainly that he did not believe any manifestation of the Spirit of God was possible, or in order, on the earth today; certainly the church would not move a hair



to bring it about. I was absolutely flabbergasted. Here was a "great man of God," the leader of a world-wide Christian Endeavor Society, denying the likelihood that the Spirit of God can speak on this earth. With men like that in the church, is there any wonder this world is in the shape it is in?

As I opened the door for Dr. Poling to pass through on his way out, he gave me a cordial hand-shake, and said this to me:—"Doctor Robinson—I'd give my right arm if I possessed one-tenth the faith in Almighty God that you have."

"Well you'd better go out and get that faith, Dan," I said to him, bidding him "Good-bye."

\* \* \*

Garfield, Oaksdale, Palouse and Pullman had been passed and our train was on the last lap of its journey to Moscow. Nine miles remained.

As yet I did not know whether "The Wanderer" was going to get off at Moscow or whether he intended to go farther down the line—to Lewiston perhaps. He had given me no inkling of his destination, or what he was doing in the Palouse area.

I had gained very little information about this man. Yet he had wound himself closer round me than any other man I have ever met. His uncanny knowledge of matters religious. His deeply spiritual soul. His constant references to "My Father's business" and "My Father" had won me completely.

I usually feel quite at home in any gathering. But this man made me feel a sense of awe as I sat and listened to him. I felt something like the apostles before alluded to, after they had talked with Jesus. For my heart burned within me as I had talked to him for the past three hours.

Here was a man whose further acquaintance I had determined to make. I intended to cultivate him, and even follow him if that became necessary, for I was convinced that he could tell me more about God than anyone.

There was a quiet depth to him which I wanted to fathom. I



wanted to know the source of his spirituality. I wanted above all to know who he was. I was destined to find that out much later in a manner which I little dreamed of then.

"We shall be in Moscow in a few moments," I said to him as I reached up for my overcoat—"Are you getting off at Moscow, or are you going down the line a ways?" I asked him.

"No—Moscow is not my destination," he replied.

"But I feel that I must know you better, I want to know more about you—I want you to tell me more about the Spirit of God," I told him. "I cannot let you leave me and have your whereabouts unknown—I just have to find out who you are, and where I can contact you if I feel I shall need your help in my work," I told him.

"You and I shall meet again Doctor Robinson. I shall probably pop up in the most unexpected places, and at the most unexpected times," he replied, rising to make way for me as I picked up my grip and brief-case preparatory to leaving the train.

As the train drew into the station I could see my green two-toned Cadillac pulled up to the curb. Mrs. Robinson would be on the platform awaiting me.

"The train stops here fifteen minutes—would you not care to step out on the platform and stretch your legs, and incidentally meet my wife?" I asked him.

"Shall be delighted to do that," he replied, getting into his huge camel-hair coat. I was glad, for I wanted Mrs. Robinson to meet this strange man. She accuses me of making the most unusual acquaintances on my trips, but I certainly wanted her to meet this man.

Finally, the train stopped and the brakeman called "Moscow—Moscow—all off for Moscow."

As we stepped off the train I presented him to Mrs. Robinson, telling her that I had had the most interesting time listening to him talk that I had ever had on any trip during the past twenty years. I refrained from introducing him as "The Wanderer" however, just introducing him as "My friend."



We spent a few moments there chatting together until the familiar "All aboard" sounded. Knowing that the time for our parting was here, I offered my hand to him.

"If you ever really need me quickly," he said, "just send out a thought to your Heavenly Father that you need me, and I'll come to you," he said.

I thanked him very warmly, and did not withdraw my hand which was still outstretched to him. Looking at my hand, he cautiously offered his. As we were about to clasp hands in our farewell handshake, I chanced to look down at his right hand, which he had extended to me. In the palm of that right hand, I saw . . . *a terrible scar.*



## CHAPTER FOUR

### In Which We Read an Interesting Saga

AT THIS POINT IN MY NARRATIVE, I SHALL DETAIL FOR YOU THE facts of what many have called "The most fascinating religious saga of the past thousand years." It is interesting to me only because of the fact that the recording of this strange story will reveal to you how the Spirit of God actually operates, with all Its Power, here on earth. The constant use of the "I" is permissible because this part of the book is biographical. Every incident is true. In this chapter, real names and places are used. The facts are all known to residents of Moscow, and their verification would be very simple.

As an outstanding miracle of the Power of God, what you will read in this chapter, and the following chapter will, I sincerely hope, arouse in you a new hope and a new faith. I most sincerely trust that through what I shall write from this point on, you will entirely overlook the personality of the writer, for that doesn't matter. In various parts of the earth, men and women who have learned something new about the Power of God are duplicating to some degree at least, the amazing happenings this chapter contains. It makes little difference who the individual is, or where he or she may be, when contact with the Spirit of God is actually established, the problems of life which confront all of us may be solved very quickly.

When a man or woman has his or her eyes opened to the present existence of God in his or her life, and fully understands what that Great Presence means, things begin to happen which



stagger the imagination of those who have had no contact with God. To those who have made the spiritual connection, what I shall record in this, and perhaps following chapters, becomes not the unusual, but the commonplace.

It has long been the contention of the Author that it is only our ignorance of the nature and availability of God which is responsible for the condition of this world. If my ministry is true then, and if it is of God, occurrences such as I shall relate must follow the Presence of the Spirit of God in the life. If I cannot prove my theses, and if I cannot make demonstrations of the Power of the Spirit of God, I have no right to be engaged in this work.

If, on the other hand, there is a definite flood of spiritual Power emanating from my efforts—if men and women are, through my teachings, finding the Power of God, then what I have to say should be very carefully listened to. Not that I have anything which others do not have. I am perhaps the most incompetent, impetuous weakling the Almighty has ever chosen to reveal His truths through. But those truths *are being revealed*. The time may come when the simple truths of God coming from this little City of Moscow, Idaho, may sweep round the world, bringing in their wake, a glorious freedom to mankind.

If this should prove to be so, it will not be because of any merit there is in this writer, for no one knows better than he, that there is little merit in him. He is sincere. He is honest. He has bled his way through to God. He has been given a vision from God, and in these perilous times, God does not give vision to anyone unless He has a direct purpose.

The last thing I want to happen is for anyone to think that what has happened in the past twenty years is due to anything unusual about me. My sole object in life is to present the truths of God, which have been given to me by God, to the organizations who should be proclaiming these truths. On the very day they agree to take up this message of the Power of the Spirit of God, I will close the doors here in Moscow, and will devote all



of my time trying to make God a living reality to the churches, and will do everything in my power to help them organize for God in such a manner that this God-less world will finally have to come to the realization that there is very much more to religion than a sermon, a hymn, or a prayer.

There is a Power to God which is immutable. There is a Peace in God which this world knows nothing about. There is a virility to God which, properly understood and used, can destroy from the face of the earth forever, all who would try to subdue the earth and bring it into subservience to them, leaving God completely out of the picture.

It is my feeling that the Christian church can so enthuse itself with the Power of God, that the "Great Day of God," for which all our hearts yearn, can be brought to pass. Jesus will not return from the skies to bring in that day. If it is ever brought in, it will be brought in by men and women, just like you and me, who, through some strange process perhaps, have finally come to the realization that there is POWER in the Realm of the Spirit of God.

Not one day passes which does not see more wires, more long-distance phone-calls, more pleas for help than any religious organization in America receives. What do you suppose would happen if all churches, of all denominations, were to lay aside their hard-and-fast traditions which have only demonstrated their inability to help the world find God, and in their place, preach and practice the actual Power and Presence of God? If a poor individual like me can find the Power of God, thereby writing his name in America's record of religious achievements, what could not our churches accomplish by teaching the same Power? There is nothing they could not do.

I love the Christian church. I know its frailties and its weaknesses, and still I love it. I love this man Jesus—not as a God, but as the man who revealed the Spirit of God to me. But I do not like to see the Christian church stagnate and die, and that is



exactly what it is doing, when all the Power there is in the Realm of the Spirit of God stands available to it.

As I see it, it is a case of a little less emphasis on old traditions, and a lot more emphasis on the Spirit of God. So vague and inaccessible has the Christian church made the "Holy Spirit," that few there are, even in the church, who ever mention that Great Spirit. The "Holy Spirit," of the churches is what I am teaching. But I do not make that Great Spirit vague and inaccessible—I try to make it the greatest living reality this world can know. And I succeed. How much more could our churches do if they would but equip themselves with all the Might there is in the Spirit of God, and then, unitedly, tackle the problems which face this world. I say to them all, they would be surprised at what the Power of the Spirit of God would do for them.

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I should not write the details I am about to write if it were not for the fact that the Spirit of God led me so thoroughly and unfailingly. It is in the recital of these happenings, every one of them small in itself, that the reader will catch the true picture of how the Spirit of God operated in one man's life, and what it accomplished for him.

If, at any point in this narrative, you feel that the Author is bragging or boasting, please accept my assurance that such is not the case. I have nothing to brag or boast about, and should not, if I had. So, from this point on, I ask the reader to completely forget the Author, and read instead, what the Spirit of God in a man's life can do towards saving this humanity. It is the restless urge, the uncontrollable urge of the Spirit of God which makes this work possible. It will be the Spirit of God which will reveal Itself to the reader through this work.

Now, with this observation, shall we read about one of the most remarkable demonstrations of the Power of God to be given to this world in many a day.

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A little way back in this book I have briefly mentioned that some twenty years before I met "The Wanderer," I first came to Moscow with Mrs. Robinson and little Alfred. I had come, as you will recall, to work for Mr. Chas. Bolles (pronounced Bowles) at the Corner Drug Store.

It was a miserable April day when we arrived. After paying all expenses, we arrived in Moscow with \$42.00 in our pocket. To be frank, I did not like the City at all. Horses were tied to the hitching-post in front of "Bull" Ward's hardware store, and altogether there was something about this little place that I did not like. We did, however, engage a room at the Hotel for one evening, as we were all tired from our trip from Yakima.

I threatened time and time again that evening that I would not work in Moscow. I told Mrs. Robinson to get a good rest, as we would be on our way back to Spokane in the morning. We went from Yakima to Spokane, taking the Palouse Special at Spokane, Wash.

I had already called up Charley Bolles and informed him that I was in Moscow, but was not going to work for him. I told him that I had given his drug-store the "once-over" and considered it a junk-shop. However, Charlie talked me into staying one month, "just to get your expenses back" as he put it. I finally took a look at the pocket-book and agreed. The next day we took an apartment at the old Butterfield Apartments. That cost us \$50.00 per month.

When I went to work the next morning, I met a fellow called "Cap." Caplinger was working also for Bolles, and I sort of liked both of them. Now, twenty years later, Charley Bolles and I are very good friends. He still runs the Corner Drug Store, and every few days I drop in and visit with him. He is one of the finest men I have ever met.

By the end of the month I had made up my mind to stay in Moscow. I had begun to like it a lot better. It was a different city from any I had worked in before—just a small college town of



about 5000 people, plus a University of Idaho enrollment of about 2300.

The City of Moscow enjoys a lovely setting. It nestles in a little hollow, and is surrounded on three sides by rolling wheat-fields, and on the other side by beautiful pine-covered Moscow Mountain. There, in the autumn one may rest under the shadow of those hills, while the quivering and quaking aspens whisper to the nodding, swaying pines. Altogether the scene is one of sheer beauty. I often wonder now what there was about Moscow which made me dislike it so when I first arrived here. Probably I shall never know.

I had come to Moscow to write a philosophy of God which would reveal the Power of God to America, and inside of thirty days I had begun to get my thoughts in order. I had never written anything in my life. I had never drawn up an advertisement in my life. I knew nothing about business. I was just a common garden variety of registered pharmacist, good for about \$200 a month. That is what Mr. Bolles paid me.

I used to carry a little black note-book round in the side pocket of my coat, and whenever the Spirit of God would give me something of importance, out would come that little book, and I would jot it down. Both "Cap" and Charley Bolles often tried to figure out what I was writing in that little black book. None of them suspected, nor did I, that as a result of what I was writing in that little black book, a world movement of large proportions would spring into existence. Personally, I knew that my experience with the Spirit of God was very real. I knew I had a message for this world, of tremendous import. But how to get that message to the American people was something I had to figure out alone. Alone? No—not quite alone.

The Spirit and the Power of God were very close to me in those baby days of Psychiana. Every spare moment I had was spent alone with God. I opened up the innermost secrets of my heart. I told Him I knew there were rough times ahead. Just



how rough I did not know. But God and I became so very close that there never was any question in my mind about the Movement I should shortly start, sweeping round the world. That seemed to be a foregone conclusion.

I had a message from God. It was the message which would save this world from destruction if it ever was saved. That message would rock the Christian church to its very foundations. It would bring down on my head the concentrated hatred of all systems of religion. I knew these things full well. Yet the thought of hesitating or stopping never once entered my mind. As far as I was concerned, I was already on my way. The work I had been called to do was not my work. It was not in my own interests. I had personally found God, and I had found a rapport with God which was absolute and complete. I could have done anything I wanted to for myself, through the Power I had so recently found.

But God had other plans. I am glad He did have. As I look back this evening, I would not have one thing different. I would not change a single experience. I should do the very same things over again. If I have been lax in anything in bringing this Movement into existence, it has been in not working hard enough. Perhaps I have taken things a bit too easy. When I ponder on the conditions existing in the world now, some twenty years later, the urge to double my efforts keeps me harnessed to the task set before me. I never know from one day to the next, just what my plans will be. I do not know what a day will bring forth. I do not care. About the only thing I know is that if this world does not find the Power of God very soon, it will perish.

I had not been in Moscow sixty days until I was renting the dining-room at the Hotel of an evening, paying five dollars a night, and giving lectures on the Power of God. I had never made a public lecture in my life before, yet it was my duty, whenever and wherever an opportunity occurred, to tell my fellow-Americans what the Power of God could do for them.

Moscow is, as I have stated, a university town. That means



that most of the brains in the State of Idaho are concentrated here in Moscow. You can imagine that it took quite a bit of courage to give public addresses on the Power of God. It was not too long however until we could not seat the crowds that came. Prominent among my audience were many college professors, both male and female. Usually I would throw the meetings open for questions.

One evening, a lady college professor who is well known here in Moscow, undertook to stump me. "May I ask a question?" she inquired. "Certainly madam—what is your question?" "Well could the Power of God, of which you have been speaking, grow a new leg on an old cow who had had an accident and had its leg cut off?"

A snicker went through the audience, and a sense of apprehension, for many of those there knew that in an emergency I can be rather quick on repartee. Thinking for a moment I replied:—"I do not know, madam—suppose you go and have your leg cut off and we will find out." I have often been sorry that I made that rejoinder. Nevertheless, it was apropos I believe in that meeting and with that particular professor present.

Moscow had never known anything like this. It has not seen another drug clerk either before or since who filled prescriptions and sold rat and gopher poison all day and then lectured on the Power of the Spirit of God at night. Many would see me on the street the day after the meeting, and one would point to his head with the first finger of his right hand, and wiggle the finger round in a circular manner. However, the crowds came until the University of Idaho issued an order that no member of the faculty was hereafter permitted to attend my lectures. That was the first rebuff I suffered in this Movement. I wish it had been the only one. The farther the Movement goes though, the more severe have been the attempts to stop it. Now the picture is finally changing. Even universities (religious departments) are inviting me to speak, and that really is one for the book.

The churches too—the impression seems to be slowly gaining



headway that "perhaps that man Robinson has something we should have." There is little question about that. I would to God the churches had half the desire to reveal the Power of God to the world that I have. There would then come the grandest spiritual awakening this world has ever known. I cannot do it alone. I can do, and have done much for one man. But if all our churches were to lay aside their prejudices, and their self-complacency, and snap out of their spiritual lethargy, what a bright world this would be. Perhaps they will some day. Who knows. But it will have to be speedily I am afraid.

By the time the little black note-book was fairly well filled with notes, I had the outline of what I wanted to write, about ready. I had no typewriter and no money with which to buy one. So I borrowed one from Carey Smith, a local clothes cleaner, who still operates here in our small City. Carey Smith and I and a dentist had a wonderful time at the Bungalow, away back in the hills, fishing, the first year I was here. I shall never forget that trip. I have had slides made of the pictures we took there. I run them every once in a while when I have time on my hands, which is very seldom.

It was an old Corona Carey loaned me. I later bought it from him for five dollars. I still have it in my possession and prize it very highly. As you know, the drug stores in Moscow close at six, rather they did at that time. Saturday evening was the exception. The closing hour on Saturday nights was 9 P.M. One Saturday night I took home a ream of paper which I had purchased from the Corner Drug where I worked, went into my bedroom and asked the good lady of the house not to disturb me. She honored my request.

I wrote all night. I wore my fingers to the bone almost before I had finished the first twenty Psychiana Lessons. Believe it or not, as I sit here writing this book, both index fingers are, at this moment, taped. I have been writing continuously twelve hours a day, for the past three weeks. My index fingers are the only ones I use when typing. I never dictate a book. I never write in



long-hand first. I never begin a book unless I have my message clearly in my mind.

Then, I sit down and write, day and night until the book is finished. After it is finished I never want to look at the manuscript again. I send it to the printer or publisher, and, something like Mark Twain, who used to type a whole page of commas and periods and tell the printer to put them where they belonged, I let the publisher or printer make the corrections. This happens to be Tuesday night, August the 13th, 1946. I have been writing constantly and without a break for even a meal since seven this morning, and it is eleven-thirty at night.

This is immaterial to the subject matter of this book, of course, but you may find it interesting.

When the entire set of the first twenty Lessons was finished, the real work was about to start. The Lessons in finding the Power of the Spirit of God were as effective as I could make them. They contained the best I had. The problem, however, was how to proceed from that point on. It costs plenty of money to start a religious Movement by mail, especially the printing of material. I shall just sketch briefly the highlights of how the physical part of this Movement was developed. It is a very interesting story, and one which I do not believe ever has been, or ever will be duplicated.

Handing the finished Lessons to Mrs. Robinson I said:—"You might read these while you are at work, if you will."

After she had read them I asked her for the verdict. It was good. But she did not see how I would ever be able to get them printed and start the Movement on its way. I did the best thing I could think of, and kept on doing just that. I took the only way which seemed open, and I still do, always under the guidance of the Spirit of God.

I knew that \$2500 would be necessary. Those twenty Lessons had to be printed. I needed one thousand sets of each. I also needed ten thousand sets of letters which were to be sent to all who answered my advertisements. I knew of no other way to



start the Movement other than by mail. I knew I could reach more people in that manner, and I knew the more people I could reach in the quickest possible time, would spread the good news of the Power of God faster than any other method I knew of. But where was the \$2500 to come from?

One evening, after dinner, I took out my overcoat, packed the twenty Lessons in an old brief-case I had, and reaching for my hat, said to Mrs. Robinson:—"I'm going down town and will be back in a few hours."

She inquired where I was going and what I was going to do, as a loving wife should. I told her that I needed \$2500 and was going down town to get it.

"But you don't know anyone in Moscow—can you get \$2500 here?"

"If I can't, I haven't got the right philosophy of God," I told her. In less than three hours I was back with the sum needed. This is how I did it. I went first to the drug store, and stood in the entrance with the brief-case containing the Lessons inside it. The first man who came along was Ned Phillips. Ned was manager of Lane's Thrift Stores, directly across the street. I had gotten rather well acquainted with Ned, and I liked him. Evidently he liked me too. Ned stopped to pass the time of day in the usual friendly manner, and I said to him:—"Ned—have you any money?" Looking at me rather curiously he said:—"I have a little money—why?" "Then come into the drug store. I want to show you something," I replied to Ned. Inside the drug store I opened the brief case and showed him the Lessons I had just completed.

"I am going to bring to this earth an utterly new picture of God, Ned, and I need \$2500 to start the Movement going—can you help?" I asked him.

"Well I don't know you very well, Frank, but I think this world certainly needs a new concept of God or it will go to hell sure," he replied.



"How much money can you let me have Ned?" I then inquired.

"Oh—about five hundred dollars," he replied. He gave me the \$500 and did not ask for a note or any other sort of security. Just gave me a check. I thanked him and asked him if he knew of anyone else who might want to give me another five hundred dollars. Ned thought for a moment and then said:—"George Benson, my brother-in-law has five hundred dollars, and I think he'll let you have it."

George Benson was then, and still is a partner in "Bull" Ward's hardware store, the same store which provided the hitching-posts which had so irritated me on my arrival in Moscow. Asking Ned to call George, which he did, it took me just a few moments to explain to George Benson what I wanted the money for. George gave me another five hundred dollars. That was one thousand dollars the first half hour.

"You two boys should know someone else who would like to help me make God real to the world—don't you?" I said.

"Well there's Elmer Anderson, assistant cashier of the bank across the street, he should have some money," said George Benson.

"Then call him up," I requested. In about fifteen minutes Elmer Anderson came down. Incidentally, Elmer Anderson has been business manager for Psychiana for the past sixteen years. He had seven hundred and fifty dollars which he gave me, making the total given to me by almost complete strangers, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. That left only seven hundred and fifty dollars more. I asked them to suggest someone else, and they suggested the name of Oscar Anderson, who lived about ten miles out in the country. Piling into Elmer Anderson's car, we all headed through the snow for Oscar Anderson's place. The story was the same there. He gave me seven hundred and fifty dollars, and the sum I needed had been given to me, in a strange town, by men who had known me less than sixty days. I was



very happy, and knew that God was taking care of the finances.

It was just two and one-half hours after I had left the apartment that I returned. Throwing the checks on the table I said to Mrs. Robinson:—"There is the twenty-five hundred dollars."

She looked at me and said:—"The Law of God *does* work, doesn't it." I admitted that the Spirit of God had responded so far, but would respond to a far greater degree before very long. Even then I did not dream that one year from that date, I should be sending my philosophy of God into sixty-seven different countries, for that is exactly what happened, as I have previously told you.

At this point I believe I shall tell the reader the facts about the name "PSYCHIANA" and how it came into existence. The story has been very inaccurately told by writers for newspapers and magazines, whose imagination was greater than their desire for truth. Here, you will read the story as it actually happened.

I do not consider there is anything miraculous or supernatural about any of the strange happenings I shall relate to you. Far from being miraculous or supernatural, they are most beautifully natural. These are the things which happen automatically when one learns the secret of actual communion with the Spirit of God. When this world begins to learn something of the actual and literal Power which lies latent in the Realm of God, only waiting for us to use it, life on this planet will be different, I assure you.

In the discovery of the atomic bomb, man is just beginning to discover that there is a lot more Power in this universe than he ever dreamed possible. What man is actually doing in splitting the atom, is *undoing the works of the Creator*. That—is dangerous business.

When the Spirit which is God *spake* this universe into being, He charged and super-charged it with energy so dynamic that the replacement of even an atom is accompanied by the most disastrous effects, as those dead residents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could testify. *Our scientists have discovered how to undo the*



*handiwork of God. They have discovered to a little extent, how to undo what God did. That, I repeat, is dangerous business.*

One of two things will happen. These scientists will make more discoveries of atom-splitting, and will place in the hands of the human race a power so fearful that man will completely destroy himself with it, not knowing how to handle it—or—man will make a correspondingly stupendous spiritual discovery which can nullify the dreadful power already unleashed. *If man discovers the secret of spiritual Power, he will have discovered eternal life here on earth.*

Eternal life is the opposite of eternal death. Both are possible through the knowledge man is on the verge of finding. So far, man has only discovered how to *destroy* the atom. *He is very close to discovering how to create the atom.* Let us pray that man does just that.

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Now I shall get down to the story of how PSYCHIANA got its name. The story may sound unbelievable. It is absolutely true and may be checked upon any time. The twenty first Lessons on the Power of God had been written. But I had not been able to find a suitable name for them. I knew that whatever name I chose would have to be something new. It would have to have its own identity. "The Robinson System of Religion" would not do, nor would any other name I could think of.

I was discussing the problem of a name with Mrs. Robinson late one evening, and out of a clear sky she said to me:—"Why do you not use the same Power you used to secure the \$2500?" There was the answer. Why I had not thought of it before I do not know. Anyway, that night, on retiring, I placed a pencil and a tablet of writing paper on a chair near the bed. I knew that I should have the correct name the next morning, though how it would come to me I did not know.

Towards morning, I was deep in a very heavy dream which was quite realistic. I seldom dream. But this night was different.



That dream seems as vivid to me now, twenty years later, as it was when I experienced it.

I was in a large room, about twenty by fifteen feet. The walls of the room were black. A small light dimly illumined the scene. In the middle of the room was a Helen Gould canvas cot—the type which was used in the army during the last war. Perhaps they were used in the war which, we hope, has just ended.

On this Helen Gould cot lay a dead man. A corpse. The arms were folded across the breast. Standing over the corpse was a man whom I had never seen before. He stood facing the feet, and was making up-and-down motions with his arms and hands, while in a stooping condition over the head of the corpse.

Entering the room, I walked up to him and looked into his face. He looked up at me and smiled. "Just what are you doing—what is all this?" I queried. Standing erect he said to me:—"You ought to know—*this is 'PSYCHIANA,' the Power that will bring new life to a spiritually dead world.*"

As he said that, I awakened. If you have ever tried to bring something from the dream-realm into active consciousness, you know just how difficult it is. However, I kept repeating the name "*Psychiana*," "*Psychiana*" until I was awake enough to write it down on the pad of paper which lay on a chair beside the bed. The moment I was fully awake, I knew I had the answer to my desire. Once more the Spirit of God had responded. How well that Spirit has responded is known to everyone for there is hardly a country in the world where the name "*Psychiana*" is not known.

Later that same morning, I drove over to Rev. Drury's home and asked him what he thought of the name. He was familiar with what I had written, and the trouble I was having finding a name. He suggested "*Psychianity*," to which I replied:—"No, Drury, this name came from out of the Realm of the Spirit of God—so I believe I'll leave it exactly as I received it."

The strange part of this story remains to be told. In sending out our Lessons, I always send each member of this organization



a small photo of myself, and request one of the member in return. One day, not too long after the Movement had been launched, possibly one year, I was walking by the table on which the girls were opening the incoming mail. I saw there, lying in plain sight, an 8 x 10 glossy print of a man.

Stopping dead in my tracks, I gazed at that picture, in a sort of a fascinated way. "Who is that man?" I inquired of one of the girls. She told me. At once I called a stenographer into my office and told her to take a letter. In the letter I said to this man, in part:—"You may not know it, but you are to be associated with me in this Movement. Please send me \$40,000 at once, as this is the sum I need to launch a large advertising campaign from coast to coast, in which I shall tell men and women about the Power of God."

In about three weeks, The Spokane and Eastern Bank in Spokane called me long-distance. On answering the phone I was told that a Mr. Sam Kimbrough was speaking. He advised me that he had quite a sum of money for me, which had been wired from Egypt.

"How much is it?" I inquired—"Forty thousand dollars?"

"No, we have twenty thousand now, and twenty thousand more will be here in two days," he told me.

There was the \$40,000 I needed to launch the Psychiana Movement.

Why did I write that letter to the gentleman in Egypt—and why did he send me the requested \$40,000? Well you see—the *photo which I saw lying on the table on which the girls were opening the mail, was a photograph of the man I saw in the dream standing over the dead man.*

An incident happened a few months before, which should be related, as it gives an insight into the faith I had in the Spirit of God, and how that faith was rewarded by God.

One of the large publishing houses wired me one day that it would sell me an outside cover for the same price an inside page cost which was \$5000. That magazine had a circulation running



into the millions, and I needed that back cover for a full-page advertisement in the worst way. The office manager, a Mr. Burton, brought me the wire.

Studying it for a few moments, I said:—"Wire them that we will accept that offer, and have the regular full-page 'TALKED WITH GOD,' copy sent to them," I instructed him.

"But where are you going to get the \$5000 with which to pay for that ad?" Burton asked me. Turning to him I said:—"Burton—that is not my business. That full-page advertisement will tell a few million people what the Spirit of God can do for them, and *that is my business*. When the time to pay for that advertisement comes, the money will be in the bank. The Spirit of God will see that it is."

"Well I hope it is—we have \$358 in the bank now and they'll be sending you a bill for \$5000 next month—you'd better have it," replied Mr. Burton.

About a month later, the invoice for the \$5000 less two per cent came in. Burton knew that we did not have \$500 in the bank at the time, and I suspected that he felt he had me on a spot when he handed me the invoice, saying:—"Well here it is—what are you going to do with *that*?"

Looking Burton right in the eye, I said to him:—"Make out a check for \$5000 less two percent and I'll sign it."

"But the money is not in the bank, and it won't be, when this check clears," he said.

"Will you make out that check Burton, or shall I?" I asked him.

Going to the little iron safe we had, he got the check book and brought it to me, after having made out a check for \$4900. I signed the check, addressed an envelope, affixed a stamp and handed the letter to Burton with instructions to take it to the post-office which was directly across the street, and mail it.

He looked quizzically at me for a moment and then said:—"Do you have any money that I don't know about—or are you expecting some money in before that check clears?"



I told Mr. Burton that I did not have the faintest idea where the money was coming from, adding:—"But by the time that check is back here, there will be money enough in the bank with which to pay it."

After Burton had left for the post-office, I closed my eyes, bowed my head a little as I usually do when talking with God, and, in one of those tense moments I always have when God and I know we are together, I said:—"Spirit of the living God—I need \$5000—please send it to me. Thank you, Father."

The phone rang. Lifting the receiver, the following conversation took place:—

"Is this Doctor Robinson?"

"Yes."

"This is Melgard at the First Trust and Savings Bank—can you come down to the bank right away?"

"What's the hurry Melgard?"

"Why—I have some money for you and I want you to come and sign for it. It was telegraphed to this bank and I have to have your signature in person."

"How much money do you have there for me—\$5000?"

"Yes—\$5000. Did you expect it?"

"No I did not. Where did it come from?"

"From Honolulu."

"Okay Melgard, I'll be right down."

It will be noticed that before Burton had an opportunity to drop the letter containing the check in the mail, *the money was in the bank in Moscow.*

There have been very many instances similar to that, but I shall not mention them all. As a matter of fact, this whole Movement testifies to one "miracle" after another. The one knowing the Power of the Spirit of God however, knows that what looks like a "miracle" to others, is no miracle at all—just the beautifully natural working out of the Spirit of God. And that Power is limitless.

Perhaps I should mention here how I personally make contact



with the Spirit of God. Of course, it is very difficult to explain as one's whole life is involved. Contact with God is not something to be taken lightly. Whenever it happens, it is the most serious thing ever to come into anyone's life. At that moment, the veil which seems to separate man from God seems to be temporarily lifted. There is a moment of complete union and rapport between man and The Creator.

When one has been travelling through life with God for some years, that moment of actual communion is always there. Man may find himself not always ready to establish the "contact," but it can be established nevertheless, at any time.

When I need anything from the Spirit of God, I usually know what it is. I keep quite quiet, realizing that shortly I shall be talking with God, and these moments when I do that are very sacred to me. No religious creed or doctrine is involved at all. I just simply have established the fact that man can talk with God, and secure anything he desires from God. So, as I did in this case, I usually close my eyes, and then I speak personally to the Spirit of God within me. Not always am I asking for something, in fact, very seldom do I ask God for anything except guidance in my work. I have discovered that when the Spirit of God is a Living Reality in life, all one has to do is to fearlessly pursue one's objective, which should always be the spreading of the knowledge of God, and usually everything I need comes to me without even asking for it.

As I have explained before, I am not the brightest man in the world, and many a time I have wondered why the Creator does not lose patience with me. However, when anything is needed which I cannot see on the horizon, I can always go "into my closet, shut my door, and there, my Father which seeth in secret, hears me and sees me as I am, and rewards me openly," and I never forget to give thanks to God, *not after what I need has come, but before it has come*. In that way, I am absolutely sure of getting it.

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Now that the needed \$2500 was in the bank, I took the Lessons down to the Star-Mirror, which was the daily newspaper in those days. It has been merged with my paper, and is now known as The Daily Idahoan. This is a regular daily newspaper, not a Psychiana newspaper. It is the largest circulating daily in the Palouse Empire and is a very good newspaper.

The next step in my plans was the drawing of the now famous ad, "I TALKED WITH GOD." As previously stated, this piece of advertising copy had been reproduced many times. *Advertising Age*, I believe, has reproduced four of my advertisements. I sometimes vary them, but always come back to the original "I TALKED WITH GOD" copy. The success of this piece of copy is absolute proof that the American people are interested in talking with God. They want to actually know where God is, and if He can be found and His Power used. I can tell them very positively—"yes."

I recall an incident which occurred during the early years of this Movement which perhaps will demonstrate how the Power of God operates in a human life. I mention this particular incident because, when it happened, the Realm of God seemed closer to me than at any other time I can recall.

I was standing on the corner of two busy streets in upper New York one evening. Selling papers was a cripple, who was suffering from a disease which I believe is called "Hutchinson's Chorea." In any event, the sufferer has no co-ordination of his muscles. These "Hutchinson's Chorea" cases are pitiable, and incurable. I watched that poor chap for over an hour.

While standing there, the thought came to me:—"The Spirit of God can instantly heal that man—why don't you go and do that?"

I make it an invariable rule of my life to follow instantly every direct leading which comes from the Spirit of God. Instantly I was on my way across the street. When I arrived there, the cripple had walked, or rather struggled into a drug store outside of which he had been selling his papers. Entering the drug store,



I saw the poor devil standing against the counter. He had deposited twenty-five cents on the counter and had asked for a box of aspirin tablets.

Standing near him, I closed my eyes, and said quietly:—"Spirit of the Living God, I want to heal that man by your Power in me—Thank you Master—Thank you."

A Hutchinson's Chorea case, I neglected to mention, cannot keep still a moment. They shake and shake, and have little or no control over their muscles. As the crippled newsman picked up his aspirin, he took the cane he used to help him navigate, and started for the door. Quick as a flash I literally grabbed that man by the shoulder, swung him round, and, fixing my rather penetrating eyes on him said, while holding him in a grip like a vice:—"Why don't you stop that shaking?" I did not take my eyes from him for one instant. In addition to that, I was inwardly speaking the Power of God into that poor chap. Suddenly I noticed that he was not shaking. He looked at me as if to say:—"Who are you?" but not a word did he say, as his speech was impeded along with the other physical manifestations of the disease he had.

Seeing that the shaking had completely stopped, I said to him:—"Give me that stick." He gave it to me, and, taking him gently by the arm I led him out of the door, and back to his newspaper stand.

"You see—you're not shaking, and you never will shake again unless you want to," I told him.

For the first time in his over forty years of life, that man spoke intelligibly. Looking down at his hands and feet, he said, weakly:—"Who are you?"

"Who I am makes no difference. It doesn't matter. What does matter is the fact that you have been instantly healed. You will stay healed if you will recognize the fact that the Spirit of God in you, and in me, has done the healing. Now from this moment on, act as if nothing has happened. Get another corner on which to sell your papers. If anyone asks you how you come to be healed,



tell them the Spirit of God, in you, did the healing," I said to him.

I shall never forget the look in that chap's eyes as I shook hands with him and left him. Tears were streaming down his face. But there were smiles there too, and I liked the smiles. When one finds the Power of the Spirit of God in his life, and when he is actively engaged in unleashing that Power for the benefit of others, there is, I repeat, a moment when the veil which seems to separate man from God is temporarily lifted. That is a hallowed moment.

You will note that I said "seems to separate" man from God. The fact is that man is never separated from God so long as he lives. The *consciousness* of the presence of the Spirit of God in man, is what comes to the forefront in such moments as these. Man consciously recognizes the actual and absolute presence of the Spirit of God, and he recognizes that Spirit *in him*, which is the only place conscious recognition of an invisible spiritual power could take place.

The point I have always tried to emphasize is that the Spirit of God actually lives in every one of us. Very few, however, know that. It is foreign to every theological teaching on the earth. But is it not much more plausible to believe that the Spirit of God lives in the life God has given man, than to believe that God created man, then allowed him to fall, and withdrew His presence, never to reveal It again unless he "believes" something that some theological organization teaches?

"Belief" has nothing to do with the actual Presence of God in man. How can it have? Either God exists or there is no such thing as a God. If God exists, and if He is to be of any material benefit to this earth, where can God exist but in man? Man got off the track when he failed to recognize the Spirit of God where Jesus said it was, and began to look to "the skies" and other equally impossible places.

Note the leadings and the Power of the Spirit of God in the few instances I have brought to your attention thus far in this



book. First—there was the definite consciousness of the Spirit of God—in me. That was evidenced by a peace, so sweet that there could be no mistaking where it came from. Such a peace can only come from contact with the Father.

Then there was the direct leading to leave Los Angeles and go to Yakima. Then the place here in Moscow where the drug stores closed at 6 P.M. Then the writing of the Lessons. Then the providing of the \$2500 and then the \$40,000 and then the proper piece of advertising copy which has beaten all known records for pulling power over the years.

Could these things have happened, think you, if I had not discovered the Power of God in me? I think not. I know myself too well for that. But shall we get along with our story of what happened here in Moscow during those early years?

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The advertisement was drawn in my bedroom one evening. I had borrowed a newspaper size sheet from the Star-Mirror. Several blank sheets as a matter of fact.

I sat in my room with a piece of pencil and those sheets of paper. I thought perhaps there is something mysterious about writing successful advertising copy. I had never written a piece in my life before, so knew practically nothing about it. However, I went back to the Spirit of God in me, closed my eyes, thanked God for having heard me, and then *wrote the advertisement*.

I had already reserved a full page in Psychology magazine.

The magazine charged me \$400 for the page. I thought perhaps it might be good business to make a connection with a reputable advertising agency, as I knew there would be much advertising from now on, and did not care to take care of the details of it all when I could get an agency to do that for a commission, paid by the newspapers and magazines. In passing, it may be interesting to note that no one has ever written any advertising copy for me. Several agencies have tried to improve



upon the copy I received from God, but of course that is an impossibility.

Anyway, I took the copy and four hundred dollars in cash, and went into Spokane where I contacted the largest and most reputable advertising agency there. It was the Syverson-Kelly agency. Throwing the copy and the \$400 on Mr. Syverson's desk, I asked him if he would send it in to Psychology magazine. I informed them that I was bringing to the human race a direct revelation of the Power of God, and was going to do it by advertising and by using the mails, not by building churches and preaching.

Syverson looked at me, looked at the copy, and then, pushing both copy and \$400 in cash towards me said:—"We are not interested in that sort of junk—we are a reputable advertising agency."

I informed him that I was a perfectly reputable individual, and that the advertisement was advertising the Power of God, and therefore must also be reputable.

Calling in Mr. Kelly, Syverson opened the copy once more, and showed it to Kelly, with this remark:—"We don't want to handle that sort of stuff—do we?"

Kelly, a good Irishman, looked carefully over the copy and said:—"No—we don't want to handle that sort of stuff—who is this bird anyhow?"

I told the Irish gentleman that my name was Frank B. Robinson and I was going to bring to this world a new concept of Almighty God.

"Well you'd better take your \$400, go back to Moscow, and forget about the new-fangled ideas about God," said Mr. Kelly, adding, "The Church knows all about God, and doesn't need your help either."

"But what is wrong with the copy?" I inquired.

"Well there are three things wrong with it," chirped up Mr. Syverson. "In the first place, it is mechanically imperfect. In the second place, no newspaper or magazine will run that sort



of copy, and in the third place, if they did run it, you wouldn't get any replies for the American public isn't interested in new ideas about God."

Mr. Syverson was wrong on all three counts. The copy was not mechanically imperfect, but was beautifully perfect, as many large advertising periodicals have given it credit for being the best thought out piece of copy ever written. In the second place, inside of two years, nearly nine hundred magazines and newspapers were running that copy. In the third place, as Syverson said, that particular piece of advertising copy outpulled any religious copy which had ever been run in the United States.

When the Spirit of God dictates a piece of advertising copy, you may be sure it will accomplish the purpose for which it was intended.

That advertisement, which cost \$400, brought in over 23,000 replies, so Syverson certainly was off the beam. Those replies brought in over \$25,000 worth of orders for The Psychiana Religion. The Movement was on its way.

The next place I ran that copy was in Physical Culture magazine and this one duplicated what Psychology had done. The third place was the Pathfinder. I ran an ad. there which cost about \$1500 and that too brought about \$25,000 worth of orders for the Teaching. I knew then that *America does want to know about God.*

In the meantime, I had rented a small office in the Urquart Building, which was owned by George Lamphere, the owner of the Star-Mirror. We paid five dollars a month for that office.

Not having enough money to buy furniture, I called upon Oscar Anderson, Ned Phillips, George Benson, Elmer Anderson, and told them to bring a saw, a hammer and some nails as we were going to build our own fixtures. We worked there night after night, building a table, and a "filing-system" which has been elaborated until now, when it is called the most efficient mail-order filing system in existence.

By that time, the Star-Mirror had delivered the first installment



of the Lessons and the other letters, which were to go to all who replied. All of this literature I drew personally. No one helped me. The first Lessons, Mrs. Robinson and I stapled together in our apartment. I was still working in the drug store.

It was several months between the time I sent the full-page advertisement to Psychology magazine, and the time which it appeared. Those were anxious months for everyone except me. I knew full well that the new revelation of the Power of God was wanted. I knew it would sweep round the world, and it did just that. Sixty-seven countries in its first year.

We had driven out to Oscar Anderson's place in the country one Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Robinson, little Alfred and I. On the way in, I said to Mrs. Robinson:—"I think I'll stop at the post-office and see if we have any replies yet." I had been wise enough to rent the largest box the Moscow post-office has for rent. I had expected replies, but I did not expect the flood I got.

There was a note in the box asking me to go to the back door. There, I got a whole mail-sack full of them, and before Psychology magazine had stopped pulling, there were, as before stated, over 23,000 of them.

You can imagine how a small-town drug clerk felt when his first venture outside of the drug business was received as this one was received. Those replies surpassed my wildest dreams, and I was happy. I knew that the people would be just as responsive to the Teaching as they had been to the advertising, for if the advertising had been inspired by the Spirit of God, certainly the Lessons were.

It became evident that I should have to get some help, although for the first few weeks, Anderson, the other Anderson, Benson and Phillips and I worked nights getting those replies out.

As the Moscow citizens saw the sacks of mail coming in and going out, prophecies were made on every street corner as to how long the Movement would last. Some said "Six months" while others said that it would never stop. It was rather unusual to see a drug clerk working in the drug store all day, and then lecturing



at the hotel at night, and then getting, and sending out huge sacks of mail. Our postage bill now runs about \$100,000 a year, and that means that ten million people get our literature each year.

Soon, I was compelled to go on half time at the drug store. I had engaged the services of a girl, Edith O'Brien, to work half days, and soon she worked full time. Then another girl was necessary. In the meantime, copies of Psychology magazine had come to Moscow, and the citizens noted with pride the publicity their little City was getting.

Inside of sixty days, we were compelled to rent two more offices, and inside of another six months we leased a very much larger building. But the growth was so tremendous that I was fortunate enough to purchase a quarter of a city block from Howard Short, the local undertaker, for \$4000. That corner and the building on it are worth more than \$100,000 today.

I could write a book on the amusing incidents I have had since launching this Movement. Some day perhaps, I shall. Dr. Bach has such a book in mind, and I hope he publishes it. The suggested title is "Moscow Miracle." That is not quite true, although what we have seen here is certainly a miracle, if you leave the Power of God out of it. I cannot do that however.

It was not long until the large church periodicals began to pay their respects to us. Most of them referred to me as an "atheist."

There is not to be found in any of my writings, one word of anything which is not connected with the Power of the Spirit of God. This theme permeates everything I have written. Nineteen books, hundreds of magazine articles. Hundreds of radio lectures. Nothing but the Power of God in them. But I do not agree with these good religions of the day on matters of Christology, so I am an atheist.

Several significant prophecies were made by some of the leading church periodicals, notably the Presbyterian Banner. In an article written in 1932 by the Rev. Clifford M. Drury, to whom I have referred before, the statement was made that "Here is a



new religion in its infancy. We cannot ignore it. No matter how violently some of us disagree with what Robinson says, the fact remains that he is reaching millions whom the churches cannot, or will not reach."

But most of the editorials were very critical. Not one of them would admit that the Power of God exists, and certainly not one of them would admit that anyone who does not believe the Christian theology can know anything about God. Their eyes have been opened I believe. I hope to open them some more.

\* \* \*

Now a few paragraphs about the actual results of the Power of the Spirit of God in human lives. After all, that is the supreme test of the merits of this Movement. If it reveals God to the people, it is good. If it cannot reveal God to the people, it is no good.

Nothing was farther from my mind than healing, when I launched my philosophy of God. My sole object was to reveal to men and women, the staggering fact that all the Power God has is instantly available to all who want that Power. It was a spiritual revelation I was making, not a healing demonstration in any sense of the word.

It was not very long however until I discovered that the healing end of the Movement was something which was going to have to be reckoned with. We were absolutely swamped with requests for "prayers" etc. We of Psychiana never pray. We talk with God, but we do not consider that "praying," in the accepted sense of the word. But maybe it is.

At once I put out a circular asking members not to write us about physical healing. I told them, if they were taken ill, which they should not be, to call the best physician in their neighborhood and follow his advice. My theory was that if the remedy for a disease exists, the Creator has made that remedy possible through the illumined mind of some medical man. Therefore it is foolish to ask for "divine" healing if God has already provided



the healing, and if the medical profession is familiar with the remedy.

We know that diphtheria antitoxin is an almost sure specific for diphtheria, if used at the onset. How very foolish it would be then, for someone afflicted with that disease to get down on his knees and ask God to cure the diphtheria. The remedy already exists. The Spirit of God has already provided it. Yet I know of a family of "Pentecostals," who are so full of the "Holy Ghost," that they refuse to have a physician in the house. I saw three of them die a few years ago, and then called the authorities and forced them to have a physician.

Even now, whenever a long-distance call comes in, which is many times daily, asking for healing, I invariably insist that they call the best physician available and follow his advice. If a physician can do nothing, and admits that he can do nothing, that is the time I can help, but I insist on that procedure.

It may be that the fullness of the Power of God may be made known to the peoples of this earth through the medical profession. It may be that science will bring to us the full knowledge of the Power of God, and eternal life—I don't know. Nor do I care. If that is the way it has to be, that is the way it should be.

Physicians are working towards eternal life. Scientists are working towards eternal life. The only difference between them and me is that I am approaching the matter not scientifically, but from the angle of the Spirit of God. But I should be the last one to expound that everything science and medicine is doing is wrong. What do I care through whom truths of God are brought to humanity so long as they are brought?

I have not sufficient education to approach the matter from either a medical or a science standpoint. I prefer the God-standpoint for I know something about the Power of God, little about either science or medicine.

I shall never forget the first case of a "miraculous" healing to come to us. It was a lady in Youngstown, Ohio who had not been



out of her bed for seventeen years with inflammatory rheumatism. Our fourth Lesson brought her the light, she jumped out of bed, and is still in perfect physical condition.

When the letter containing that information came in, I jumped into my car, sped up the Third Street hill to my home, and, reading the letter to Mrs. Robinson said:—"The Teaching is actually working and is healing people—I never expected that to happen."

The next day several more letters were received, all telling of similar results. Cancer, diabetes, heart conditions—it makes no difference to the Spirit of God what the disease may be. The Power of God, which created the human body so long ago, still has the ability to keep that body in perfect functioning order. That is because *the Spirit of God lives in that body*. A perfectly plausible explanation.

Gradually I came to see that these healing cases were a long way from being unimportant. They are extremely important. They are absolute evidence that the Power of God can cure supposedly incurable diseases instantly. I wish we had the space in this book to go over a few dozens of them, but we have not. I must get back to "The Wanderer." Suffice it to say that in the past twenty years, *more than five hundred thousand of such cases have been officially received by us*. I believe this is the greatest demonstration of the Power of God this world has seen since the time of Jesus.

I have seen death defeated so many times that it does not even arouse my interest any more. Shall I tell you a secret? I have one. We have, in our files, several cases of people who were dead being raised again. They have all come from foreign countries and I have had no chance to verify them. What I expect to see one of these days before too long, is the Power of the Spirit of God demonstrated to such a degree that life—the Spirit of God—shall be called back into a body from which it has fled. I believe that to be entirely possible, and while that would not mean too much



if it were to happen, I should like to see it once. It would create a national sensation, but, I again repeat, it would mean little, *if the raised up person died later.*

I have seen strange things in the past twenty years in which I have dealt with hundreds of thousands of people. So strange that I put no limitations on the Power of God, right here on earth. But my main object of course, is to definitely establish the theory I have proven in a lesser degree so many times, that life on this earth, *through union with the Spirit of God, is not only possible, but is the natural order and aim of the Creator—it is what He intended when He placed man on the earth in the first place.*

The death-idea has no place in the Realm of God. It was not originated by God, and it will not be eliminated by God. It is a product of ancient, faithless man, but modern man, full of faith in God, will restore man's original estate, and will do that by a perfectly normal, natural process—that of coming into vital living contact with the Spirit of God.

No man could have seen what I have seen and doubt the ability of God to so illumine the mind of someone, so that, as a result of that illumination, this last enemy of man may be destroyed. No man could stand on the corner, as I did in New York City, and feel the Power of God surging through him, and ever again doubt the willingness and the ability of God to make the Supreme Revelation to someone, that man and God are supposed to live forever on this earth.

Death does not make sense. It does not belong here at all, when it is finally eliminated, as it must be, wars, sin, crimes, anarchy with their allied ills, will go with it. The next major revelation of God to this civilization will be something which will remake history. The thing I most fear is that the revelation I am trying to bring to humanity will come too late. I fear that the human race will destroy itself with some atomic weapon before the churches grasp what I am trying to do. If that happens, it will be a pity. But it can happen, for there is little actual faith in God on the earth, in the church or out of the church.



The fact that a Movement such as mine can start from scratch, and go as far as we have gone, in spite of all the opposition which has been thrown against us, is proof very positive that the world is hungry for God. But it wants God. It will take no substitute. Can someone present the true concept of God to this world in time to save it?

Perhaps "The Wanderer" can.



## In Which We See "The Wanderer" in Action

IT IS ALWAYS A BUSY TIME FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER ONE OF my trips east, and I did not have too much time to think about the strange man I had met on the train. But after the accumulated piles of letters, business and otherwise had been disposed of, I was able to give much more thought to "The Wanderer."

There had come into my life, since meeting him and spending three and one half hours with him on the train that day, a feeling somewhat different from any feeling I had experienced before. I don't know that I can analyze that feeling successfully. Nor do I know just at what moment it came.

When one is called upon to direct the activities of a religious Movement which has had as rapid a growth as my Movement has, there is a tendency to become rather hard—perhaps callous through the press of demands upon one's time. I frankly confess that I am not the sweetest dispositioned man in the world, and there have been times when I am unusually tired from the strain of continually trying to help men and women who could have helped themselves had they known the Power of God, when I show decided traits of irritability. Small matters, which, when I am not tired I would laugh at, in such moments as I describe, seem much larger than they really were.

But since meeting "The Wanderer" on the train that day, there was very surely creeping into my life a mellow, compassionate feeling.

It was, if anything, a deepening of the inner peace which is automatically present in the life of everyone who has made the contact with God everyone should make. I smiled more fre-



quently. I was very much more tolerant with the employees. The barking of the dog next door, in the middle of the night did not seem half as irritating as it had before. Altogether, the short meeting with this unusual man, had made a very marked change in my life. It had changed it for the better.

Strange, how just three and one half hours in the company of a complete stranger should have done that. Or was this man a complete stranger? Try as I did, I could not rid myself of the impression that somewhere we had met before. I seemed to know him, yet I did not know him. But then, everything about that meeting was strange.

Why was he on that train at all? What was he doing in the little town of Spangle? Why would he not reveal his true name to me, instead of asking me to call him "The Wanderer"? What was his business? Why was the seat opposite me the only vacant seat in the coach? What was behind the coincidence of his brother stealing my car and my motion-picture camera? Then too, he was born in Bethlehem of Judea, but he lived, he said, in Nazareth. What was the coincidence of that fact? And what sort of a man would offer his expensive camel-hair overcoat to a complete stranger?

How was it possible for him to have such a grasp on Bible facts, and from whence came his evidently very deep religious experience at his young age of thirty-three? What was his real business? True, he had stated that his business was his Father's business, and when I had asked him further questions along that line, he had stated that he meant his Heavenly Father. The more I thought on this strange and casual acquaintance, the more mystified I was. Yet there was no gainsaying the fact that acquaintance with him had left a marked and deep impression on me.

Somehow or other, it seemed to me, I was changing my mannerisms, about which I usually am not concerned, to his mannerisms. I was imitating his actions. My thoughts were becoming more in line with the deep thoughts he had expressed to me on



the train. Altogether, my meeting with this man was, in many ways, the most unusual happening in my life to date.

But I wished I knew who he really was. I recalled his promise that he would come back and see me whenever I felt my need of him. But what need of him could there be? Was I not making religious history as it was? What made him think I should ever need his services or his advice. Yet he must have foreseen that I should, or he never would have made that statement to me.

Mrs. Robinson and I were discussing this strange experience and this very much stranger man in the living-room the night of the day I had returned from the east. I had detailed to her, everything I could recall about "The Wanderer." This good woman often has much better judgment than I, and I seldom fail to advise her of any unusual happening in my life, or my work.

That evening as we sat in front of a large roaring fire, she gave me an opportunity to tell her about my meeting with him.

"Who was the man you introduced me to at the depot, Robbie?" she asked. I am always "Robbie" to her when we and the children are alone. Alfred was doing some home-work at his desk while Florence was entertaining a few girl friends in the play-room in the basement.

"Well, I don't know his name," I replied. "He refused to tell me, rather he asked me not to require him to tell me. He said before too long I should know who he really is, but further than that he refused to divulge his identity. There is one thing I do know about him though—he is a man with a very deep spiritual experience."

"Is he a preacher or priest? He said that his business was his Heavenly Father's business—would not that suggest that he is engaged in some religious work of some sort?" the good lady of the house asked.

"No—he is neither preacher nor priest. He is a Syrian Jew, and a Jew cannot belong to the Christian faith, so I don't believe he is either."

"He might be a rabbi," suggested Mrs. Robinson.



"No—he is not a rabbi. He carried a New Testament in his pocket, and had he been a rabbi he would have had a copy of The Talmud, or some other Jewish religious literature—certainly not the New Testament."

"Well—could he not be one of those converted Jews?"

"I don't think so because I asked him plainly if he was a Christian and he replied—'no Jew can be a Christian' so that is not the answer either."

"Perhaps he's a salesman for some oriental rug dealers or some other oriental line of goods?"

"But if that were the case, what would he be doing in Spangle—or in this territory at all?" I inquired.

"Do you suppose he is one of those eastern mystics—maybe a Yogi or 'holy man,' or something on that order?"

"I don't think so—he was too well acquainted with our western civilization and our customs for that. No—this man knows far more about our present western civilization than appears on the surface. As a matter of fact, the thing which impressed me most was his unusual knowledge of the Christian Bible and the very deep spirituality which was evident in his every action. I just wish I knew."

"Well, why don't you ask God to bring him back into your life as he said you might?" she asked me.

"I see no special need of that. If there was an emergency which I did not think I could handle, I most certainly would rather have that man on hand than anyone I have ever met. After meeting him, one feels that he is just a mite, compared with the intellect and the spiritual Power he possesses."

"I didn't get much of a look at him—I saw he was a foreigner of some sort, and thought perhaps you had picked up another of the unusual characters you are in the habit of picking up when travelling—I think I had better go with you after this," said Mrs. Robinson.

"But someone has to be here to watch the Movement—we cannot both be away at the same time, can we?"



Finally she agreed to that, and we returned to our talk about this strange "Wanderer."

"Couldn't you check up on him through the sheriff's office?" she asked.

"Yes—I could," I replied, "but I shall not. I would consider that a violation of confidence. That is the very last thing I would do. No—I shall see that man again. He has come into my life, and I should not be at all surprised if he didn't stay in my life. I rather wish he would. I'm a better man for having met him. Funny, too, whenever I think of him, I sort of feel his actual presence near me. I believe a few weeks spent with that man might increase the Power of this Movement, and I'd do anything which can make this ministry more effective."

"I know you would, but if I were you I'd just forget him for a while and concentrate on the work you are doing. If it is meant for you to meet him again, you will meet him again. I'm a great believer in the axiom that what has to be will be."

"Play me a few hymns," she said.

"All right—I haven't touched the organ for several weeks, have I?"

Opening one of the old hymnals which are always to be found on my organ console, I turned to one of the sweetest hymns ever written. It was written by a pious Greek monk, Saint Stephen the Sabaite, called that because he spent his life, from the age of ten, in an old monastery called the Monastery of St. Sabas. Not only the words, but the beautiful melody never fails to charm me.

As I played quietly, slowly, and feelingly on the pipe-organ, all seven verses of this wonderfully sentimental hymn, it seemed as if "The Wanderer" had stolen into my living-room, where the organ is. There was something about every verse which reminded me of him. The first verse—

"Art thou weary, are thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest?"

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."



In this first verse I was sure that I detected something of the weariness and sadness which somehow I knew lay beneath the smiling face of "The Wanderer." I also seemed to detect, too, that he had heard someone at some time or other, sing this song. He had taken the advice offered by the One in the first verse, and, coming to that One, he had found rest.

"Hath He marks to lead me to him,  
If He be my Guide?"—  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."

Whenever I play these sacred old hymns, I usually hum or sing along with the music. I am not much of a singer, but it is a favorite form of relaxation, to sit at this beautiful pipe-organ and sing and play the old hymns and melodies which, through the years, have endeared themselves to me with cords which will be hard to break. As I played and sang the second verse, I was thinking of the terrible scar I saw in the palm of the right hand of "The Wanderer," when he shook hands with me at the depot, only this morning. Could there be any significance in that scar? Was that coincidence, too? . . .

Then I played the third verse:—

"Is there diadem as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?—  
"Yea—a crown—in very surety,  
But of thorns."

My thoughts carried me back to the story of Jesus, crucified so long ago—and I remembered what "The Wanderer," had said about crucifixion on the train earlier in the day. Came then slowly stealing into my memory, the words of Matthew 27:29 "And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand: and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked, saying, Hail—King of the Jews." I remembered, too, that "The Wanderer," told me he was a Syrian Jew.



"If I find Him, if I follow,  
What—His Guerdon here?—  
Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."

I knew how true that verse was. The past twenty years had brought to me many a sorrow, many a labor, and many a tear. And I had only tried to bring to this world, the very same message Jesus had tried to bring. Should I fail too? Sometimes it seemed as if I might. At other times, it seemed as though I should succeed. But perhaps that would be hoping for too much. Jesus had not been able to successfully point the way to the Spirit of God. Why should I believe that I could do any better? Still—I could try. I must try. I did try. And I knew that the old monk who, in the year 739 A.D. had written these beautiful words in the Monastery of St. Sabas, well, he too must have tried, and failed.

Then verse number five—perhaps my favorite of all the verses. Changing the stops to a quieter combination, consisting of the Vox Humana, Flute, and Tibia combination, I closed the shutters, threw on the tremulant, and played:—

"If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?—  
Sorrow banished, labor ended,  
Jordan passed."

The old monk evidently here saw a picture of the end of the dispensation in which he lived. This present dispensation. As he saw it, there will be a time when all sorrows shall be banished from the face of the earth. A time when all labor, and I presume that means strikes too, will also be gone. I believe in his reference here to the passing of Jordan, Stephen the Sabaite believed that the day he looked forward to when all sorrow shall be banished, cannot come until the River Jordan, the River of Death had been passed. He too, with hundreds of thousands of other



ministers and priests, fully believed that The Almighty is not capable of leading men and women to Him, without killing them first. I do not believe that of course, and, if you will think it out carefully, neither will you. I am sure "The Wanderer" does not believe that. Some day, I thought, I would ask him that question once more, just to be sure that I had not mistaken him on the train.

Verse six.

"If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
Not till earth, and not till Heaven,  
Pass away."

It is evident again, that Saint Stephen held the common idea that Jesus was Almighty God. Holding this belief, and thereby missing completely the beauty of Jesus, he nevertheless asked the question in verse six. Of course, had he known the concept of Jesus as this concept is coming to the earth more and more every day, he would have known that all Jesus asked was that men and women follow, not Him, but His Father—The Spirit of God.

I often wonder just how close this world would be to God, and how very different a world it would be, had those old church fathers, instead of making a political institution out of religion, followed the guidance of Jesus, correctly understanding His message, and taught that message to the world. It might just possibly be that all would be at peace now. All might be at rest. But that was not done. Instead—they crucified the One who came to bring the message. Now—the work has to be done all over again, with the chances many to one that man will completely destroy himself in his pitiable absence from God.

"Finding, following, keeping struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer—Yes."



There is no question but what the Spirit of God is sure to bless those who, leaving their all, decide to follow that Great Spirit. But I do not like the word "bless" very well. I like the word "Power." Had I been writing that last verse, I believe I should have worded the second line something like this:—"Is He sure to give them Power enough to overcome every obstacle?" The answer to that would be the same—yes, He is.

After playing a few more favorites, I threw the switch, closed the console, and retired for the night.

\* \* \*

Several months had passed. The cold Idaho winter, with its deep snows, had been replaced by early summer. The lawn in front of my home was green again. The wheat-fields which surround this beautiful little City on three sides, were green. In just a few months more they would be ripe. The combines would once again cut the ripened grain, and nature would once more blanket the earth with its white mantle.

I had not heard a word from "The Wanderer." Nothing of importance had happened since I had last seen him. The usual run of trips throughout the country, helping in emergency cases of illness. Most of these trips I made by train. Some required urgent speed, so in such cases I went by plane.

My friend Ernest Holmes and I had held some large meetings together in the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, and crowds were turned away. So I presume the meetings could be called successful. Ernest is Director of The Institute of Religious Science and Philosophy in Los Angeles, and he happens to be the only man I have shared the platform with. He is a good man.

Now that summer was here again, the demands for my personal presence would, I presumed, increase. They usually do in the summer time. Nothing had happened which had required the presence of "The Wanderer," so I had not followed his instructions and sent for him, through my Father, the Spirit of God. I wondered many times if he would think that I did not



wish to see him any more. Perhaps I should have sent for him. Had I done so, all we should have done when we met would be talk about the things pertaining to the incoming Kingdom of God. I had many times suspected that, whatever he was doing it was something more than talking.

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I think I had been back just one day, when a wire came in. Here is the wire, with the name of course completely changed:—

*"Mrs. Scott dying of cancer. Can you come. Will be glad to pay all expenses. Please hurry as doctors say she cannot last a week."*

I should explain here that in the twenty years in which I have been directing the Psychiana Movement, I have never allowed anyone to donate even one gallon of gas. I pay all expenses of the trips I make, and I do not allow anyone to reimburse me. If I did, I should not be able to help much.

I have known Mr. Scott many years. He is head of a large electric light company, and we shall say for the purpose of this book that he lives in Portland, Oregon. I was deeply grieved to hear of the condition of Mrs. Scott, as both of them had attended a National Convention I had held in Portland some years earlier. They were delegates from the City of Roses.

Taking this particular wire, with a couple of others, to the house, I sat in my favorite chair, pondering the reply I should send to Mr. Scott. I knew from the urgency of the wire that it was a case of life or death. I knew Mrs. Scott was a great believer in the Power of God, and was at a loss to understand how she had allowed such a growth to take precedence in her life over the Power of God—for that is what it amounted to. Illness and the Spirit of God cannot occupy the same body at the same time, *unless it is with the consent of the owner of the body.*

Of course, in the millions of cases which do not even faintly



suspect that the Almighty actually lives, with all His Power, in every human body, they get ill and die, because they do not know of the existence of the Great Spirit in them, and, not knowing of the existence of God in them, they certainly cannot know how to use the Power of God against whatever illness may come along. However, ignorance of the Law which is God is no excuse. They should know of it. Our churches should have told them.

There were two other wires which had come from people who were Members, whom I had never heard of. They too were urgent telegrams, and the thought came to me that perhaps I could cover them all on one trip. The second wire was from Klamath Falls, Oregon, while the third was from Redwood City, California.

The Klamath Falls wire read as follows:—

*"My boy hurt in automobile accident. Not expected to live. Please use the Power of God for his recovery. Doctors say no hope as his skull is fractured and he has internal injuries. Could you come. We have no money."*

The wire from Redwood City, Calif. read like this:—

*"Daughter Marie dying of heart condition she has had since birth. Twenty-one years old. Has less than month to live. Can you help. We have been Members of Psychiana many years."*

Those are the three wires I sat pondering over in my chair. I had called Mrs. Hill who is in charge of our Student registration, and had verified the fact that the Klamath Falls family, and the Redwood City family were bona-fide Members. I cannot act where those requesting help are not Members of Psychiana. I cannot even do as much as I should in helping those who are.

I always keep a suitcase filled with clothing, and I have on hand a sufficient sum of money that I can leave Moscow at a moment's notice whenever necessary. Duplicate shaving gear,



shirts, collars, ties, socks, two suits and a couple of suits of pajamas and underwear—all these things the good wife has ready in my emergency suitcase. All I have to do whether she is at home or not, is to climb into the car and get on my way.

Then, almost intuitively, I made up my mind that I would go to Portland and heal Mrs. Scott. Then, after she had recovered I would drive to Klamath Falls, do what I could for the injured boy there, and then go on down Highway 97 to Redwood City, Calif.

I took the Cadillac this time. I usually take that car for a long trip. I keep two cars, and one of them is always ready for an emergency trip. Writing a note for Mrs. Robinson, and leaving it on the kitchen sink, I put the emergency grip in the car which was standing on Howard Street in front of the house.

Alfred and Florence had gone to Spokane with their mother. They hold in this district, what is known as "Teacher's Institutes," and while these are being held, the students get three days off from their school work. These are good days to shop in Spokane, and usually my family, which was born with a "shopping" instinct it seems to me, takes advantage of those three days.

The note I had left, informed Mrs. Robinson that I had gone on an emergency call, and I had given her my itinerary. She would know, when she returned, just where I could be reached at any time. I always call up though, every night, when I am away, and my office, through my home, can always get in touch with me in a few hours. Most of the traffic officers throughout the northwest know my car, and many a time I have heard a siren behind me, only to be told, when I had stopped by the side of the road—"On an emergency trip, Doctor?" If I replied in the affirmative the reply would usually be:—"If there is anything we can do to help, just let us know."

Taking one last look round the house to see that the doors were locked, I cast a loving glance at the pipe-organ which brings to me so much inspiration so many times. Standing there looking at the inanimate instrument, I went to the head of the base-



ment stairs and threw the switch. I should need all the divine Power I could get on this trip, and I needed, oh how I needed such Power.

At no time since I launched this Movement, have I ever had the mistaken idea that I personally possess any power of my own. I know better than that. When the Spirit of God revealed Itself to me that day in North Hollywood, I knew full well that while the Spirit of God lives in me, the Power is not mine—it belongs in Its entirety to God. It is God. The fact that such a Power has condescended to live in me is nothing to my credit. Nor does the fact that the Power of God lives in a human body detract any from Itself. In fact, instead of detracting from Itself, it raises the physical body to a much higher plane—so high in fact that It is able to cast out every illness which should not come to a physical body, but which does come because the owner of that body does not know of the shimmering, dynamic Power of the Spirit of God, which lives—yes actually lives—in every created human being.

The organ had now throbbed to life. The two-horse-power motor, which is always kept well oiled and greased by John McGoung, who drives our truck and does other jobs round the house, thrilled the instrument with power, while the motor electrified every part of those nine hundred pipes.

Could I spare a few moments with God, playing an old hymn, at the console of that organ? I believed so. Choosing an old Coronation Hymnal, I thumbed over the pages until I had found the hymn I wanted. It is one I love so very much. I have not the history of this hymn, not even the name of the author. But that doesn't matter. The words and the melody lift me close to God when nothing else seems to.

Placing the hymn-book on the music rack in front of the organ, I threw on my favorite Vox Humana, Tibia and Flute combination, and began to play, very softly at first, then swelling to full organ. I paid particular attention to the words this day. They are apropos of the moment and the need. For was I not



going into the highways and byways, trying to do the very same thing that Jesus did, according to this hymn? Was I not going out among the suffering to try to demonstrate the Power of The Spirit of God, as Jesus did? Oh yes I was. And I knew that the very same Power Jesus used would be used by me. And I knew that the very same results Jesus obtained would also be obtained by me, not because there was the slightest resemblance between the great life Jesus lived and the simple, erring, impetuous life I live—oh no—that was not it. *But the Power is the same.*

Had not Jesus said long ago:—"The things that I do shall ye do also"? Has the church been doing these things? I think not. But now, well, times are critical. The Power and the message of Jesus must be brought again to this world, or it will perish. But Jesus was dead. He could not help me—or could He? And was He really dead? "The Wanderer" had told me that Jesus was not dead when they took Him from the cross. He had inferred that Jesus was still alive. But could that be?

Somehow or other, I wished for "The Wanderer" as I sat there at the organ. I really wished he was here, and could make this trip with me. Remembering his statement that he would come if I needed him, I closed my eyes, while my fingers softly pressed the keys which produced the beautiful melody of "*At even ere the sun was set.*" Then, while the soft tones were rolling out of the organ grille in the dining-room, I uttered a very short request to the Spirit of God within me. This is what I said:—

"Spirit of the Living God—I am going out on a mission which is Your responsibility. Whatever will be accomplished on this mission of mercy, will be accomplished by Your Power, not by any Power I possess, for I am nothing—just nothing but a broken vessel, lying here at Your feet, just waiting to be filled once more with the Power of the Spirit of God, and the consciousness of that Power. Be with me. Help me. So fill me with Your Power that no disease or no illness will be able to withstand the Power of God which I shall call into operation for others. Heal Mrs. Scott. Heal the boy in Klamath Falls. Heal the girl in



Redwood City. Hold their faith firm until I can demonstrate the blessed Power and ability of You, my Father, to heal both body and mind and soul. Spirit of the Living God—send "*The Wanderer*" to me please. Father, I thank Thee.

This done, I opened my eyes and turned them to the old Coronation hymn-book, playing, and singing softly as I played:—

"At even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, Oh Lord, around Thee lay;  
Oh in what divers pains they met,  
Oh with what joy they went away."

These were divers cases I was going out to heal. A cancer. An automobile had almost killed a young boy. His skull was fractured and he had internal injuries. No hope, according to attending physicians. A heart-disease case in Redwood City. No hope. Suffered from birth. Yes—these were divers diseases. Divers pains were being suffered in all three cases. Yet Jesus had healed divers diseases. And the very same Power that Jesus used was available to me. How then can I fail. I never had failed—had I? I should not fail this time either. In my acknowledged weakness, as I sat at the organ playing this beautiful verse, there came surging and thrilling into my soul, spiritual Power the like of which I had not known before. In fathomless billows, the actual Power of the Spirit of God came, in wave after wave. Power, the like of which this God-less earth with its trickery, its intrigue, its double-talk, its wars, its debauchery could know, but never has known.

"Oh God," I cried, "Make me be faithful, even unto death."

Tears usually stream down my face when I talk with God. They were streaming down it now. But the tears did not dim the glory of that revelation of the Power of God. Jesus cried, on more than one occasion—yet His tears did not dim the glory the Spirit of God gave to Him either. Nor was the rapture of that moment,



sitting at my organ, dimmed because the tears fell. I am never ashamed of my tears. The only time I shed them is when the consciousness of the Power of God is very close to me.

You will note that I say "the consciousness of." The Power is always there—but we are not always conscious of It. There is so much of the Spirit of God on this earth now, that if the so-called "peace" conference which is sitting in Paris as I write this, only had sense enough to halt in the middle of its deliberations, and ask the Spirit of the Living God—in *each one of them*—to reveal Itself, what a success that conference would be. As it is, it is a farce. An atomic war is being planned even as this farce goes on. May the Spirit of God speak very quickly to our churches. They have little time left.

I paused at the last two lines of the second verse:—

"What if Thy form we cannot see,  
We know and feel that Thou art here."

Oh yes—after that baptism of the Power of the Spirit of God which had just come to me, I knew and I felt that God was there. Never shall I question the presence of God in my life, whether I can feel It or not. It is never necessary to *feel* the Spirit of God. It is there whether It is *felt* or not. Only they who have come up through great tribulation get baptisms of the Spirit of God such as the one I have just told you about. That is a partial reward for trying to be faithful.

Not wishing to spend too much time playing at the organ while three families were awaiting my arrival (I had had the office wire all three families that I was on my way) I turned to the last verse of this sacred hymn. (I have just discovered who the author is—he is the Rev. Henry Twells.)

This sixth verse is the one I find so very much comfort in. It is so blessedly true. It is so profoundly pregnant with meaning. It is such a sacred verse. Here it is:—



"Thy touch has still Its ancient Power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear—in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy—heal us all."

It was not evening that day. It was about 10 A.M. But the Power of God is available at any hour of the day or night, so the words are as appropriate in the morning, the middle of the day, as they are at the evening hour.

One last look around the place I love so well, and I would be on my way. I went to my study desk and took out the duplicate set of keys to the Cadillac, for I did not want the same experience to happen which had happened in Palo Alto a few weeks before. I had been down there on a similar mission, and while in that city, had parked for just a minute in front of a fire hydrant while I had gone into a Western Union office to send an important wire. When I came out I discovered I had locked the car and the keys were in the switch. I hired a locksmith from a local garage, and soon we were on our way. But for thirty minutes I was parked in front of a fire hydrant in one of the strictest cities in San Mateo County. Funny part of it all is that a policeman stood there watching it all.

I could not resist the temptation of going to that policeman and saying to him:—

"Of course—I'm not looking for a ticket for parking in front of a fire hydrant as I am on an exceedingly important mission, but I'd really like to know why you did not give me a ticket—would you mind being perfectly honest, and telling me?"

He was a big burly Irishman. Strange how so many Irishmen join the police—isn't it. Looking into my expectant face he said:—

"I know why I didn't give you a ticket—I've been standing here half an hour, and all the while you've been parking right in front of that hydrant. Oh—I knew that you had locked your keys in the car, but that didn't make any difference. But when I saw you park there, and go into the Western Union office,



something inside me said 'Leave that man alone—he's on my Father's business,' and as I always do as I am ordered to when I get that sort of directions from inside me, I just refused to give you a ticket," he replied.

"Are you a religious man?" I asked the officer.

"Oh yes—I'm a good Catholic, and when the Spirit of God in me tells me not to give a man a ticket, I never disobey—but if the Spirit of God tells me to give a man a ticket, I'll sure give it to him."

"Just where did you learn about the Power of the Spirit of God?" I said to the gentleman.

"Where—why in my church of course," and then he made one of the most significant statements I have ever heard any church-member make. This is what he had said:—

"You see, Brother—I can find God in my church and you can find Him in yours, *but you have to dig deep to find Him.*"

I shook hands with him and thanked him for his courtesy. On closing the car-door and starting the motor, I heard him say to a friend who was standing by his side:—

"Funny thing how I just couldn't give that man a ticket."

\* \* \*

I started the motor, looked at the gas gauge, and decided to have both gas and oil checked before leaving Moscow, so I wheeled into Third Street down to Washington, turning left to Walter Johnson's service station where tires, oil, battery water and gas were attended to. My suitcase was lying on the floor in the back of the car. While Walter was servicing the car, I stepped into the Western Union office and gave the operator my itinerary. I sometimes do that, so that he can re-route specially important wires to whatever city I am going to. This, in addition to full information which Mrs. Robinson always has.

When the car had been completely serviced, I drove up Main Street to our number two building, which houses the accounting department and the offices. Leaving a few last-minute instruc-



tions with Elmer Anderson, before referred to in this book, I shook hands with the employees, climbed into the car, and drove down to the Daily Idahoan to say "Good-bye" to Bill Marineau, Monty, and Louis. Bill is the M.E. on the newspaper, while "Monty" is John Montgomery, advertising manager, and "Louis" is City editor. A trip out of the City of Moscow would be incomplete if it did not include a visit to the newspaper office, and a "Good-bye" to Bill and the rest of the boys who work there. Dick Westwood, the pressman, usually comes to the front office to say "Good-bye" to me. Dick had been with us ever since the paper was started some twelve or thirteen years ago. I like Dick very much.

That duty performed, I turned the car around in a free parking lot across the street provided by the City of Moscow, and headed back towards Third Street from which street I would get on the Pullman Road. Making sure that the telegrams were in my coat pocket, I settled back hard against the seat, turned on the radio, and made myself comfortable for a trip of over four hundred miles to Portland, Oregon. I had made this trip so many times that I knew every turn in the road.

Stopping at the "stop" sign at Main, I turned to the left, and saw something which made me almost jump out of the seat. It was a distinct shock to me, yet, when I looked again and saw that my first glimpse of the man was not a case of mistaken identity, I was so glad I could have shouted.

For there, standing outside of David's Department Store, was "*The Wanderer*."

Pulling to the curb as quickly as possible, I went up to him and, with outstretched hand said:—"Boy—am I glad to see you."

He looked at me the way he had looked when I left him at the depot some six months earlier. The same sad, though joyous smile lighted his handsome face—and it was really handsome.

This time he was dressed quite differently from the last time I had seen him. Then, he was wearing a suit of banker's grey. But now, he had on a suit of whites. He wore an imported



panama hat which was pulled down, too far I thought, over his eyes. His tie was red, and he wore white shoes. He was the typical tourist of means, wearing the clothes best suited to the weather. While the winters are cold in North Idaho, the summers get plenty warm.

I too, was wearing my summer palm-beach suit which I had had made in Havana, Cuba a few years before.

Outside of the clothes, "The Wanderer" did not look any different from what he had when I last saw him. The white clothes rather intensified his swarthy features, I thought, and perhaps the smile which he usually wore was not quite so pronounced, but he was "The Wanderer" and he was the one man I wanted to see more than anything else.

And there he was. Standing unconcerned in front of David's Department Store. Was he waiting for me? Had he known that I should send for him? How had he reached Moscow so quickly—or had he been here all the while?

It could not have been more than half an hour since I had asked The Spirit of God to bring him to me—yet here he was. A man of mystery certainly. However, I would try to talk him into making this trip with me. If he agreed to come, I should have lots of time to ask him many questions I had wanted to ask him, but which, on account of the circumstances under which we had primarily met, I did not have an opportunity of asking him.

He seemed to hesitate a bit about accepting my proffered hand. Perhaps he was sensitive about the scar I had seen in the middle of the palm of his hand. However, to set his fears at rest, in case he had any, I said to him:—

"Don't be sensitive about the large scar you have in the palm of your right hand—I saw it at the station when we last parted—its nothing to be ashamed of I am sure, for you probably secured it in a perfectly honorable and worthy manner. Probably was an accident, and you need not hesitate to shake hands with me on that account—if that is it."

Fastening those hypnotic, fascinatingly powerful eyes on mine,



he said:—"Yes—Dr. Robinson—I received that scar in a worthy cause—but in a hopeless one I'm afraid." With that, he outstretched his hand, and I took it with a warmth and pressure which should have told him that I really was happy as could be about seeing him again.

"Let's sit in the car," I invited, "I have to make a trip to Portland, Oregon, then to Klamath Falls, and then down to California—do you suppose you can come along with me?"

"You sent out a request for me—did you not?" he asked, to my absolute surprise, for I remembered once more that it could not have been more than half an hour since I had asked God to send him to me.

"Yes I did—but that was scarcely more than an hour ago at most—have you been in Moscow—just where were you when you received instructions from your Father to come to me?" I inquired.

Smilingly he said:—"Doctor Robinson—there is neither time nor space in my Father's domain—all is an eternal now."

Swinging my right arm over the back of the front seat to get a better view of his face, I said to him:—"Well I don't care how you got here, I'm too glad that you are here to ask many questions about that—what I want to know is—will you make this trip with me?"

"Of course I shall—did you not send for me for that express purpose?" he asked.

How this man secured that information I did not know. I began to suspect however, that here was someone who was something more than a man. Could it be that "The Wanderer" had come to this earth from another planet? There were so very many questions I wanted to ask him, but I refrained. But he could not possibly have known that I had asked God to send him to me, for no one was present at that little talk with God before the pipe-organ in my home, hardly one hour before. Yet he had known.

Perhaps he was an eastern mystic with powers far beyond



those we of the western civilization possess. I did not know. But I was very sure that this man possessed either supernatural or divine Power of some sort, and I made up my mind that, if he would accompany me on this trip, I would have the knowledge of who and what he was before we returned. What I was to witness on this trip however, was something I little suspected or even dreamed possible.

As we sat there, I pulled the three wires, and the carbon copies of their answers out of my side coat pocket, and handed them to him. Reading them casually I passed them to him and said:—"Where is your grip? You will need extra clothes for this trip, as we shall probably be gone three weeks or a month."

"I never carry a suitcase or a change of raiment—I make arrangements for that along the way," he replied.

"Then you won't need a change of clothing with you?" I ventured.

"No—I shall not need to take any clothing whatsoever with me—you see, my Heavenly Father takes care of all that."

Just how this could be I did not dare to inquire. I had seen the Spirit of God perform many strange acts over the past twenty years. Here was a man, however, who made me believe that perhaps I had not even skimmed the surface in the exercise of faith in God. If this man could depend upon God for changes of clothing, shoes, socks, a tooth-brush and tooth-paste, along with all the other necessities of life, then he was manifesting a faith and a Power I had never seen before.

Sitting there completely mystified, I happened to look again at the face of "The Wanderer." Returning the look, I saw his face wreathed in that same sad smile, as he said to me:—"In my Father's house are many mansions."

"Yes I know that," I replied, "but what has that got to do with your needing a change of clothing, a tooth-brush, a hair-brush and all the rest of the things one needs while travelling through the country?"

"What is 'my Father's house'?" he asked me.



"It must be the place where your Father lives—is it not?"

"You are correct, Doctor Robinson—now tell me *where* my Father lives—*where* is His house?"

I pondered for a moment trying to discover just what he was driving at. God was his Father, and the Spirit of God lived throughout all space, I mused—but that is not what he means. He has something more definite than that on his mind. Just what was he trying to get at? Then I got it. Turning to him I smilingly said:—"What you are trying to say is that because your Father actually lives in you, He is able to provide the every-day necessities of life—is not that it? Are you not referring to your body, and mine?"

"That is exactly it," he replied. "And for that reason I take no thought for the morrow. I never take extra clothes with me. My Father provides them as we travel along together—God and I."

Returning the three wires to me he said:—"I am ready to start any time you are, sir."

"Then let's go," I replied, at the same time pulling away from the curb and turning into Third Street, and onto the Pullman Road.

We passed the number one Psychiana Building to our left, and next door to it, The Robinson Professional Building, which I had built some ten years ago. The number one Psychiana Building is the one from which the millions of pieces of direct-mail are sent out. The Lessons, records, and Members' correspondence all go out from the Main Street building.

Across Asbury, past Anthony's Palace, a gorgeous residence on the outskirts of Moscow, we crossed the Union Pacific tracks and then over the State line into the State of Washington, the line being just one mile outside the Moscow City limits.

To the right we passed the Vandal Florists, several farm houses, and then acre upon acre of peas, almost ready for the combine. John O'Donnell's place loomed large on the left, and the Hagedorn place on the right. Soon we had passed the stone-quarry, and in no time at all it seemed we were in Pullman



where I stopped at Mr. Hutchinson's photographic studio and picked up some film for the motion-picture camera I carry with me most of the time.

Our employees had graciously given me this wonderful moving-picture camera about ten years before. It had lain in a dresser drawer in my bedroom-study ever since, until a couple of years before when Alfred was home on leave. One day he asked me where the camera was. I told him it was still in the upper drawer in my bedroom dresser. When he asked me why I did not take it with me on my trips, I informed him that I did not know how to load and unload it, and had never had the time to be shown. With that, Alfie had shown me, and now this machine travels with me wherever I go.

Just outside of Pullman, Wash. I believe about two miles out, I saw through the rear-view mirror that a car was travelling fast, evidently trying to catch up with us or pass us. As I heard a siren going full blast, I knew it was an officer's car. Slowing down a bit, thinking that perhaps it might be someone trying to catch me, I discovered that I was right. It was Archie Campbell, of the Pullman Police Dept. I was to call Moscow at once. Thanking Archie, I told him I would call from a farm-house a little ways along the line, which I did. Another wire—an emergency wire had come in from Portland. Elmer Anderson gave me the contents of the wire, and, after having made a note of them, plus the address, I put them in my pocket with the other wires.

"The Wanderer" had stayed in the car while I was at the telephone.

After having thanked Mr. and Mrs. Schneider for the use of their telephone, I started the Cadillac, and we pulled from the farm-house onto the highway again. I had instructed Anderson not to try to contact me again, unless it was a matter of vital importance. I told him that Mrs. Robinson would be back from Spokane that evening, and asked him to take up with her all urgent matters which otherwise would have called for my per-



sonal attention. This was one trip on which I did not wish to be disturbed, unless it was absolutely necessary.

What I had seen of "The Wanderer" a few months ago, and what I had seen during the past hour and a half, had convinced me that the more I cultivated this man, and listened to him, the closer to the things pertaining to God would I be, and that, of course, is what means everything to me. The Robinson Building we had just passed in Moscow, The Daily Idahoan Building, both Psychiana Buildings, the home, all these, and many other holdings I had turned over to the corporation as fast as I had built them. All I asked was a decent living, and a nice home—the rest of the assets the corporation could have. According to our religious structure, all of these assets are permanently owned by the corporation known as "The Archbishop of Psychiana."

Outside of a few comments about the beauty of the countryside, I did little talking between Pullman and Colfax. I thought perhaps "The Wanderer" might open up. I discovered however that he never opened a conversation. He was always willing to talk when he was spoken to, but neither on the train, nor now, would he begin a conversation.

There was once however, I did ask him a question or two. They were about a sign which some religious organization had erected alongside the highway, probably on the farm of one of their members. These signs are scattered all over the northwest. They are quite large, and I have been glad many times to see a religious organization with enough energy, and enough faith in what it believes, to go to the expense of having signs made and placed where travelling motorists can see them, even if little attention is paid to the message on the signs.

At the entrance to Moscow there is a small sign about two feet square. It lists all the churches in Moscow in alphabetical order, by name, and by location. One would not see the sign unless one were looking for it. There is not a word about the Power of the Spirit of God on the sign. Not a word about the impending holocaust which this earth will plunge headlong into before long.



Just a small sign, telling where these churches are located. Of what use is a sign like that if it contains no reference to the Spirit of God? This world does not want to know where churches are located—it wants to know where the Power of God is located, for, whether "believer" or not, men's hearts are failing them for fear of the things they know are coming to pass on the earth.

This particular sign to which I have reference however, said in very large letters:—

“THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE  
Through Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Calling "The Wanderer's" attention to the sign, I said to him:—"More and more of those signs are appearing throughout the northwest. Do you place any significance in that?"

"Yes—there is some significance in that message, but it is very misleading. It will never lead anyone to the Power of God. As a matter of fact, that particular sign can do nothing but drive men and women from the Kingdom of God. The first part of the sign—the part in large letters stating that 'The Gift of God is eternal Life' is quite correct. But the second line spoils it. It says to the people who pass, that they cannot ever possess eternal life unless they get that eternal life through Jesus, and that is not true."

I said nothing, waiting for "The Wanderer" to continue, which he did.

"You see—eternal life is the gift of God to everyone, not alone to those who believe that Jesus was Almighty God. This earth was populated by millions of people long before Jesus or the Christian religion was ever heard of. Do you believe that these millions are to miss eternal life just because they were born before the time of Jesus? It was not their fault that they were born long before the time of Jesus. But they are all children of God. When my Father created them, he gave to them eternal life. Had they known that, they would still be living. So it is



very misleading to put a sign along the highway telling those who pass by that they are lost unless they believe that Jesus was Almighty God. People will not read such a sign, and if they do, they will pay no attention to it."

I waited for a moment, but "The Wanderer" was evidently waiting for me to comment, which I did.

"You know," I said, "I believe I can write a sign which the people will look at and read, and not use anywhere near as many words as they have used."

"What would you put on it?" asked "The Wanderer."

"Well if I were doing it, I should put these words on it:—

"THE GIFT OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE—TO ALL—  
HERE AND NOW"

"But do you believe men and women would believe that any more than they believe the sign which is there now?" he inquired.

"I do not believe that men and women are interested in things pertaining to God, nor will they be, until the Christian church itself endows itself with Power from on high, and then awakens the world to the fact that it has discovered its former message was wrong, and that it has now discovered the right message. In other words, I do not believe even the return of Jesus Christ would awaken this world from its spiritual lethargy," I said to "The Wanderer."

I definitely saw pain in his face when I said that. It was more than pain—it was agony of soul. I watched him very carefully, trying to recall what I had said which had brought pain and agony to the man. I would not willingly hurt his, or anyone else's feelings for the world. Yet evidently what I had said about the return of Jesus not being sufficient to awaken the world out of its spiritual lethargy, had brought pain and misery to "The Wanderer."

I have a habit of saying the wrong thing at the right time, so I thought I would not talk any more, until he had made



known to me the cause of the pain. I slowed the car to, about thirty-five miles an hour, to give me a better chance to observe him. What I saw him doing was this—he was holding his right hand in his left, *and was looking at the horrible scar which he carried in the middle of his right hand.* What the meaning of that was I could not guess. He had been so very sensitive about it, it seemed to me. Yet, at my mention of the return of Jesus, he held that right hand, palm wide open, in his left, and *kept looking at that scar.*

I glanced up to his face. I wish I had not. For, as tears had rolled down my cheeks a couple of hours before, tears were now rolling down his—but for a very different reason. Mine were tears of Joy. His—were tears of Sorrow. Had he introduced himself to me as "The Man of Sorrows" he would have been closer to the truth, I thought. But then, he could not do that, for Another had carried that name.

I had turned off the radio while speaking with "The Wanderer" outside of David's store in Moscow. Now, to relieve a rather tense and sorrowful situation, I turned it on. It was tuned to a Lewiston station. A religious group with a wonderful quartette was on the air. We sat there, listening to the hymns and the speaking. After a little while, the quartette, in beautiful harmony, began to sing that old hymn of the Christian faith, beloved by so many:—

"I shall know Him—I shall know Him  
As redeemed by His side I shall stand;  
I shall know Him—I shall know Him,  
By the prints of the nails in His hands."

When the quartette had come to the last line, the one referring to the prints of the nails in His hands, "The Wanderer" turned to me, and, laying his hand with infinite tenderness on my arm said: "Would you mind turning the radio off?" I turned it off. I understood.

\* \* \*



By this time the car was passing a little place called Dusty, Wash. There is a grocery store, a filling station, a garage and a restaurant in that little place, which is really not even a town—just a small group of houses and a few stores for the convenience of the farmers who live in the surrounding wheat-belt. This little hamlet stands at the fork of two roads—one, on which we were travelling, leads to Walla Walla, Wash. The other winds round the hill to Ritzville, LaCrosse, ending up in Seattle, Wash.

We had just passed Dusty. I was clipping along at about sixty miles an hour. The road here is straight, wide, and good. I could see quite a way ahead. I knew exactly where the next turn was, and what sort of a turn it was. So, approaching the curve, I slowed down. And then it happened. The most amazing experience it has ever been my privilege to witness. I saw "*The Wanderer*" in action.

Ever since the quartette had alluded to the "prints of the nails in His hands," at which point in the program he had asked me to turn off the radio, "*The Wanderer*" had been strangely silent. He had been hurt. Deeply hurt. And I had been the unwitting cause of it—or had I? In any event, I knew that deep emotion was throbbing in his breast. I did not know the cause of that emotion. But I knew it was there. And I was sorry. This man had come into my life—and I had hurt him. The very man I had asked God to send to me, I had wounded. Either I, or that song, had deeply wounded this man who was sitting beside me. Perhaps it recalled memories. Perhaps there was something about that hymn which had brought the flood of emotion which I had seen in his face. Those hot, scalding tears. And they had come a-plenty. But whatever it was, at the very first opportunity I was going to tell "*The Wanderer*" how very grieved I had been over the whole incident.

Just as I rounded the curve in the road, I saw one of those beautifully plumed China pheasants, with his hen, and brood of about seven chicks, feeding along the highway. Knowing that when frightened, these timid creatures will run in any direction,



I purposely slowed the car, intending to bring it to a complete stop until the danger to that little family of China pheasants was past. For *I hate death.*

I cannot stand to see men shooting down harmless deer, or rabbits, or ducks, or any other feathered fowl which they cannot create. It may be "sport," but I have never been able to see anything "sporting" in it. The poor deer, rabbit, duck, or whatever animal it may be hasn't a chance. What chance has the fleetest-footed deer against the speed of a bullet? What chance has a wild duck against a charge of buck-shot? What chance has a gentle rabbit against a pack of hounds? It may be called "sport," but I have never wanted any of it. I have never been able to bring myself to kill anything, even though that sort of animal murder goes under the name of "sport," and even though our States issue licenses to kill, and accept money for them.

As I slowed the car, I pressed on the electric horn at the same time. We were very close to the little family when I first saw it. At first I thought everything was going to be all right, for the hen, and her brood, following her, had run off the side of the road where they were feeding on some grain which had leaked out of one of the grain wagons which regularly travel that road, into the sage-brush at the side of the road. But the rooster, evidently trying to protect his little brood against two tons of oncoming car, was flying directly in the path of my car, and *towards it.*

It was inevitable that this beautiful feathered creature should hit the windshield. It did, and with a thump which I at first thought had smashed it, even though it is made of shatter-proof glass. The window was not damaged though. Just some blood on it. The blood of a China pheasant which, just a few seconds before, had been happily living its life with its wife and small brood of chicks, alongside of Highway 101. Now its broken body lay back there in the dust. Never again would that harmless China pheasant watch over his hen-wife and his brood by the side of that, or any other road. For no bird could crash against



the windshield of this car, traveling as fast as it was, and live.

I pulled the Cadillac to the side of the road out of the way of traffic, and climbed out. I had intended to wipe the blood off the windshield with my handkerchief. "The Wanderer" got out of the car too. Looking back I saw the broken body of the pheasant lying just off the highway, close to a sage-brush bush. Looking at "The Wanderer" I said:—"I'd give my right arm if that had not happened."

He stood there for a moment looking at me. His eyes were dry now, and in them there seemed a light which I had not seen there before. It was as if someone had offered him a challenge. They flashed as if they contained fire. They disclosed to me, a new "Wanderer" and I was puzzled at this change of expression.

"I'm going back to see that pheasant," I said, "want to come?"

He did not reply, but he followed me to where the dead body of the China pheasant lay, just by the sage-brush. I got there first, and, looking down at the beautiful thing, I saw that it was dead. Its neck was broken. I do not know why it is that I cannot stand to see either suffering or death. Perhaps because I hate them both. As I stood there, looking at that dead body, there surged through my whole being a compassion which must have been born of God. I do not believe any human being can experience such a compassion unless it is born of God.

I was on the verge of tears as I picked this broken body up, and, holding it tenderly in my hand said to "The Wanderer":—"There is something so very unjust about this. I cannot understand it."

"But it was an accident—you could not help hitting it," he said to me.

"I know it was an accident," I replied, "but that doesn't change the fact that it's all wrong. The whole thing is wrong. There is no justice in it. Here is this beautiful bird—its body broken. It lies still in death. Never again will it raise its little family. Never again will it accompany its wife and her little brood along the highway or through the field, taking care of them until they grow



big enough to take care of themselves. No—it's dead—and my car killed it."

"The Wanderer" saw that I was considerably upset. He stood quietly by, watching me, and listening to the words of regret which were coming from my lips—for I really was hurt. Then I heard a very tender voice, it came from "The Wanderer," say to me:—"Is there anything you can do about it?"

Turning slowly round and facing him I said:—"No, there is nothing anyone can do about it now—the China pheasant is dead. But that does not make what has just happened, right. God made this bird, Man could never make one like it in a thousand years. It took the Spirit of God to enthuse this beautiful thing with life—and enclose that life in a body as wonderfully feathered as this dead body is—then what right does a car, a piece of machinery made by man, have to destroy the Life which only Almighty God can give. Is there anything right about that?" I asked "The Wanderer."

Thinking for a few moments he said:—"Is there anything right about *anything* on the earth? Is there anything right about the awful slaughter of the sons of millions of families which you have witnessed during the past few years. Was there anything right about the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima? Was there anything right about the attack on Pearl Harbor? Is there anything right about the economic situation in your country where men will not allow their fellow human-beings to work unless they wear a certain badge in their cap and belong to a union? *Is there anything right about anything in the world today?* You answer me that question Doctor Robinson and I'll tell you whether there is anything right about your car killing a China pheasant."

"But I still hate to continue this trip of ours, to demonstrate the healing Power of God, and leave a dead China pheasant alongside the road, a mute witness to our utter inability to fully believe in the Power of God. Why 'Mr. Wanderer,' if you and I had one grain of absolute faith in the living Power of a living



God, such as you and I say we know, and are teaching, do you believe we should leave this dead bird lying here, unable to do a thing to help it?"

"What do you think should be done, Doctor Robinson?" he asked.

"Well—if you and I really believe in the Power of God, we should be able to raise to life again this dead China pheasant, and restore it to its family which, by this time no doubt, are wandering round looking for their father and husband," I said to him.

"Do you really believe that to be possible?" he asked me.

"I most certainly do. I do not believe there can be any limitations whatsoever to the Power of God on this earth. Some day, perhaps, we shall know the fullness of the Power of the Spirit of God, but just so long as we leave this dead China pheasant lying here on this highway, you and I are a pair of hypocrites—either that, or we just do not have faith enough in God to wad a shotgun—now do you understand what I mean?"

"I understand perfectly, Doctor Robinson," he replied, his face wreathed in smiles. Gone was all the sadness. Gone were the tears. In their place, the implacable light of fire which I thought I had seen in his eyes a few moments ago, shone brilliantly. Then, as if an afterthought had come to him, he said to me:—"Can you restore the Life which God placed in this bird, but which your car has taken away from it?"

I looked at this man who called himself "The Wanderer" in utter amazement. Here he was, standing there so unconcernedly, and asking me the very question I was asking myself. Who was he? I came within an ace of asking him, but did not wish to break his chain of thought. For here, on Highway number 101, was being enacted a drama which, could the world have but seen it, would have made the "best-seller" of all time. Here were two men, both understanding their limitations, at least one did, and both discussing whether the Power of God can restore life to a dead China pheasant which had been accidentally killed by the



car of one of these men, while they both were on an errand of mercy, and while they both had given their lives to the sacred task of revealing the Power of God to the world.

It has been a long time since anything as dramatic as that scene was witnessed. Not since the days of Jesus.

Turning again to "The Wanderer," I said to him quietly:—"No—I cannot restore life to this wonderful thing. I could if I had the right sort of faith—but I'm afraid I don't have it. Would to God I did have it."

"Then give the China pheasant to me," he said gently, at the same time reaching out with *both* hands this time, to take it from my hands. And as he reached his hands for the dead China pheasant, I saw, in the middle of the palm of *both* his hands, *the same horrible scar*.

I had seen the terrible scar in the right hand of "The Wanderer" at the depot the reader will recall. Now, out here on this Washington highway, under the most amazing of all circumstances, I had seen the other scar. What did it all mean? It confused me. It mystified me. I had a possible solution to the mystery, but that was so utterly fantastic that I did not even consider it.

Handing the dead bird to "The Wanderer," I watched to see what he would do.

He had taken the bird from me very gently, and was holding it in his open hands. Its long, multi-colored tail-feathers were drooping limply from his left hand.

May I assure the reader that there was a very great reverence in what we had done and said throughout this entire scene. I instinctively seemed to know that I was about to witness an awful moment in Time. This world recently witnessed an awful moment in Time, when it dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. "The Wanderer" and I were about to witness another awful moment, yet one which would witness the restoration, or the creation of life, not its destruction.

He stood there for several moments with the dead bird in his



hands. Then, slowly closing his eyes, I saw his handsome though sorrowful face become tense. His head drooped a little. Then it drooped a little more. I saw his lips open. He was getting ready to speak—what would he say? I was soon to know. And I was soon to witness an event so epoch-making that no such event has happened on this earth like it since the time of the Man Jesus.

I stood very still. I removed my hat, holding it in my left hand. One removes his hat in such moments as these, if he is ever privileged to witness such moments. And then I heard it . . . slowly, quietly, and then in a voice that grew louder and louder, "The Wanderer" said:—

"Spirit of the Living God—this China pheasant which You made, is dead. It was killed accidentally by Dr. Robinson's car. Its life has gone. There is none on the earth who can restore that life. We are both sorry that this precious creature had its life taken away from it prematurely. But—my Father—You gave it that life—the man You created inadvertently took it away. He did not mean to. We are both on a mission which will defeat death and will reveal the absolute Power of You, my Father, over illness which is purely physical. And now, my Father, it becomes my duty to call back again the Life which came from Thee, and which, until a few moments ago, thrilled the nerves and pulsed the heart of this dead bird. And so, not because I need the vision, but in order that my friend, one who believes in the Power of God, may see the glory of God, I now restore, through the Power of God into the body of this dead bird, the Life it previously had. *I thank Thee Father that Thou hast heard me.*"

I stood there, hat in hand, head bowed, but watching every move "The Wanderer" made. Quick as a flash his eyes opened, as, throwing the dead China pheasant high into the air, he turned to me and said simply:—"Shall we go?"

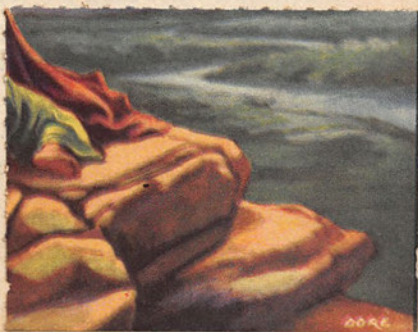
Replacing my hat on my head, I turned towards the car, "The Wanderer" staying close by me. Overhead we heard the whirring of the wings of the China pheasant as it flew into the adjoining wheat-field, there to rejoin its little flock of babies and its wife.



We both climbed into the Cadillac; a sense of awe and reverence surrounded that entire scene. My hand was on the switch and I was about to touch the button which would send power into the eight-cylinder motor with a roar, when I felt a restraining hand on my right arm. Refraining from turning the switch, I saw "The Wanderer" feel in his right hand coat pocket. He pulled out a little Testament—one of the sort which has the sayings of Jesus printed in red in it.

Turning the leaves, he stopped at a certain place and handed it to me, at the same time pointing to a certain verse. It was the Gospel according to John 10:40. Slowly I read these words:—"Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

The smile on his happy face told me that I might start the motor, which I did. We were again on our way to Portland. What should I see there?





## In Which We Go Abroad

THE STEAMER LLOYD TRIESTINO WAS PLOWING ITS WAY IDLY through the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. It was in the early fall, and some of the heat which summertime brings to the Mediterranean, had been exchanged for a more comfortable cool. The sky overhead was cloudless. Only the whirr of the turbines, and the natural noises which are present on every steamer, disturbed the placidness of the scene.

I was occupying cabin number thirty-three, alone. This cabin was on the upper deck. It was nice and cool in the evenings, and I had a fine view through the portholes in the daytime. There was a conglomerate passenger list consisting of Italians, Arabs, Greeks, Syrians and several more races which I had not been able to correctly classify.

The only thing which spoiled that trip for me was the menu. It was printed in three languages, Italian, Greek, and Syrian. I could not read a word of any of these languages, and as I was the only American on the boat, and the only person who spoke English, I had quite a time ordering my meals. No matter what I would point to on the menu, taking a chance, it would be covered with either grated cheese or oil. I was quite tired of both.

In vain had I tried to make the waiter in the dining-room understand what ham and eggs were. Finally, in desperation, I drew a picture of a pig. Then I drew two round objects which I thought looked very much like eggs. Taking this drawing into the dining-room with me the second morning out, I showed it to the waiter, who had no difficulty deciphering the drawing of the pig. The eggs, however, he could not get.



The steward was a little better guesser, and soon I had ham and eggs. Three times a day I had them—and did not get sick of them either. Coffee—they knew what that was. But at every meal there would be the proverbial glass of Italian wine, which, incidentally, I did not touch, being, of course, a total abstainer—something which is hardly ever understood in this day and age. But I am, nevertheless.

I have stated that I was the only person who spoke English on the ship. That is not quite correct. There was an American couple on board whom I did not know were on board until the last day of our trip, the destination of which was Alexandria, Egypt. The lady had been quite ill, and her husband had kept watch over her in their cabin.

After breakfast, the morning of the last day at sea, I was standing on the upper deck with a pair of binoculars, trying to make out the Island of Stromboli, which is, in reality, a live volcano. On this Island "Bad-man" Mussolini used to put those Italian renegades who would not fall for his Fascist propaganda. There were many of them on the Island.

I could just faintly make out the Island. The binoculars I was carrying have lenses which magnify thirty times. They are very powerful German-made lenses, not available anywhere now. Deciding to wait an hour or so before trying again to make out Stromboli, I was putting the glasses into their case which I carried slung over my shoulder, when I heard a voice on the opposite side of the deck say:—"Well I'll be a son-of-a-gun."

While not the most polite words, they were music to my ears, and it did not take me very long to make my way to the other side of the ship, to discover who knew how to speak the only language in the world which makes such words possible.

I walked up and down the deck, listening to the passengers who were occupying the long row of deck-chairs, and it was not long before I saw a couple who were talking the good old American language. The gentleman was quite plump, but not as plump as his wife. One could see that she had been ill, although I sus-



pected the illness was nothing more serious than *mal de mer*.

Stepping up to the gentleman I introduced myself, telling him how fortunate I considered myself to be, at having discovered on the ship, someone who could speak English, and expressing my regret that I had not had the privilege of meeting them before. I related to them, by way of introduction, my experience in the dining-room, trying to get a good old American dinner.

"My name's Benjamin, Doctor Robinson, and this is Mrs. Benjamin."

I acknowledged the introduction and asked the Benjamins where they came from.

"Great Neck, Long Island—we are in the Jewish hardware business," replied Mr. Benjamin.

"What's the Jewish hardware business?" I inquired.

"Oh," said Mr. Benjamin, "you're not a New Yorker. Jewish hardware is ladies' ready-to-wear."

The Benjamins insisted on taking some pictures of me, and I, in turn, took some motion pictures of them, which I still have.

I promised the Benjamins that if I ever was in Great Neck, I would certainly call on them. I have lost their address however, and have not seen these good people since. If they read this, they may be interested in knowing that every once in a while I run through the roll of film I took of them on the S.S. Lloyd Triestino. They are a wonderful couple.

I had not seen "The Wanderer" since we parted company in San Francisco a few months earlier. The reader will recall that after the seemingly miraculous restoration of life to the China pheasant that had been accidentally killed by my car, we continued our trip to Portland where a Mrs. Scott lay dying of cancer.

The technique I used in this case was very simple. It brought an almost immediate recovery. To use Mr. Scott's own words in a letter to me:—"I saw the cancer disappear like a sea-anemone."

Knowing Mrs. Scott very well over a period of years, I had given her considerable thought on my way down, and had come



to the conclusion that she had never really understood the simple fact of the existence of the Spirit of God in her. So when I arrived at her home, after being met at The Multnomah Hotel in Portland by Mr. Scott, I put the question very plainly to her. She had been a member of my organization many years. She had been a delegate to one of our National Conventions which had been held in The Shrine Auditorium in Portland. Yet I was convinced that while she may have believed in the basic philosophy underlying my Movement, she had not as yet made the vital contact with the Spirit of God in her. I was not so sure that she really understood what I had taught her of the existence of God—in her.

Mrs. Scott was not in very good shape when I saw her. Had it not been for the Power of God she unquestionably would have passed on within a few days or weeks. However, she is alive and well today, and has not the slightest sign of cancerous growth anywhere on her body.

It was late in the evening when I arrived in Portland. "The Wanderer" had insisted that his presence would not be necessary, so I had left him in his room at The Multnomah.

The Scott home is located on Council Bluffs, high on a hill overlooking the City of Portland. It is a beautiful home, and the view of the surrounding country is wonderful. Taking a chair by the side of her bed, I adopted the most cheerful, jovial attitude I knew how to adopt. I usually adopt this attitude in my "life or death" cases. My object is to impress the sufferer with the conviction that so far as I am concerned, the recovery is absolutely sure. It is amazing how much that attitude has accomplished over the past twenty years I have been doing what the reader sees me doing now.

Taking one of her hands in mine I said to her:—"Mrs. Scott—I'm going to pull aside the blinds and show you what a beautiful night it is. I'm going to let you look at the stars."

Stepping to the window on the north side of the room, I drew up the blind, and also raised the Venetian blind under-



neath it. Then, going back to my chair near her bed-side, and taking her hand again, I said:—"Mrs. Scott—do you see those beautiful stars shining up there in the sky?"

"Yes—I see them," she replied in an almost inaudible voice.

"Now I'm going to ask you a question—what Power do you think it is which made yon wonderful stars, and keeps them swinging in their orbits with such unerring accuracy and such matchless precision?"

"Why—it's the Power of God, isn't it?"

"Exactly, Mrs. Scott," I said to her. "And now, let me ask you another question—Where is the Power of God which performs such matchless feats as that, and a hundred million more, equally as matchless?"

"You teach that the Power of God is within."

"Once again you are correct Mrs. Scott, and now, if you feel equal to it, I have another question I want to ask you. If the superlative Power of the Spirit of God, which keeps those planets whirling in space; which made those stars, and the sun, and the moon, and which holds our little lives in the hollow of Its hands, actually *lives in you*, what is there to prevent that Great Spirit of God from casting out of your body, this cancerous disease, which, by the way, is a physical disease only. Now you answer me that please—take your time."

She thought for a moment and then, turning her head slightly towards me said:—"There shouldn't be any reason, Doctor Robinson, but for some reason or other I don't seem to be able to make the connection. I want to live. I don't want to die. But there's something wrong somewhere. I know that God *can* heal me if He wants to, but I'm dying just the same."

"No such thing," I replied—"You'll be up and walking round this room inside of a week if you will grasp and understand the very simple truths I shall say to you. Now you say that God *can* heal you. Then you go and spoil it all by adding 'if He wants to'; That is not sound logic, Mrs. Scott—it's the very poorest sort of logic."



"Where did I get off the track, Doctor Robinson?" she asked.

"You did not get off the track, Mrs. Scott, because you never were on it," I said to her, hoping against hope that she would grasp the very simple truth I was trying to get across to her. (If the world at large would recognize the one truth I am going to state now, there never would be any more wars among nations.)

"You see, Mrs. Scott—it's like this—and please listen to me carefully because this is a matter of life or death. You can recover, or you can die—which you do is a matter of your own choice. Now listen to me—you said to me—you admitted to me that you know that the Spirit of God, in you, *can* heal you. You also said 'if He wants to' and that is the point I want to make so very clear, for on that one point, your life hinges. It is not a matter of whether God wants to heal you or not. To be brutally frank with you, which I usually am, it makes very little difference to God whether you recover or not. If you die though, *it will be your fault*. God will not care, one way or another.

"I think I know just where the trouble lies, and if you are as intelligent a woman, as I believe you to be after having known you many years, you will throw away this cancer so quickly that it will make the neighbors sit up and wonder. Here is where the trouble lies Mrs. Scott—you know full well, from what you have learned from me, that The Spirit of God actually lives in you. You know too, that so long as that Spirit of Life is in you, the condition of the body makes no difference at all, because the Spirit of God which, as you admit, lives in you at this very moment, *made your body, and certainly the Power which made your body, has the ability to keep your body in perfect condition—has It not?*"

She admitted that the Creator of all human bodies has the Power and the ability to heal, and to *re-make, if necessary*, the body the Spirit of God so wonderfully made in the beginning. Then I said to her:—"Mrs. Scott, feel your own pulse—can you do that?" She could, and did.

"Now let me ask you—what Power is it which makes your



heart beat, your lungs inhale and exhale, and the rest of your bodily organs—your eyes, your ears—function without any aid from you?”

“It is the Power of God in me Dr. Robinson, and I am beginning to see what you are driving at,” she replied.

“No you’re not—not just yet. What I am driving at is this—so long as you *need* no physical attention; so long as your physical body *needs* no special attention, the Spirit of God in you will continue to cause your physical organs to function properly—something that in itself is the greatest miracle of the ages. But—and listen to me carefully here—when something arises which threatens to destroy your body, or any part of it—it requires you to call the attention of the Spirit of God *in you* to that fact. Once the Spirit of God *in you*, knows what it is you need and want, that Spirit at once springs into action, and when It springs, all the Power there is in the great Realm of God is in that Spirit. Now—have you ever aroused or awakened that *Great Sleeping Giant of the Power of God* in you? Have you ever impressed upon it that your life is in danger, and that immediate help is needed?”

Her answer was “No.”

“Then let us get busy right away,” I said, explaining at this point:—“You will notice that I referred to the Spirit of God in you as a Great Sleeping Giant, and that is exactly what it is. When The Almighty placed His spirit in man, He considered that man would at least have brains enough to use It. But man evidently has not that amount of confidence in God, or brains sufficient to use this immutable Power of God in him. Just as long as things go swimming along as they should, the Spirit of God attends to Its own business, and that is to keep your physical body functioning. But you let that Great Spirit know that an emergency exists, such as the emergency which is facing this Scott family now, and once the Spirit of God realizes that you have a need for something unusual, that Spirit will spring into action, and, regardless of what it is you need, the Spirit of God



in you will turn Heaven and hell loose if it has to, to accomplish that which The Creator sent It to do—and incidentally that thing God sent His Spirit to do is to give eternal life to *as many as will receive it*.

"Now do you understand what I'm talking about—and will you awaken the Spirit of God in you, Mrs. Scott?"

"If you will tell me how to do that, I will," she replied, with a different tone in her voice.

"That is the simplest part of the whole thing," I said to Mrs. Scott. "You see—the Spirit of God knows even now that you have need of physical healing, but that Spirit *cannot act*, unless you consciously make it possible for It to act, by your simple recognition of the fact of what that Spirit is, and what It can accomplish for you—now."

Mrs. Scott quietly drew her hand from mine, closed her eyes, and lay there in thought for a while. Then, opening her eyes and smiling at me she said:—"Doctor Robinson—I see it—I see it—Glory be to God—I'm *getting up*."

And up she got. She has been up ever since.

\* \* \*

The other two cases, the one in Klamath Falls, and the one in Redwood City, I shall not recount in detail, as I want to get back to "The Wanderer." Suffice it to say that in the Klamath Falls case, an entirely different kind of technique was necessary. This boy, who had been run over by a truck, while riding his bicycle home from school, was unconscious when I arrived there. He had been unconscious ever since the accident.

That was a home of sorrow when I arrived there. The family was distracted. I talked to the attending physician, and he told me there was a fractured skull, blood clots, and intestinal lesions of the abdomen.

"Do you consider the case absolutely hopeless Doctor?" I had asked him.

"I do."



"In which case you can have no possible objection to my demonstrating what the Power of the Spirit of God can do—have you Doctor—you see—I am not a medical man—just a religious leader?"

"I have been practicing medicine long enough Doctor Robinson to know in the last analysis we physicians don't know what the score is—we don't even know what makes the body tick—we don't know what the Power is—we know there is one, but our job is entirely physical—we deal with the physical body and nothing else. You preachers and priests ought to take up where we leave off—if you know anything at all about God," said the attending physician, Doctor Pugh.

That was rather a smashing indictment of preachers and priests, although the good Doctor was unconscious of what he was saying.

Dr. Pugh reached for his hat preparatory to taking his leave, for he is a very busy man, and a very conscientious man too. I believed that here was a physician who would like very much to see what God can do when medical aid is helpless. So, calling the Doctor out on the porch I said to him:—"Dr. Pugh—I think I can talk plainly to you. You know who I am, and you know that I'm not any sort of a nut. You know that I keep my feet solidly on the ground all the time. You also know that when I say to you that the Power of God can do what medical aid cannot do, I know what I'm talking about. You called me a preacher Dr. Pugh. I'm no preacher. I disagree with about everything preachers and priests teach. But I have made an independent scientific search for God, and I have been successful—now—would you like me to demonstrate to you what The Almighty can do when man is helpless?"

Turning to me and taking my hand Doctor Pugh said:—"Thank you Doctor Robinson, for taking me to be the man I try to be, and for giving me credit for being broad enough to keep an open mind so far as medical knowledge goes. I respect your pro-



fession just as I know you respect mine—go ahead—I think you know what you're doing. Show me what the Power of God can do in this case, and I'll never stop singing your praises," he said.

"That is just exactly what I do *not* want you to do Doctor. Why do you think I run around most of the time in an old shirt, with a 5-gallon Stetson on the back of my head? Why do you think I look like a rough-neck or a tramp most of the time? Do you know that I am an ordained and consecrated Bishop in the Eastern Catholic Church—yet I haven't had a robe on for years. Why, if you made public what you are about to see, and told the newspaper here what had happened, you would start such a rush on Moscow that it would defeat the very thing I am striving so hard for—that is, that proper credit be given for the things which are following one simple man who actually believes in the Power of God. The trouble with the world today lies in the fact that it tried to make a God out of a Messenger of God, and it failed. Now it has no God to which it can turn in this world crisis. Please do not tell anyone of what you are about to see. It will not only injure my work, it will hinder the full revelation of the Spirit of God from coming to this earth, for it will be a supermiracle if humanity saves itself. No—Dr. Pugh—this work is not mine. It is God's work. So let God have the credit—I don't deserve it and don't want it."

Re-entering the house, we went into the bedroom where the injured child lay. Closing the door I said to the Doctor:—"There is nothing miraculous about this at all, sir—it's just a practical application of the Power of God. If this boy were conscious, I could give him a reasonable explanation of what is about to happen. You know, Doctor—the way to God is so plain that even a fool can find it. But, being unconscious, I shall have to do the work for this boy without his knowledge."

Walking over to the injured school-boy, I gently placed my hand on his head, and commanded the healing Spirit of God in him to bring to him a complete and speedy healing. The words



I used were probably something like this—I do not recall the exact words. But I spoke in a very loud voice, saying:—"Spirit of God—heal this boy, and begin the work now."

That was about what I would say. Anyhow, before I left the room, there was a movement on the part of the boy, who, for the first time since the terrible accident, had opened his eyes. The Doctor checked to make sure that he was conscious. He was, and inside of five days he was running round with his playmates again. I trust he watches for trucks after this. I also trust that these truck-drivers exercise a little more care with their large motor vehicles. They are dangerous on the highway.

\* \* \*

It was perhaps three months after "The Wanderer's" last visit to Moscow. Early fall was just around the corner. I had had a very strenuous year. One day, after supper, Mrs. Robinson was working on her knitting in her favorite chair by the radio, and I was lying down on a large davenport, resting.

"Robbie—why don't you take a nice long vacation. You have been traveling at a pretty fast pace, and I think you owe it to yourself and your family to get away for a while—don't you?"

"Always trying to get rid of me," I good-humoredly retorted.

"No—I mean it. Is there any place in particular you would like to go?"

"I'll tell you what I'd like to do," I told Mrs. Robinson, continuing, "I'd like to make another trip to the Holy Land. You know, 'The Wanderer' told me in San Francisco that he was going back to his native land, and probably would not be in this country again. I'd sort of like to take a few months off, and make that trip."

"Well why don't you? Your grip is all packed—you call up Joe Cain now and get reservations for New York, and take your trip."

Before I retired that evening, I had fully decided to go to Europe. Perchance I might see "The Wanderer" again. In any



event, I knew a complete rest would not do me any harm. It had been many years since I had completely relaxed and taken life easy. I believed I had it coming to me.

In the morning I called Joe Cain, the ticket-agent for the Milwaukee Road in Spokane, and inquired about reservations to New York. Joe had a drawing-room which I reserved, asking him to give the railway ticket and the reservation to the conductor of the Olympian which left the next morning. I would drive to Plummer Junction and pick up the train there, thus saving an overnight stay in Spokane.

Bill Marineau drove me to Plummer Junction in the Cadillac, returning to Moscow about noon of the same day. Bill likes to get his hands on the wheel of my car. I get scared every time I ride with him. Yet he has never had an accident. I keep telling him though that there is always a first time.

The Olympian, as usual, pulled into Plummer Junction on time. This little way-station is about fifty miles from Moscow, and by driving there in the morning, I get one extra night at home as I have previously explained. Drawing-room A in car 53 was assigned to me, and shortly after the porter had carried my one grip and a small radio which I usually carry while travelling, Bill Akin, the conductor came round to deliver my ticket to me.

"Doc—you're the only man I know who can get credit from the Milwaukee Road, and I've been making this run for a long time—how do you do it?"

"I'm not getting any credit from the Milwaukee Road, Bill. I just took a notion to save one night in Spokane by driving to Plummer. I called up Joe Cain, and asked him to get the reservations and give them to you to deliver to me. Joe will send the bill to Moscow and he will have a check back the next day."

"I know all that," said Bill Akin, whom I have known for many years, "but it's credit just the same Doc—and you must stand pretty good to be able to pull that and get away with it."

"Bill," I replied, "Do you know how many trips I have made across this country on The Olympian in the past twenty years."



"You've made a lot of them Doc—I have been carrying you for nearly that long. How many—one hundred?" I nodded. He had guessed it correctly.

"Let me show you something, Bill." Pulling out my ministerial card I showed it to Bill Akin, saying:—"Do you know Bill, I don't even have to buy a ticket if I don't want to—I can get a ministerial pass any time I apply for it."

"Well what's the big idea of paying your fare when you can travel for nothing, and you certainly can on that card?"

"Well Bill—it's like this; in the first place I don't believe preachers or priests should travel free on any railroad. Nor do I believe they should hold their property tax-free. These big religions have lots of money, and their ministers should pay their fares just like anyone else does—and besides Bill, I don't want anyone to know the sort of work I'm engaged in."

"Why not?"

"Well—ever notice how, when a train-load of people know a man is a minister or a priest, they keep as far away from him as they can—unless of course they happen to be members of his religion?"

"That's true enough—I see that every trip on this train."

"Well I don't want people to keep away from me Bill; I want to know people, as you know. There isn't a man or woman on this train who would suspect me of being in the religious field, is there?"

"Not the way you're dressed—and by the way you act," said the conductor.

"You see Bill—when I get out among men, on a train, or no matter where, if they do not suspect that I am an agent of God, I get the low-down on what they are thinking. I get a better chance to see men as they really are—see what I mean?"

"Yep—I see Doc. But what do you think of men as you find them—a pretty rotten mess ain't they?"

"Not on your tin-type Bill. There's nothing wrong with the human race. There is a lot wrong though with those who, while



making a living under the garb of God, fail utterly to reveal anything about God to the world, choosing instead to try to propagate their own religious organizations. That is all that's wrong with this world—it just doesn't know anything about the Power of God."

"Think it ever will?"

"Not in your day or mine Bill. I am of the opinion that the human race will have to go through much more fire and bloodshed than it's gone through already, and God knows it's been through enough."

"Well Doc—just who is to blame for conditions as they are on the earth today?"

I looked at Bill Akin. I had been asked that question many hundreds of times during the past twenty years. So I answered Bill's question like this:—

"Bill—there probably is one great big underlying cause. It may be that man has not yet discovered just what God is—what do you think of that for an answer?"

"I think it's a good one, Doc," said the conductor as he left me, closing the door of the drawing-room behind him, evidently not wishing to talk religion.

The trip to New York was completed without incident. I had a little time to relax and think about "The Wanderer," for he was always in my thoughts. One cannot make the acquaintance of a man who can perform a "miracle" such as I saw him perform, without constantly thinking of such a man and wanting to see him again.

I seemed to feel that "The Wanderer," and I would meet again. Probably somewhere on this trip. Recalling his promise to come whenever I needed him, I sent out a spiritual request that he contact me somewhere, before this vacation trip was over. He did. And the results of that meeting can leave their mark on human history. I did not know then, of course, what he would reveal to me, but I did have a very strong suspicion that it would be epochal. It was.



I stayed in Chicago just a few hours between trains. The Olympian had arrived in the morning, and I took The Commodore out at four fifteen the same afternoon, arriving in New York City in the morning. I had wired The Roosevelt for reservations—the usual reservations, which consist of a single bedroom with a parlor attached.

The rooms were ready for me on my arrival. Hastily changing my clothes, I took a bath and hunted up an agency which had the listings of the steam-ship sailings for Europe. I was fortunate. The following day the North German Lloyd Steamship *New York* was leaving for Southampton, and a last minute reservation on Cabin 66 had come in. I had the passport I had previously used in my possession, so did not need to contact the State Department in Washington on that matter.

Most steamers for Europe leave New York at midnight, taking the tide out. The S.S. *New York* is a fine vessel of some ten thousand tons. Being German-owned, the crew of course were Germans. Cabin 66 was on the upper deck, and, as I have travelled by sea so much that I never get sea-sick, I was looking forward to a fine few months' vacation.

I needed that vacation, for I take my mission in life very seriously. Of course, I am not foolish enough to believe that the world will stop revolving on its axis if my work stops, or anything like that. But nevertheless, I do realize the seriousness of my message, and the tremendous implications of it. I have known from childhood that I should be used by God in some major work for the Kingdom of God. It was not until the Spirit of God came into my life in North Hollywood, or shortly after, that the details of my work began to make themselves known to me. They were unusual details. A religion; operating exclusively by mail; buying advertising space just like a commercial organization would; making a definite charge for the Lessons in Truth.

One expects a religious organization to build a church or rent a building, and pass its message on by the spoken word. But that method was not fast enough for me. It would have taken me a



whole lifetime to have reached 1% of the people I have reached by the methods I have used. In twenty years, I have, as Dr. Marcus Bach states in his book, *They Have Found a Faith*, written my name "on the scroll of American religious history, never to be erased."

I don't care very much about writing my name on any scroll. What my name is, or who I am, means little. What has a tremendous meaning is the message I am bringing to this world. That message has come to me as a result of personal talks with God. Many personal talks. So the American people will be wise to listen to what I have to say, even though many of them may be misled into thinking that the message is purely commercial, because of the methods I use.

I have broken, perhaps, every tradition known to religion. I have refused to be bound by any of the requirements of any religious organization. Even back there in the Toronto Bible Training School I did everything I was supposed not to do. Yet the instructors recognized the fact that a great work of God might very easily be done through the humble efforts of the man they looked upon as "so very different," as Dr. Imrie expressed his opinion of me one day to Dr. Elmore Harris.

Many a time have I thought of the day a group of four of the instructors, with the president of the School, called me into the office to tell me that God had laid it on their hearts that a great work was to be done through my simple ministry.

"Frank—we want to have a little word with you. We want you to be very humble. It seems to be the consensus of opinion among the instructors here that God is going to use you to draw the whole world closer to the Cross." This is what they had said to me.

But even then I had been honest enough to tell these good men that I had not been sold on the philosophy of the School. I had asked many questions about the Bible which had not been answered. I had asked many questions about Jesus, and they had not been answered either. I had asked many questions about God



—but had not received answers my reasoning mind could accept. So, at this conference I had informed those wonderful men of God (and they were wonderful men of God—I wish the world was full of them) that I should never preach another sermon. I told them very frankly that I had not been convinced that the Christian concept of God was true. That had shocked them. It was exactly how I felt however, and I plainly told them so.

And so, “the Spurgeon of today,” as they had called me, went out of their lives, not to lead the world closer to the Cross, but to take it farther away from the Cross. I wonder if I have not been able to draw the world a little bit closer to God by taking it away from the Cross? I believe I have. I believe that when the day comes, if it does, when the Christian world forsakes the “Cross of Jesus Christ,” accepting the Power of God in its stead, they who have cursed me will bless me. They who have tried to interfere with this work, will be sorry. They who have maligned and libelled the founder of this work, will be shown to the world in their true colors.

\* \* \*

After a wonderful night's sleep, the first I had had on the ocean for many years, I awakened to feel the beautiful sea air flooding through the porthole, and filling my cabin with the tang of the sea. I loved it. Now, I could really let down the bars and rest for a little while. It seemed as if a great load of care had been lifted from my shoulders. I felt free as the sea-gulls which follow every out-going liner for many miles, searching for food which they always find in the waste which is thrown down the scuppers.

At breakfast the next morning, I happened to look across the dining-room, and to my surprise saw two lady college professors from the University of Idaho eating their breakfast. As they were at the opposite end of the dining-room from where I was sitting, they did not spot me. Nor did they know that I was on the ship until, some time after they had returned to Moscow, one of them



was looking over the passenger list when she spotted my name on it.

"It's a very small world," she told the Moscow Historical Club when reciting the incident some months later.

The usual guessing as to the number of miles the ship would travel before she came to Bishop's Light, was indulged in. It is the custom on ships travelling between this country and Southampton to conduct a "guessing" contest. Each passenger who cares to, puts ten dollars in the "kitty," and makes a guess on the number of miles on the log when the ship is passing Bishop's Light.

The one whose guess is closest gets the entire amount in the "kitty," with the exception of twenty percent which is retained by the ship's crew conducting the contest. In went my ten dollars, and I made a guess. I won the "kitty," which, incidentally, was big enough to pay for all expenses of the trip.

We passed the famous historic Eddystone Lighthouse, and finally arrived at our destination—Southampton, from which beautiful sea-coast city I took the "boat-train," to London where I engaged a room at the famous Savoy Hotel, since, badly battered by bombs in the war just ended—we hope.

While in England, several interesting things happened. I believe they will interest the reader, and help fill in the time which must elapse before we meet "The Wanderer," again. One unusual thing I noticed about the ultra-modern Savoy Hotel was the fact that instead of having the hired help mop the floors at night while the guests are asleep, they save that job till the morning, and then, instead of mopping it clean with the traditional mop and squeezer which we here in America are familiar with, they turn loose a gang of "scrub-women," who go down on their hands and knees with a brush and a cake of soap. They get the floor clean all right, but what a round-about way of doing it. But that is England. There are good points about it, and many bad points.

It is becoming increasingly evident that Great Britain thinks



more about oil *under* the ground in the East, than it thinks about the hundreds of thousands of suffering Jews *above* the ground. She had better be careful. The Jewish problem in Palestine will not be solved by force.

About the first American I saw in London was Tex Austin, the Texas showman. He had taken a complete rodeo outfit to London only to discover when he arrived that the London City Council put the fees so high that Tex could not afford to take his show off the railroad cars. How he made out I did not know, for I was not in London long enough to find out.

The next American lady I met in the Savoy was Gene Dennis, the "mentalistic." I met her in an elevator, or "lift," as the English call it. I had known Gene years before in North Yakima. She had gone to the top, later marrying Mr. Von Herberg, of the famous Jensen-Von Herberg theatrical combination.

I had a very laughable experience which you should hear about. It shows up the English "nobility." (As if there really is such a thing on the earth, regardless of how much money one has.) The Almighty created all men in exactly the same manner, and true "nobility," does not consist of the amount of cash one has in the bank, but of what one is trying to do to make life better, and more easily understood, for the rest of the world. It consists of helping people, not lording it over them. The world is finding that out.

One day I took a trip to Edinburgh. I intended to call and see my old father. But, on sending him a telegram telling him that I was in London and would like to see him, I received the typically "Christian" reply that he "had no son by the name of Frank Bruce Robinson." And that was that. So, instead of dropping off in Northumberland, I went through to Edinburgh and from thence to Musselborough, where I saw some relatives, staying with them a few days. I had kept my room at the Savoy.

While Edinburgh is in Scotland, and London in England, the distance is small as we consider distances here in the United States. The "Flying Scotchman," the crack train of the London



and Northwestern Railway Company makes the trip in about five hours.

My friends had driven me in their car from Musselborough to Queensferry for the return trip. I was to catch the London train there. Queensferry, by the bay, is just under the Forth Bridge, which is really a marvel of bridge-building, considering its age. It has come through two world wars unharmed.

Queensferry is also the country estate of the Earl of Rosebury, a titled English peer, who makes most of his money from tenants who rent small houses and farms from him.

Shortly after I had boarded the train and taken my seat in the English Pullman, which is very much smaller than our Pullman cars, a tall, lanky Englishman entered. He was wearing a monocle, which is an eye-glass affixed to one eye, the other having to make its way as best it can. He had one of those "Sherlock Holmes" caps on, with a peak both front and back. He wore a heavy overcoat although the weather was quite warm. The inevitable walking-stick was slung over his arm, and in his left hand he carried a book, and a pair of gloves.

In the English Pullmans, a small permanent table is set up between the seats. My chair was on one side while the new arrival's was on the opposite side of the same table. It was Number ten.

Entering the car, this lanky, loping Englishman said to the "guard," by which name the conductor is called:—"Oi si old chappie—whear is seat number nine?"

The guard pointed him to the seat opposite mine. He took one look at me, adjusted the monocle several times, I guess that was in order to get a better look and convince him that he was not seeing double. Then he walked back to the guard at the other end of the small Pullman, saying to him: "Oi si—old bloater—is there no other seat in the car except that one—I very seriously object, dontcherknow to sitting opposite that individual," adding, as if by the afterthought method "He looks like a bloody American."



What there was uncanny or unusual about "that individual" I have never known. I was dressed well, all in whites, and certainly looked as respectable as he did.

When the conductor, or "guard" informed him that there was no other seat available, he came back, stuck his monocle in his eye once more, and gave me my second period of scrutiny. Slowly removing his coat, and never taking his eyes off me, he hung it up by the seat. Then off came the typically English cap he was wearing. The cane was hung up, and the scarf was tucked into a side pocket of his overcoat. As if he was conferring a great favor on me, he condescended to sit down. Shortly after, a newsboy came through the Pullman selling papers, and my friend across the table bought one.

Opening up the paper, he proceeded to look round the corner of it, and I saw that he was still engaged in viewing me as a very strange and curious individual. The trouble was, he knew I was an American. The book he brought with him, he had laid on the table, and as I looked at that book I smiled—someone was going to have some fun. It was a novel I had written a few years ago, entitled "*God and Doctor Bannister*."

Not a word did this English Johnny say to me. I would have been all for sticking out my front paw and saying "How you coming, pardner?" but I decided that this gentleman should speak before I did.

Shortly after the train had left Queensferry, the waiter set the table, and handed us both a bill of fare. I chose my meal, and he chose his. Mine was "ham and . . ." and his was kippered herring, tea, and blanc-mange, a favorite English cornstarch dessert.

When the meals arrived, the waiter placed mine in front of me, and this gentleman's in front of him. He had happened to put one of my plates a little bit over the halfway mark, perhaps an inch more on my visitor's side than mine. Taking off his monocle, this gentleman carefully pushed the plate over to my side of the table. I could have my half, but not an inch more.



After the meal, the waiter cleared away the table. I gave him a two shilling tip, while the Englishman gave him a "thrippenny-bit," which is five cents in our money. Two shillings was fifty cents.

Picking up my four-bits the waiter thanked me profusely. It was evident he was not used to that sort of generosity. But if "The Wanderer" had been willing to give me his overcoat, worth several hundreds of dollars, why couldn't I give this English waiter two shillings?

Picking up the "thrippenny-bit," my friend of the opposite side of the table had given him, I heard the waiter say:—"Thanks—my lord."

So that's who this chap was—an English lord. Oh well—he meant nothing in my young life. There still had not been one word passed between us, nor was there until several hours later when the train pulled into Paddington station. Picking up his book, and putting on his overcoat, scarf, cap, and hanging his cane over his arm, as the train came to a stop in the station, my friend turned to me, and, in a snapping voice said:—"Oh—good-afternoon."

Looking up at him I said, with a smile:—"Well, well, well—where did you drop from?"

Turning to me with a look which would have bitten my head off if it could bite, he said:—"I am a gentleman—and it's always customary for an English gentleman to bid good-day to those with whom he travels on a train, *even if he doesn't like them.*"

Smilingly I said to him:—"That's okay with me, mister—I'll bet you're one fine fellow if one could only get to know you—but I don't believe I'll live long enough to get acquainted with you—you're too all-fired stuck on yourself."

Looking daggers at me again, he beat me to the door of the Pullman, and, swinging his cane high in the air with each step, he loped towards the taxi-stand at the entrance of Paddington station. In England, they pile more than one in a taxi, so, looking forward to some fun, I piled in after him. As soon as he saw



me, he made as if to keep his hand on his pocket-book and said, looking me right square in the eyes:—"Oh good God—are you still here?"

"Yes—I'm still here—but I have no designs on you. Why don't you come down to earth and try to be a human being—why out in Idaho where I come from, you wouldn't last five minutes, regardless of how much money you have." He froze again.

Admitting one more passenger, the taxi-driver stuck his head through the window and said:—"Where to, gents?"

"The Savoy Hotel," said the lanky Englishman.

"The Savoy Hotel," said Frank B. Robinson.

The other passenger went to the Ritz.

When my Queensferry friend heard me say "Savoy Hotel," he turned to me saying:—"The Savoy Hotel—why that's one of the swankiest hotels in London—you don't mean to tell me that you're staying at the Savoy Hotel?"

"Why not—I can have as much money as you have," I replied.

"In what way do you make money—you are an American," he said to me.

Smilingly I hesitated for a few moments and then said, with quite a twinkle in my eye:—"Well—I made a little money out of you."

"Out of me—how did you make any money out of me?"

"Oh—I wrote that book you have been reading on the train," I said, pointing to the book in his hand, "*God and Doctor Bannister*."

This, of course, changed the complexion of the situation completely. At once he shook hands, and introduced himself as the Earl of Boswains Ferry. We got to be pretty good friends on that taxi trip from Paddington station to the Hotel Savoy. As we entered the lobby, the Earl said to me:—"Oi si—would you like to have a little spot of whisky with me?" I informed the Earl that I was a strict teetotaler, adding: "I'll go in with you and have a glass of ginger ale, if you wish."

The Earl was quite agreeable. As we were sitting there at a



table getting better acquainted, I asked him what there was about my general appearance which had made him so suspicious of me. Then I knew. He said to me:—"Oh good lord—it wasn't you—it was that big hat I saw hanging up by your seat." So that was it. The big Stetson.

The next day the Earl hunted me up and said:—"Oi si—would you like to meet the King?" The King at that time was the gentleman who married the American lady and lost his throne by doing so.

"Oh I don't care, if he's handy, trot him out," I said to my friend who had a very marked sense of humor I later discovered. He did not get annoyed at that statement. It seemed that on the following evening the King of England was holding an informal dance at the Hotel Savoy, and the Earl had come to London to attend it. I do not dance, but I did accept the Earl's invitation, and met the King of England the following evening.

He is a most charming fellow. We sat on a divan, discussing the water shortage in London, and his ranch in Alberta, Canada. When I left him, he called over an official of Scotland Yard, and, introducing me to him, asked that I be provided with two Scotland Yard detectives whose instructions were to be to show me all the sights I wanted to see in London.

The friendship between the Earl and me continues to this day.

I took in about all the sights I could take in, in the limited space of time I felt I could afford to spend there.

There was another laughable incident which shows once more how very curious these English people are if you do not understand them. When you do understand them, they're all right. So is every created human being, when he is understood.

One evening, after I had retired, I heard a knocking at my bedroom door. Getting up, I opened the door and peeped out to see who or what it was. There stood a waiter with a wagon-load of food and liquor—enough to feed a family of six.

"Supper is served, sir," he said to me.



"You must have the wrong room, this is 333 and I did not order anything to eat," I told the waiter.

Picking up the check from under the cloth which covered the food-wagon, he looked at the number of the room on it. Sure enough it was 333. Do you think I could convince that waiter that I had not ordered that dinner? I could not. The ticket said room 333, so room 333 it had to be.

I explained to the man that I had retired and that there was no one in my room with me, and I impressed upon him again that someone had made a mistake. I told him that in the United States we went to bed to sleep, not to eat.

Finally the fellow took the wagonload of food away. But when I checked out to take the cross-channel boat for Calais, there was an item on my bill of seven pounds, eight shillings and sixpence for "supper served in room." In vain did I argue with the cashier of the Savoy that I had had no supper served in my room. That took about half an hour, and I did not have much more time than that to catch the boat-train.

Finally he dug through the old room-checks and the dinner had been sent to room 233. Asking him to hurry and take the amount off the bill, he explained that he would have to get a refund check from someone or other who was not in the hotel at the time. I could not wait, so, hot under the collar, I told him to mail the check to me at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, where I intended to go before I returned to the United States. I have never been able to understand why he could not have taken the overcharge out of his cash drawer and given it to me instead of going to the trouble of having a special check made out. But that is England. That, perhaps, is what makes it great.

While staying at the Savoy, I planned the trip I should take from there. I would go through the Norwegian fiords, through Sweden, would go to Oberammergau in Bavaria and see the famous Passion Play which was then playing. After that I would return to London, take the boat for Calais, and then take the Rome Express to Vatican City, and then go to the Holy Land.



I had visited Genoa, and had instructed Cooks Wagon-Lits in London to arrange my trip across the Mediterranean so that I could break the journey at both Syracuse and Messina. I wanted to check up on something at Messina, that beautiful Italian village which was almost completely destroyed some years before by an earthquake and tidal wave. It was completely rebuilt, but the last war shattered it again. Why will men fight? Why will they not listen to the Spirit of God?

A few years before, a story had been widely circulated throughout the United States that a statue of Jesus, in a church at Messina, had miraculously begun to bleed, the blood coming from the left nipple just above the apex of the heart. Now I knew, as every other thinking man knows, that no stone statue of Jesus began bleeding under the heart by miraculous means. There would be no object in it. I considered the whole story propaganda expressly manufactured for American consumption, and I had made up my mind that if I was ever near Messina, I would stop there and investigate.

I did just that on the present trip. Although I do not speak one word of Greek or Italian, my Bishop's papers, which I always carry, got me entry to a Bishop of the Eastern Catholic Church (Greek Orthodox) who spoke English. Telling him that I wanted to see the church which had witnessed the miracle of the bleeding stone nipple, he told me that he had never heard about that miracle, nor had anyone else in Messina.

I had some of the clippings taken from a San Francisco newspaper in my briefcase, so I got them out and showed them to him. He started to smile, and then told me that he knew where that church was. It was not a Greek Church, but a Roman.

We went down to see the church, but experienced some difficulty in getting behind the altar, which seemed to be specially guarded. However, the judicious use of ten lire got us both in behind. The statue which had done the "bleeding" was, in reality, only a half statue, and it had been affixed to the wall at the back, and to one side of the altar proper. What I wanted to



see, however, was not the blood-stains on the front of the bust, but whatever was back of it. I saw.

There was a hollow receptacle on the other side of the wall, just where the left breast of the statue of Jesus was. Undoubtedly blood had flowed through a small hole which had been drilled into the nipple, but undoubtedly too, that blood had been placed in the receptacle on the other side of the wall first. It held about one quart of a liquid. From the front, where the public were, it looked miraculous. From the back, where I was, it looked perfectly natural. The miracle would have been if the blood, having been poured into the back of the device, had not flowed out of the nipple. The hole was big enough as I plainly saw. Oh well—such is twentieth century religion.

\* \* \*

It was early one morning when the Lloyd Triestino pulled into Syracuse on the Island of Sicily. I wanted to spend at least one day there and get some pictures, which I did, and had made into slides after I had returned to the United States. There were two historical things I wanted to get pictures of; one was the old amphitheatre where, in olden times, the Christians were thrown to the lions. Water still runs through a channel in the middle of the amphitheatre in which the dead bodies of those who went to that horrible death for their theory that Jesus was God Almighty. (If we had a few groups who would be willing to go to their death for the Spirit of God, those groups would discover that there is no death in the Realm of the Spirit of God. They would know that the last enemy of man, death, has been destroyed. They would be able to cry, with the patriarchs of old—"Oh death—where is thy victory? Oh grave—where is thy sting?")

The old stone houses in which the lions were kept, have, for the most part, crumbled away. But the ruins of them can still be seen.

Then too, I wanted to wander once again through the old catacombs. I wanted once more to stand in the room where, it is



reputed, the four apostles met with the disciples, and where the one hundred and twenty met when the "Holy Spirit," as recorded in the Acts, fell upon them.

I had stood in the room before where, according to the priests who have charge of the catacombs, that little flock of one hundred and twenty followers of Jesus met for their famous "Baptism of the Holy Ghost." I measured that room, and it is exactly twelve feet square. How one hundred and twenty people could have crowded into it, I haven't the faintest idea. But perhaps it is held for exhibition purposes, as a charge is made for the trip into the catacombs where this little "upper" room is. If this is the authentic "upper" room, it is in the bowels of the earth. I recalled the "bleeding nipple" in Messina as I stood there and listened to the guide, who had had more than his share of wine, relate the stories which are supposed to have happened in those catacombs.

I had been through those catacombs before. It seemed to me that there were many more bones of the martyrs now than there were the last trip I made. Also, some of these bones seemed much less than fifteen hundred years old. These catacombs go deep into the ground. Alongside the narrow trail, hollow receptacles, something like bath-tubs have been hewn in the rock. Above the bath-tub size receptacles, there are other receptacles, much smaller, in which the bones of the murdered children were placed.

You can travel for hundreds of yards between these rows of bone receptacles. I was lagging at the tail-end of the party. I had an idea I should like to get hold of some of those bones and bring them back to the United States to have them examined, just to satisfy myself whether they were old enough to be authentic. I did not think so.

The Italian guide, who carried on his hat a lighted acetylene torch, similar to those used by coal miners in the mines, led the party which consisted of about a dozen tourists. Incidentally Bob Ripley and his group were there on a former trip I had made through these same catacombs.



Watching for a good opportunity, I hastily reached into one of the cubicles and slipped a handful of bones into the side pocket of the white palm beach suit I was wearing. How the guide saw me I did not know. But he did. Walking back to where I was standing, he said to me:—"De bone—de bone—you putta back de bone."

"Oh—all right, but you have lots of bones in here, you'll never miss a few—will you?" I said.

"He stood there crossing himself, and shaking his head. Then he said to me:—"De bone—de bone—maybe de bone you gotta in de pock, de bone of de marteer—de marteer—maybe de bone of my ancestors."

Pulling a ten-lire gold coin from my pocket I showed it to him, saying:—"Here—take this—buy some more bones."

But it was no go. Back into the cubicles had to go the bones I had taken from them. (All except three, that is, which I brought back to the United States. They were pronounced by experts to be less than ten years old.)

There is a telephone in these catacombs which connects with the buildings through which you have to pass to enter them. Stepping to this telephone, the guide said something in Italian. I did not understand what he said, but evidently some in the party did, for they turned round and looked at me. I knew, of course, that the guide had telephoned the incident of the bones to his superiors. I thought perhaps I might be in trouble. However, when we got back to ground level again and were out of the catacombs and in the buildings which have many "relics" for sale, one of the priests motioned to me.

Rather mystified, I followed him into a small room off from the main room where the relics were sold. This priest, like his partners, looked as if he had not had a bath for ten years. They were filthy. So was the rope which was wound round their waists. Their shoes were so far gone that they never could have been repaired. I have never seen a more filthy lot of priests, or monks, or whatever they were, anywhere.



I followed the old fellow into the room. He spoke understandable English and he understood English very well.

"Please sitta down—you gotta cigaretta—American cigaretta?"

I obliged the priestly gentleman. Then he said, nothing bashful about it either:—"You gotta two cigaretta?" I gave him another one. Then, holding out his hand, he came at me. This time it was:—"You gotta package cigaretta?"

Thinking that perhaps I would have some fun with the old fellow I said:—"Why don't you buy your own cigarettes—you probably have far more money than I have?"

I gave the priest half a dozen more Camels, and I cannot recall that he thanked me for them. Putting them in his pocket he said to me, "You Cattolique?"

"I do not belong to your religion," I replied.

"You Protestant?" was his next statement.

To this I replied "No."

"Watta religion you?" he then said to me.

"Oh I have my own religion."

"You wanta buy de bone—de bone of de marteer?" he then asked me. I told him I should be very much interested in getting hold of some genuine martyr's bones. What I did not tell him was that I still had three little finger bones which I had retained in the catacombs, in my coat pocket.

I told him that I might be interested and asked him to show me what he had to offer. Going into a drawer of a desk in one corner of the room, he dragged out a paper sack about three by six inches. It was a cellophane sack, and in it were a conglomeration of small bones, probably finger bones or bones from the foot. Maybe the bones were something else.

Handing the sack to me, and acting as if it contained diamonds and rubies, the old priest said: "Dis bone—she come from foot of St. Peter—ver valuable bone—I givva you de bone for twenty-five lire."

Having travelled in the East more than once, I knew how to deal with Eastern traders, so I at once refused the offer. I did,



however, ask him how he knew the bones came from the feet of St. Peter. He said that St. Peter had died in the little room we had just left, in the catacombs, and that the priests had hidden the actual bones of the Saint. He had never offered to sell any of them before, and he considered the price of twenty-five lire very reasonable.

I told him that I would not be guilty of the sacrilege of carrying round the bones of St. Peter's foot, so thought perhaps he had better keep them. He at once began to bargain, but to no avail. Seeing that he was about to lose his "prospect," the old priest said to me:—"Waita—Waita—I havva someting—someting good—someting ver good—waita—I show you."

Going back into the same drawer, he pulled out a little vial with about fifteen drops of a clear looking liquid in it. Probably water. Anyway, according to the priest they were some of the actual tears which Jesus had shed while He was hiding in the catacombs below. Peter had saved the tears and had handed them down to posterity to sell, later, I presume. But the tears did not interest me either.

Nor did the piece of lace he exhibited as part of the "shift" (chemise) which the Virgin Mary wore. I did, however, buy a piece of wood which came from the original Cross on which Jesus was crucified. Or at least—this priest said it was. Thus is twentieth century religion.

There was just one more historical place I wanted to visit once more in Syracuse, and that was the famous Ear of Dionysius. The Emperor Dionysius lived about 400 B.C. He was known as "The Tyrant of Syracuse." He was always in politics, being a humble clerk in a tax office. But Dionysius had ambitions. He wanted to be a political and military big-wig.

When the Agrigentines, after their conquest of the city by the Carthaginians, charged the Syracusan generals with treachery, Dionysius supported their contentions and accusations, and induced the Syracusans to appoint him a general, which they did. Later, he became their emperor.



The Ear of Dionysius is the name given in the 16th century to one of the quarries of Syracuse. It is now known also as the *Latomia del Paradiso*, a grotto hewn in the rock, in the form of a letter "S." It is 210 inches deep, 74 feet high, and about one yard wide. The shape of the "Ear" is due to the rounding of an old theatre which adjoins, and which is round.

This "Ear" has strange acoustic properties. If you tear a piece of paper in the opening, you can hear it reverberate like thunder all through the grotto. On top of the hill, perhaps half a mile away, is a house which is connected with this grotto, or Ear of Dionysius. Political prisoners were confined in the grotto, and their conversation was listened to from the house on the top of the hill—a white building made of stone, and about twenty feet square.

On the way down to the Ear, one may see the impoverished Syracusans, trying to make a livelihood by weaving hemp into rope. As this was the last interesting spot I wished to visit in Syracuse, I retraced my steps to the Lloyd Triestino, which, having made a stop of ten hours there, proceeded on its way to Alexandria.

\* \* \*

That is where you found me at the beginning of this chapter. Our next stop would be Alexandria, which was the end of my journey so far as the S.S. Lloyd Triestino was concerned. In the City of Alexandria lived the gentleman, Pixley by name, who, twenty years ago, had been seen by me in the dream I had while trying to think of a suitable name for my religious Movement. This is the gentleman who sent the forty-thousand dollars to a complete stranger, and which gave the Psychiana Movement its first real impetus financially.

I had wired my friend Pixley, whom, to that date I had never seen, that I should be in on the steamer that morning. He came out to meet me in a special police boat. Mr. Pixley turned out to be a very wealthy cotton importer in Alexandria. He has a fine



home there in which I stayed for about a week. His father lives in Surrey, England, and is one of the pillars of the Church of England. He did not like his son being financially interested in this Movement, for, as the reader knows by this time, I do not agree with many of the fundamentals of Christianity.

However—this is not said to discredit them. I merely say that there is a far more reasonable explanation, and a far more scientific explanation than to attribute them to “divine” or “miraculous” origin. The Realm of God is a Realm of absolutely immutable Law. It never changes. It cannot change.

After twenty years of dealing with hundreds of thousands of people who are looking for God, and after studying minutely and carefully the origin and histories of all known religions, the most important lesson I have learned is that all religious concepts, whether in the shape of doctrine, precept, prophecy, prayer, religious devotion, or a belief in miracles, are a spontaneous outgrowth of the moral and religious elements of the human mind, or what we call the human mind.

But the human mind has not yet seen the full picture of the totality of the Law which is God. It has not conceived even faintly, the glories which lie just ahead. Those glories will be seen and understood when we cease tacking “miracle” and “divinity” to everything about God which we do not understand, but which we may understand if we will only give The Almighty credit for being able to operate on a little higher plane than that on which the human race operates.

Tradition, ritual, rite, precept—none of these can drag God down from His high estate to our low estate. We are the ones who must allow the Power of God to raise us to the level of God. Once that is accomplished, peace conferences will not be necessary. But until we have climbed up to God, let us try to make these practices as real as we can.

As I stood there musing on the deck of the steamer, the night before we were to arrive in Alexandria, I looked into the clear, cloudless Mediterranean sky. Yon stars, boundless and copious



in their beauty, are whirled through limitless space with unerring accuracy by the Power of the Spirit of God, the very same Power I had seen "The Wanderer" use way back there at Dusty, half the way round the world from me now.

From time immemorial—ever since the Spirit of God first gave man life, man's desire has been for a realization of the happiness he once had, and may have again, and will have when he finally decides that he has made a mess of running things on the earth, and decides to allow The Almighty to run things instead, by being consciously alive and recognized in every human life.



## In Which We Meet Mr. Pixley

ALL ABOARD THE STEAMER WERE UP BRIGHT AND EARLY THE next morning. The dining-room was crowded long before its usual time. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin sat at the same table at which I was sitting. This was the first time Mrs. Benjamin had been able to come to the table for her meals—or perhaps I should say this was the first time she had been disposed to come. That may be nearer the truth.

I had never asked Mr. Benjamin what his destination was, nor how long he intended to be away from the “Jewish hardware” business. As a matter of fact, I never inquire into other people’s business, unless there is some special reason why I should. I saw no such reason on this trip. The Arabs, Greeks, Italians and what-not which were aboard that ship were mostly all bent on business. The Benjamin family and I were, I presumed, the only ones who were on a vacation.

The waiter automatically brought me ham and eggs. I had eaten them faithfully at every meal, all the four days I was on the S.S. Lloyd Triestino. There was no way I could get anything else, for I do not like fat and grated cheese, nor could I read one word of the menu, printed, as it was, in three foreign languages.

The Benjamins seemed to have no trouble however. They spoke, in addition to their very healthy English, some Jewish language with which I am not familiar. Probably Yiddish. Anyway, they were able to make themselves understood, and understand the waiter themselves. They ordered herring. I can understand a Jew not eating ham and eggs, although I know lots of Jewish



people who do not care what they eat. I know more who will eat eggs than I do who will eat ham, however.

Believing that I could speak plainly to Mr. Benjamin, I shot at him, quite unexpectedly, a question which had long been bothering me. "Mr. Benjamin," said I, "why is it that every nation on earth, our own excepted, insists on persecuting the Jew?"

He shrugged his shoulders, saying:—"Your guess is as good as mine."

"But there must be some definite reason, Mr. Benjamin—is it because a Jew is usually a better business man than others, or is it perhaps, a religious persecution?"

"I am not sure Dr. Robinson, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were not a religious persecution, no matter how it is disguised."

"But you Jews never interfere with the religion of another—you are not aggressive in your religion—you stay to yourselves and never inter-marry—why should you be persecuted because of your religion?" I asked him.

"Dr. Robinson—Jesus was a Jew. A Syrian Jew as you well know, being a religious leader yourself, and being well grounded in the history of all religions. We Jews have never believed that Jesus was God Almighty. We know better. We have always believed only in Jehovah, which, to you, would be God the Father. We have never believed in any purported "son" God might have had. We should not have believed in any "daughter" God might have had, had that been offered to us. Nor do we believe in any "mother" God might have had, because we know that God the Father, being Spirit, could not possibly have a mother.

"Jesus had a mother of course, but Jesus was only a man. His mother was a human mother, and her husband was a carpenter who was known to all who lived with them. No one ever dreamed that long after he was dead, a great religion would be built round the name of Jesus, based on his supposed divinity. We



Jews know that Jesus was not God, and so does everyone else who will think the matter through."

Mr. Benjamin paused for a moment, his wife listening intently. I imagine this was the first time Mr. Benjamin had talked religion to anyone who was not of his race. However, he shortly continued:—"The Christian Church says that Jesus was of the Seed of David—that is our race. That is preached and preached, and yet, if Christians would believe their own Bible, they would know that Jesus, *if He had no earthly father*, could not possibly have had any of David's blood in him, for certainly there was none on his mother's side.

"But shall I tell you Dr. Robinson the real reason for the resentment against, and the persecution of the Jew?"

"I wish you would—that is something I would certainly give much to know. I do not believe in it, and I have never been able to understand it. I have always felt that there must be some deep religious reason underlying it," I replied.

"Well if you want to know it my friend, here it is. The Christian Church, in fact all the nations which believe in the Christian theory of God, have been taught that Jesus was a Jew. That is perfectly correct. He was—but now here comes the rub. These nations have been disappointed in their God—Jesus. He has not been able to do one thing a God should have done. He has not been able to reveal his so-called 'Godship' to anyone. Two thousand years ago He disappeared, and He has not been heard from since. This civilization is about to destroy itself, and there isn't a thing Jesus can do about it. No preacher or priest can contact Jesus. If He ever had any Power, it is completely unknown. He does not, and cannot answer prayer because he is gone—absolutely gone, and this world to-day, outside of the religion of the Jew, *has no religion which worships Almighty God direct, and as such—think that one over.*"

He looked at me as if to see how I was taking it. "Go on Mr. Benjamin" I said, "I'm listening."

"You see Dr. Robinson, this world has been disappointed in



Jesus as a God. Having no other God than Jesus, the world feels that it has been double-crossed. The Christian Church has double-crossed it. Every other church has double-crossed it, and the result is that this world today is a seething volcano which is apt to erupt at any time, and when it blows brother—look out—it will be a real blow.

"Now, Dr. Robinson—Jesus was a Jew, and the whole human race is persecuting the Jew because they are mad at Jesus. They have been disappointed in Him, although God knows He did not say He was God, and He never asked to be worshipped as God; nevertheless, this world is taking out its spite on the Jew because Jesus, a Syrian Jew, was deified by man and could not live up to the expectations of man, being Himself only a man. Do you see that?"

I did see it and told Mr. Benjamin that I saw it. Such an answer had never been presented to me before. It did not take me long however, to see the logic of it. I knew it was true as I thought it over. What a pity. A whole civilization trembling on the brink of disaster just because suspicious and superstitious old church fathers gave to the world a man for a God.

For almost twenty years I had been trying to give this world, *a God for a man*. I had been trying to displace the anthropomorphic Jesus with the Spirit of God. How well had I succeeded? Time alone can tell. *But time will tell.*

I had often wondered just why the nations of the earth had not made an independent search for the truths of God outside of their churches. I had wondered why they had chosen blindly to believe everything a priest or preacher told them, without making the slightest attempt to discover whether they were being told the truth or not. It had always been a mystery to me. Yet here on the broad waters of the beautiful Mediterranean, was a simple Jew, a man engaged in the "Jewish hardware" business, giving me at least part of the answer. I understood now why the hate of the Jew, and, understanding that, I also understood that the Jew can never be restored to equality with other nations until



*the truth about the humanity of Jesus, not His God-ship, has been revealed to the world.*

Christian ministers, especially the prophetic type, have harped loud and long about the Jew. They have held him up as a precursor of "The second coming of Jesus." They have quoted various passages of scripture in their efforts to show that the Kingdom of God is indelibly woven around the life of the Jew. It is. But not in the way the Christian Church believes it is. *The Jew will come into his own, but only when the truth about Jesus is fully known. When the last vestige of Godship has disappeared from the brow of Jesus—when He takes His place as the greatest spiritual Prophet, HUMAN Prophet, the world has ever known—when He is shorn of all deity, and His message of the present existence of the Spirit of God becomes fully known, then, and not until then will the Jew be relieved of his persecutions, and take the place which is rightfully his among the nations of the earth, free to live his life as he sees fit, free to engage in any business he chooses, without fear of persecution. As a matter of fact, when that day comes, the Jew will be honored. He should be, not because Jesus was a Jew, but because Jesus was not God.*

There will come a day, if not on this earth, on some other planet (and there are millions of inhabited planets besides this one) when the glory of God shall so completely envelop all lives, that there will be no room for the hates, the jealousies, the anarchy, the utter lawlessness which is so very evident on this dying planet today. When that day comes, there will be no anthropomorphic "Gods." There will be no churches, for they will not be necessary. There will be no hate of the Jew or anyone else. All, then, shall live forever, in the actual Presence of the Spirit of God—The Spirit of Eternal Life. *But that day cannot come, and will not come until the human race raises its eyes from man-God manifestations, originated by churches mostly, and puts its eyes on the only God this world ever could have had—the Invisible Spirit of God—The Great Creator of all Life.*

There will be no "Catholic" or "Protestant" then. There will



be no "Jew" or "Gentile." There will be no "White man" or "Black man." There will be no "Yellow man" or any other kind of a man.

There may be "color" there. There may be both Jew and Gentile. There may be both Catholic and Protestant, but if there is, no one will know it and the preceding paragraph still applies. For when man meets God, everything disappears that is not of God. The glory of the Presence and Power of God will make us completely oblivious to everything else.

There can be no other solution to the chaos of our day. Man, without the Spirit of God, does not possess the ability to raise himself from his present fallen condition. Man lost the consciousness of God a very long time ago. And while it is a fact that man, during the past hundred years has progressed to a greater degree than ever before in his known history, with the progress has come also the danger of his total destruction. I do not say that man will, in the next sixty days, blow himself out of existence. I do not say he will not. He has the weapon in his hands with which he can. But I do say this—I say that sooner or later, unless man is re-united with God, his complete destruction is inevitable. I say also, that there is not a religious organization on the face of the earth which can reveal the Power of the Spirit of God to man to such an extent that it can save this civilization, with the precepts it has been teaching to date. These doctrines do not have in themselves either the power or the ability to save man from his own created destruction.

If man is planning a future of peace on this earth, without taking God into consideration, man is doomed to failure. In saying this I am not talking about any man-God. I do not mean Jesus, or Buddha, or Zeus, or Osiris or any of the twenty-five "gods" who have, we are told, come from Heaven's glory to earth, to save it from its "sins." I am speaking about a God this earth knows nothing about—The Spirit of God.

The most normal thing I can imagine, is man living on the earth in full and complete union with his Father—the Great



Spirit. Man is futilely trying to adjust his affairs today with that Great Spirit. Even the man-Gods of the various churches are not being taken into consideration in the Peace Conference now being held in Paris. What hope can there be then, that the only Power which can bring peace to the World will be introduced?

It looks like man will have to learn the lesson the hard way. And it will be a hard way—believe me. It will mean the total elimination of nine-tenths of the human race from off the face of the earth. Only last Sunday, Professor Urey, the man who, outside of Albert Einstein had more to do with the secret of the atomic bomb than any other man, suggested that it might be necessary to go to war with the atomic bomb to prevent other nations from obtaining the secret. The professor took for granted the supposition that other nations do not now have that frightful weapon. I hope he is right, but if they do not have it now, they soon will have, and they may have something even more fearful—now.

Last Sunday, the same radio which told of the statement of Prof. Urey, also told of the bloody religious riots in Calcutta, India. Three thousand human beings, locked in bloody battle, lost their lives. Two major systems of religions, each having a combination of God and man—each having a “crucified man-god,” cannot even live in the same country together in peace, and the respective religion of each is at the very heart of the trouble. They have different religions. Different gods. And the slaughter goes on. These Moslems and Hindoos are convinced that their respective “gods” are the only true gods there are. Each “god,” so they tell us, was miraculously born of a virgin. Each came from “Heaven” to earth to “save it from sin.” Each was crucified on a cross; each rose from the dead. Each is coming back again—some day. In the meantime, these two great religions battle to the death. They murder each other. They each have a religion which is so full of hate that what we are now witnessing in India can be traced directly to their religions.



Each of these two murdering religions has every precept, every belief, every miracle, every hope which the Christian religion has, and they had them fifteen hundred years before Christ was ever heard of. Are we any better than they? Can the Christian religion make any better showing? What do you think?

The bloody record of the wars in which Christian nations have engaged puts the present riots in India to shame. If every war in which the nations of this earth have engaged, had its source traced, it would be found that man-made religion is at the very core of it. Man-made religion is at the very core of it because if the Spirit of God had been known on the earth, such wars could not have happened. The only religion God knows anything about—the only religion God can recognize, is a religion which unites man with God. Such a religion is unknown on this earth.

No one loves the Christian Church more than I do. I was born in its very shadow. In spite of all its faults, I love it. Everything about it. But I hate the lethargy which has the Christian Church so lulled to sleep, that it is satisfied to see this world plunge itself into the hell of another universal war, while it sits supinely on its haunches, not lifting a finger to help, and having no concept of The Creator which has in it the slightest ability to lift the human race from the very low depth to which it has sunk.

The Christian Church can preach the blood of Jesus till it is black in the face. The Christian Church can offer its Jesus as God Almighty till it is black in the face. But such teachings cannot, and will not unite man with God. And until man is united with God, this civilization will sink lower and lower into the mire, until its extermination is only a matter of time. And a very little time perhaps.

The Author is writing this book in the hope that he may be able to say something which will make the Christian Church think. Perhaps he can do that. Perhaps he can do nothing of the sort. The lethargy is deep, the slumber is profound. The love of



creed is deep-seated. The hypocrisy is age-old. The hatred of other religions is marked. The underground fight between Catholic and Protestant is well known.

Can the Author say or do something which will at last awaken the Christian Church to its duty and its opportunity? Only time can tell. Perhaps—oh, it's a great perhaps—but perhaps some branch of the Christian Church somewhere, will be willing to allow the Author to show it how the Power of the Spirit of God can even yet, in this late hour, save the day. It will be a miracle of all miracles if the Christian Church awakens, but it could happen.

The Power of the Spirit of God is in this book. Every word of every page has been written while the Author was very close to God. It is in fictional form—yes. But the Author has had to descend to fiction to present the truths of God to the earth. May the Spirit of God richly reveal Itself to every reader. If that happens, we may yet see the greatest spiritual awakening this world has ever known. We may yet see God and man united—right here on the earth.

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Breakfast was soon over. The Benjamins left their seats, after having invited me to call on them if I was ever in Great Neck. As stated before, I have lost the address, so if Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin read what I am writing, I trust they will communicate with me at Moscow, for they are not fictional people—they are real people.

My packing was already done. I travel light. I had only taken one grip with me on this trip. I had the binoculars, the motion-picture camera, and a slide camera and a small radio. That was all. I carried the slide camera and the Filmo 8 in the side pockets of my coat, while the binoculars were slung about my neck. The big Stetson was perched on the back of my head where I usually wear it.

Taking my grip from the cabin, after giving the cabin-boy a



five dollar tip, I went to the upper deck, intending to stay there until we docked. The black and white lighthouse at the entrance to the harbor at Alexandria could be plainly seen. It would only be a matter of hours until the steamer was docked, and I should be safe in the care of my friend Pixley, whom I had never seen, but who had sent me \$40,000 some years before.

Of course, I knew what he would look like as I had long looked at the eight by ten glossy print he had sent me. I had that picture in my office, on the wall. It is still there. Finally the boat was inside the harbor. Many small boats, customs and otherwise, sailed out to meet us. The usual tribe of fakers with their wares was there. They would dive for money, or they would sell you one of the gadgets they had carried out in their small boats.

As I was standing there I heard a voice hailing me from a neat looking Police boat. I had not expected Pixley to meet me with a Police boat. As a matter of fact, I knew very little about this man until that trip. He had been very close-mouthed. His application for Membership in Psychiana stated that he was a "book-keeper" which, in a way, was true. He was more than that though.

Knowing him instantly, I returned the hail of welcome.

(In this book, I shall not tell the reader what is fiction and what is fact. I shall let each reader decide that. This incident, with many others, is true. In this case I have changed the name of the gentleman for evident reasons, although TIME, COLLIERS WEEKLY, THE PATHFINDER, NEWSWEEK, MAGAZINE DIGEST and scores of other periodicals have given his true name to the world.)

I was saved the necessity of going through the dirty customs office on the dock, as my friend Pixley had vouched for me to the British authorities. On the dock stood his shining Rolls-Royce, into which I was ushered by one of the sahibs Pixley had in his employ.

Almost at once the natives began to climb all over the car, begging me for "baksheesh" which means a gift of coin of some



denomination or other. Pixley and his sahib had a great time getting away from these Arabs, and I don't believe I helped him any. I had thrown a few coins to them, and I discovered later that had been a mistake.

The way Pixley handled them was quite different. He punched them in the nose, kicked them in the pants, and did everything else which would prove effective in clearing a pathway through the mob which always gathers on the dock when a steamer ties up.

Entering the Rolls-Royce, my friend sat back in the seat and again stated how very pleased he was that I had been able to make the trip, and include Alexandria in my itinerary. I was just as glad to see him, and told him so. His \$40,000 had really helped greatly. The circumstances surrounding the whole uncanny and unusual affair were, to say the least, something bordering on the mystical. What I wanted to know was just what led this man to respond to my wire, sending me \$40,000 when he had not even seen or heard of me before. The Psychiana Movement, you will recall, was then in its infancy. Our advertisements were not world-known as they later became.

I suspected that there must be something very unusual at his end, and I was soon to discover that there was.

The car sped along the main streets, and then veered into the Rue de la Place, where the Pixley home is situated. It is a magnificent home. It is one of those square mansions with about twenty rooms. The ceilings are all built about twenty feet high on account of the heat. In the basement of this palatial home was a fine billiard room.

The bedroom assigned to me was on the ground floor. The floors were of polished mahogany, strewn with the most beautiful oriental rugs I have ever seen. I know an oriental rug when I see one, and I knew that these rugs were quite valuable. One I remember especially was an Ispahan "Prayer-rug." Pixley told me later that it was worth about \$5000 in American money.



Outside of the oppressive heat, to which I never become accustomed, my stay with my friend was a very lovely one. A "sahib" was placed at my disposal. He sat outside my bedroom door. I didn't like that so I suggested to Pixley that he take him away. There are moments of privacy when I am in communion with my God, and sometimes I speak quite loudly. So I had this "sahib" removed.

Pixley informed me that dinner would be served in about an hour on the veranda. In the meantime I might take a "siesta," which I did not. I never sleep when there is work to be done, especially in the day-time.

Now just a word about this man Pixley. When I saw him on the Police boat, I was struck by the very remarkable resemblance to "The Wanderer." He had the same handsome face. The same raven-black hair. The same prominent aquiline nose. The same sad smile. He stood the same six feet tall. The only difference was that Pixley weighed only about one hundred and ten pounds. He was very thin. In all other respects he did resemble "The Wanderer" very much. I discovered the reason for his thinness later.

The grounds surrounding the Pixley home are beautiful. It is one of the show-places of Alexandria. These grounds comprise many acres, and all of these acres is full of flowers of the most gorgeous hue. Many of them, like most tropical flowers, emit no perfume, but there were others that did. Altogether, the Pixley home is one of the most elaborate homes I have ever been a guest in. I was glad indeed that I had decided to stop in Alexandria.

I had to come through Alexandria anyhow, as my real destination was the little City of Bethlehem, where both Jesus and "The Wanderer" were born. I wanted to go through the Holy Land once more. I wanted to stand on the Mount of Olives. I wanted to walk through the Garden of Gethsemane again. While it is a fact that this whole region has been so commercialized by



the religious organizations who have this area in their control, I still like to just be there where so many of the Christian traditions had been originated.

The location of the original Garden of Gethsemane is, of course, unknown. What is offered the traveller as the "original" Garden, with its trees, is mere guesswork, as is Jacob's well where Jesus met the woman of Samaria. But the setting is fascinating nevertheless. Of course, what I really wanted was to meet "The Wanderer" again. That had been the reason I had so readily agreed to this trip at the insistence of Mrs. Robinson. The chances were, as I had been through this entire part of the world before, I never should have made the trip had it not been for the fact that "The Wanderer" had told me he was going to his native land.

Perhaps I should see him again. Perhaps I should not. After I had freshened up a bit in my room, I stretched out on the four-poster bed in my room in the Pixley home, and was thinking about this "Wanderer" man who had so mysteriously entered my life, and with such staggering effect. Who was he? I did not know, but I felt that the mystery would be explained before I left the east for Moscow, Idaho. It was. And in a way in which I little dreamed as I lay there on the four-poster bed, resting.

But had not "The Wanderer" told me that if I ever really wanted him he would re-appear? Of course he had. Now that I was in his own land, I did not think it would be too much of an imposition if I sent out a request to the Spirit of God for "The Wanderer." This I did, and almost at once received the spiritual assurance that before I left for home, I should have had another conference with the strange man who had wound himself round my heart with cords which never could be broken.

All meals in the Pixley home, in the summer time, are served on the porch. My reveries were soon interrupted by a knock on my door. Opening it, my "sahib" informed me, in perfect English that "Dinner is served sir—please follow me."

I followed. He led me to the porch on the west side of the



house. All four sides had porches round them. A small table for two had been set, and as we began to eat, my friend Pixley informed me that his father, who lived in this magnificent home with him most of the time, was away in England on a business trip.

I expressed my regrets at his absence, and expressed too, a desire to meet the elder Pixley at some future time. I did, in Surrey, England where this wealthy man has another estate.

The fare consisted of soup, a portion of roast beef, some custard pie—in fact the meal was as typically American as one could wish. I discovered later that my friend had changed his orders in the kitchen, to conform to the American taste of his guest. He need not have done that though as I should have been mighty interested in eating some of the Egyptian fare to which my host was accustomed.

As we sat there eating, and discussing the strange manner in which our paths through life had crossed, an incident occurred which will ever be indelibly stamped on my mind—perhaps more indelibly than the incident, or perhaps the “miracle” I witnessed when “The Wanderer” restored life to a dead China pheasant near Dusty.

The meal was over. As I rose to follow my host into the house, I noticed, in a small depression in the ground under a rhododendron bush, a little bird. Evidently it had been injured. It was lying on its back with its head on the ground in a rather peculiar position. Every few moments this little bird would violently flap its wings as if it were trying to right itself and fly away.

As I have previously told you, I cannot stand the sight of suffering or pain. And I hate death. Turning to my friend Pixley I said:—“There’s a little bird under that bush—evidently it is injured—I believe I’ll go and see what’s the matter with it.”

“It must have flown against a light wire. I saw it this morning at breakfast, and dug that little hole and put it in, thinking perhaps it might be able to fly away, or that the parents might take



it away. They have been trying to feed it, but the little thing does not seem to be able to eat," said Pixley, adding, "I believe it has a head or a neck injury."

"Let's walk out and see it," I repeated.

"Let's do that—although I don't believe there is anything we can do," said Pixley.

We walked through the porch door and down the steps to the bush under which the little injured bird was. I saw, on approaching it, that it was a wren. It was about six months old, certainly old enough to fly, as it had its full growth of feathers. Watching the little thing for a few moments, I gently turned it over on its under side. However, it at once flopped on its back. But it was completely unable to rise or fly.

Stooping over, I picked the little thing up, holding it carefully and tenderly in my hand. It fought me for a while, picking at the hand that held it. Speaking quietly to the little thing, I stroked its head with my forefinger, saying to it:—"All right little bird—I'm not going to hurt you—I wish there was something I could do to help you."

Then, there flashed into my mind the strange restoring of life by "The Wanderer" to the China pheasant. This bird in my hand was not dead, but if "The Wanderer" had been able to restore life to a dead China pheasant, and if the Spirit of God had been using me for many years in the restoration to health of hundreds of thousands of human beings, why was it not possible for me to at once heal this tiny little wren?

I shall now try to pass along to the reader the exact thoughts and emotions which were passing through my mind. It is important that they be grasped, for, in the grasping of them, the reader will understand just what is necessary before the healing, miraculous, though perfectly normal Power of the Spirit of God can be manifested. *There must be perfect faith. Ninety-nine and nine-tenths percent faith is not enough. It must be one hundred percent.*

That faith in God must be so strong that if the expected heal-



ing, or whatever it may be did *not happen*, therein would lie the miracle, not in the work itself. If you and I can take for granted, with the assurance with which we turn on an electric light switch, that light will follow, *there is nothing we cannot do through the Power of God.*

But that faith must be *absolute*. It must be *unflinching*. It *must be unwavering*. It must be the same faith we exercise when we raise a cup of water to our lips, that we can drink it. Doubt positively cannot enter. If it does, there is no faith. One grain of doubt can destroy all the faith in the world. It can render it absolutely impotent, for, if that one grain of doubt is there, there is no faith.

As I stood there, holding that little injured wren in my hand, and stroking its little head with the forefinger of my other hand, there seemed to come to me the thought that it would be quite possible for me completely and instantaneously to heal that bird. It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to do. It seemed to be my duty to do it. And yet, if I did, would not every natural law pertaining to healing be broken? But had not even the law governing life itself been broken when "The Wanderer" had brought life back to a dead China pheasant? Or had it? *Perhaps instead of the law of life being broken by "The Wanderer," he had but fulfilled it.*

So I stood there, thinking the thing through to the only logical conclusion I could come to. Was there in my mind, *complete and absolute faith that I could instantly heal that bird?*

I seemed to have *almost* complete faith, but I detected the slightest suspicion of doubt. I was not sure. And until I was sure, I should have made a fool of myself had I thrown the little wren into the air, only to have it fall to the ground and injure itself more than it already had. I am a bit too smart to make a mistake of that sort.

I knew, however, that one hundred percent faith did not exist. What was the trouble? I had never had any difficulty healing hundreds of thousands of people all over the world without even



seeing them, had I? So why did I stand here doubting, with the injured little wren in my hand?

My reveries and thoughts were interrupted by my friend Pixley, who said:—"Is there something you can do for it?"

I thought for a long moment. Then, my face lighting up with the smile I so very much like to smile (the smile that comes from God), I turned to Pixley and said:—"No—there's nothing *I* can do for it, but there's a lot God can do for it."

With that, I threw the little wren into the air, as "The Wanderer" had done with the China pheasant, and was rewarded by seeing it fly away, returning later to show us, I suspect, that the healing had been quite complete.

Where had the doubt come from? Why had I hesitated?

The answer was contained in my reply to Pixley's question:—"There is nothing *I* can do, but there is a lot the Spirit of God can do."

We returned to the house, and went below to the "game-room" where the billiard tables were. Pixley invited me to have a game of billiards. I told him that I knew nothing about billiards, but that if he wanted to shoot a game of straight good old American pool, I would take him on. But pool is not known in the Pixley home, so we contented ourselves with banging a few balls around the table.

I was quite anxious to get at the circumstances which had impelled Pixley to send that \$40,000 to me. I have found that the best way to get the answer to a question is to ask it. So I came right out and asked him.

"Pixley—just how did you come to send me that forty thousand dollars when I wired you for it so many years ago?" I shot at him.

He smiled. "I have been hoping you would ask me that. You see, it really is a fascinating tale, yet one which can be very easily corroborated here in Alex. (Natives call Alexandria "Alex." for short.)

"I was born a cripple. A hopeless cripple. The attending physician at my birth, at which he had to use instruments, had severed



a nerve-center which controls locomotion. It was not his fault. I was fortunate, or unfortunate enough, whichever you wish, to be born at all.

"My father is a very wealthy man as you may have suspected. Specialists were brought from England, Vienna, New York, and other places. But the verdict was always the same. Nothing they could do. Operations were useless they said. You may be sure if anything could have been done, my father would have done it.

"I am thirty-eight years of age, and from my birth until my very miraculous healing, I never moved from my bed. I could not even move a muscle. I was an infinite burden to my family. Yet—I was their child, and they did their duty. They took care of me. They searched the world over for the physician who could make me whole."

I interrupted at this point with a smile on my face, saying:—"And then you found The Great Physician?"

"And then I found the one Physician we had not thought to look for," he replied. "It came about this way:—My father is a very religious man. He stands high in the official circles of the Church of England. Yet he is a very shrewd business man, and I suspect that his affiliation with the church may be for business reasons, for the Church of England, as you may not know, is the heaviest stockholder in the Vickers-Maxim Arms Co. This company pays huge dividends, and that is where a great part of my father's wealth came from. His church made literally hundreds of millions of dollars from the last war, and if another comes, it will make many millions more.

"But my Dad has very little faith in the Church of England as an agent of God. He does not believe, or he did not believe that God was ever intended to be an actual entity in the lives of men and women here on earth. He believes in the ritual. But he considers God an ethereal something whom we may someday meet, but with Whom contact can only be made by the creed, or ritual of his Church. In other words, he has no actual belief in the Power of God, and even after the miracle he saw happen right in



this house, he still won't sell one share of his stock in the Vickers Arms Co. And sometimes he believes that what happened to me was just chance, and that God had nothing at all to do with it. No later than last week, he alluded to you as "that religious faker from America," and that, in spite of the fact that had it not been for you, I should still be lying, a helpless cripple, in the very bedroom which has been placed at your disposal.

"It grieves me, but that's how it is, and I'm really glad that my Dad is not here. Actually, he's a grand man. But his religion is book-religion, creed-religion, and ritual-religion. He gets awfully mad whenever a piece of mail from your office comes in here and he happens to see it."

I had heard of such individuals before and I was not surprised, for I believe I know churchianity as well as most men. However, I still did not know just how he was healed of his complete paralysis, so I urged him to continue.

"This is exactly how it happened," he began. "One day, in a magazine I had been reading, I saw your advertisement—'I TALKED WITH GOD.' That evening I suggested to my Dad that I send away for your literature. Now Dad loves me a lot, and while he did even then allude to you as a religious racketeer, he did allow me to write for your material. Why he should call you a racketeer without knowing the slightest thing about you and your Movement, I have never been able to understand, but I guess with Dad, everyone who does not believe what he does about God and religion, is automatically wrong.

"One day, your literature came. I had the same sahib who waits on you read it to me, for, while I could talk, I could not move a muscle. I was very deeply impressed with what I read. It rang true.

"Before this literature came I had, of course, considered that this might be another of your fantastic American money-making schemes, altho I could not conceive of anyone sinking so low that he would try to make money by playing upon the religious emotions of his fellow men and women.



"When I read what you had to say though, I was convinced that you knew something about the Power of God which we, over here, or in England have never known. You were talking about God as if He is a real, live Spirit which can do anything for anybody, and can do it now. You told me that the greatest spiritual Power in the world is the Power of God, and you told me too, that anyone—everyone—can find and use that Power without believing anything any church teaches, and without even reading a Bible.

"That certainly was something new in religion. Yet it appealed to my common-sense. I wanted your Teaching more than anything else in the world. I just had to have it. Of course, I had no money. I had no use for money, as I had never been out of the bed in which I was born. I never expected to be.

"One night I said to my father:—'Dad—will you send to Moscow, Idaho, and get me a Membership in that Psychiana Religion?'

"Dad fussed and fumed for a while, but that didn't mean anything—he loved me, even though I was a hopeless cripple—he still loved me or he would have had my life snuffed out shortly after birth. So, more to humor me than anything else, he sent to your office for the Lessons. When they came, I had Sahib Hassam el Eli, that is his name, read them to me. You know your Lessons only came every two weeks, and I know now, every one of them, up to the fourth, by heart.

"As soon as those Lessons came, there came into my utterly hopeless life, *new hope*. *In spite of the fact that the world's best physicians had said that as the nerve centers involved had never functioned, but had shrunk to nothing, I knew, through your Lessons, that the Power of God might be able to do something for me. I knew I had found the man who, of all men, was writing something which instilled faith in God in me, and that is something I had never known in this house, even though we are so closely allied to the great Church of England.*"

"Don't bother me with the details," I interjected, "just tell me



what happened when the Spirit of God cast out the sentence of living death, and gave you the Power to walk again."

"Well, it was something like your healing of the injured wren a few moments ago. Your fourth Lesson had come in. The sahib had read it to me over and over again. I had had a rack made and placed across the bed; for the first time since I have been born I was really beginning to have hope that some day I might walk as others all around me did.

"I prayed, until you taught me that praying, in itself, can not get anywhere. You explained to me that actual *belief* was what did the work. And, the more I studied your Lesson number four, the more surely did the actual desire to walk come over me. I had never doubted the ability of God to make me whole. What I needed to know was how to change the little faith I had in God, into the thing I wanted more than anything else in the world—and that was to walk, and be as other normal human beings were.

"The more I pondered over the matter, the greater did the hope become. It seemed fantastic. It seemed impossible. But had not Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus? Had he not raised Lazarus from the tomb? Had he not, at eventide, healed all who were sick of divers diseases? What a pity Jesus was not here now—there was no question in my mind but what Jesus could have instantly healed me.

"But had not your Lessons taught that Jesus was a man, even as you and I? Had you not told me that the very same Power Jesus used is available to us all? Had you not so very carefully pointed out that the Power of God, as Jesus used it, can never change? Then, believing that, it did not take me long to see that all that was necessary was for me to get up and walk in and through the Power of the Spirit of God, the very same Power Jesus used. I saw that very clearly. And I believed it.

"But here I was. A hopeless cripple. Like the sick one at the pool of Bethesda, I had no one, when the waters were troubled, to put me into the pool. However, the sahib and I were very



close friends. One day I told him that God was going to make me walk. The sahib, of course, is a Mohammedan. When I told him that God was going to make me walk, he pointed his fingers upwards and said:—‘Allah—he make you walk.’

“Then I explained to him that his Allah and my God were one and the same thing. Many different concepts—many different names—but only one Creator. Only one Great Spirit of God. (The very point the Christian Church has missed.)

“Soon we had discussed a plan for getting me out of bed. We waited until father had gone to England. The very night the boat left, Sahib Eli, and three more of the servants my father keeps here, came into my bedroom. Sahib Eli took charge of the proceedings. I told him that all I wanted them to do was to get me out of the bed and stand me on my feet. In other words, what I was doing was *trying to take the healing I knew the Power of God had for me.*

“In other words, Doctor Robinson, I was trying to do what the man who had the withered hand did, when Jesus told him to do something he had never been able to do in his life before—stretch forth his hand, and *as in the case of Matthew 10:12, with the attempt to stretch forth the withered hand, in my case the whole body—there came the cure.*

“Before the four servants had gotten me out of my bed, I felt the Power of God flowing through me. I began to walk, and have been walking ever since—and that was nearly twenty years ago.

“Of course, my instant healing created a great sensation among the servants, but my Dad, strange as it may seem, did everything in his power to hush it up. Had he not forebade newspapermen to come to the house and write the story, a world sensation would have followed, and, as my father hates publicity, it would have broken him up completely. He had enough influence here in Alex. to hush the matter up completely, and I’m not so sure he was not right, although I cannot understand his hostility to you. When he discovered that I had sent you the forty thousand



dollars, which is only ten thousand pounds, he scolded me, notwithstanding the fact that it had been your Teachings, and your Teachings alone which had given me normal use of all my functions. The Power was God's, but you are the man who led me to God. Now you know why, when I received your wire, I at once wired you the money."

"I knew there was something unusual, and I'm glad to know what it was. Especially am I glad because some day, I'm going to write a book and mention this incident. Of course, I'll change the name and so disguise it otherwise that no one will know who I am writing about, but this incident, and others, will certainly be published in book form," I said to my friend.

That night, upon retiring to my room, I lay there thinking upon what my friend Pixley had told me earlier in the day. I thought of the little wren too. I had here, before me, two cases of the actual operation of the Power of the Spirit of God, each in supposed violation of all known natural law. But natural law is only the law of the Creator of nature—nature's God. So if such happenings as these are considered "violations" of nature, then it is quite patent that the human race will have to re-vamp its ideas of what constitutes "natural" law.

We are seeing heretofore little known laws being demonstrated by the manufacture and explosion of the atomic bomb. Perhaps nature holds other secrets too, through which the Power of God can be made known to the world in a manner little dreamed of to date. Perhaps the Author, through long years of religious persecution has bled his way through to God. Perhaps the Spirit of God has given him an inkling of things to come. Who knows?

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I stayed with my friend Pixley several days. We went to see the most interesting sights in this famous old city, where, in days gone by, many a religion was manufactured. Jew, Gentile, Arab, Greek, their theologians all gathered here. They compared their



religious theories. One borrowed from the other. Another stole outright from another. It was the hot-bed of religious superstition and bigotry. Had it not been for this City, many a religion of the twentieth century might not have appeared at all.

This ancient city was founded by Alexander the Great more than three hundred years B.C. It is a link between Macedonia and the rich Nile Valley. During the war just ended, the "desert fox," Rommel, came within a few miles of this old Jewish City, and even today it bears the results of the bombs which were dropped upon it by the armies of Christian nations. It is very significant that there was not a Moslem or a Mohammedan nation engaged in this awful war which, while seemingly ended, could burst forth again in ever greater fury. They were all Christian nations except one. What a shocking indictment this is. What a travesty upon the name of God. What overwhelming evidence that the name of Jesus can do just exactly nothing to heal the wounds of mankind. The name of Jesus, as such, is as impotent today as it ever was, and ever will be. But the Power of God—the Power Jesus came to the earth to proclaim—*that Power has never even been tried.*

All of our churches have been too busy with their traditions about Jesus, and Peter, and Paul, and the rest of the apostles to even give the Power of God a chance to do something for humanity. What fantastic theory is it that tells us a Messenger of God who was born two thousands years ago, was Almighty God, with the world in the shape it's in today?

Of course, our churches answer that men and women will not accept Christianity. Then if that is the case, Christianity cannot be true. Men and women will accept God, and if they will not accept what the Christian church offers them, how can there be any of God in it?

There is another wail which we occasionally hear from some forward looking Christian minister, and that is the sop that "Christianity has never been tried." Yes it has. It has been tried for two thousand years. For this number of years Jesus has been



worshipped as Almighty God. That is certainly trying Christianity, is it not? The Christian Church cannot evade its responsibility by saying that men will not accept what it offers, or by saying that what they offer has not been tried.

The blame lies within the Christian Church itself, and nowhere else. It lies squarely upon its shoulders. It cannot blame the world for what it has failed to do. Nor can it blame the world for what its God—Jesus—has failed to do. *When the Christian Church decides to disrobe itself of the fallacy of the God-ship of Jesus, then, and only then can it rise to the high pinnacle upon which it should stand—dispensing actual knowledge of the Power of God to the world.*

Of what use is a prayer-meeting with the world going to hell, unless that prayer-meeting reveals the actual Power of God? Of what use is a Sunday school unless that school reveals the actual Power of God to the young people who attend it? Of what use is a Christian Endeavor Society meeting unless the actual Power of God goes out from that meeting, to reveal Itself to this God-forsaken world?

Let the Christian Church be honest. Let it throw away the shame and hypocrisy which permeates its every fibre. We know what it is. It is fooling no one but itself. As my old teacher Dr. McNicol said in his brochure:—"There is little evidence that anyone today looks upon the Christian Church as a divine institution."

Well the people should look upon it as a divine institution. And they will, just as soon as the Christian Church *proves* that it is a divine institution, and not until. Why should men and women consider the Christian Church divine in its origin? What has it done to merit such a high honor? Shall we consider it of divine origin because it says it is? I'm afraid we know it too well.

We have seen no signs of divinity about it. We know its members too well. We see them out of church as well as in it.

When we see the Christian Church healing diseases, we will believe in it. When we see it a militant, fighting force for God,



*actually revealing the Power of God to the world*, and telling men and women that life eternal is possible on the earth because God lives, we will believe in it. When the Christian Church can convince the world that it knows God, we will believe in it—but not until.

If all it has to offer is two sermons, a few hymns, a prayer, and a collection box Sunday after Sunday, we cannot believe in it. The greatest spiritual Power this world can ever know is the Power of God. I have never heard a sermon preached on that Power in the sixty-odd years of my life. I do not ever expect to. I believe the Christian Church will be sucked down in the maelstrom of horror which will inevitably come to the earth, unless the whole human race is changed by the Power of God.

The Spirit of God will not leave the earth, even though that maelstrom comes and destroys ninety percent of our civilization. But that Spirit will never manifest itself through the Christian Church unless and until it utterly throws away its fallacious doctrine that Jesus Christ was Almighty God, and places Him where He belongs; as the greatest Messenger of God this world has ever known, but still a human Messenger, possessed, even as you and I, with the Spirit of God in Him.

To continue to worship Jesus as a God, is to take part in the destruction of this civilization. The Christian Church has no business doing that. But that is what it is doing when it offers itself as a "divine" institution, and yet fails to offer any proof of that claim.

Its doctrines do not prove it is divine—they were all known to millions, thousands of years before Christ was ever heard of. Its record does not prove it is divine, for, through the ages, as now, it has been in the very midst of every war which has plagued civilization since Christianity arose. The actions of its members do not prove it is divine, for they are men and women, just like the rest of the men and women of the world. They could all reveal the Power of the Spirit of God to the world if they knew of the existence of that Power. But they do not know that



any such Power exists. No one has told them. It is the duty of the Christian Church first to discover the actual and literal Power of the Spirit of God, and then reveal that Power to the world, to such a degree that this Power—the Power of Almighty God—can do what man himself can *not* do, that is, *unite the human race with God*.

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I had asked my friend Pixley if he would not be kind enough to drive me to Cairo the next day, as I was anxious to get on to Jerusalem. He readily agreed, and we left Alexandria early the next morning on our trip. I asked him how it felt to be raised from a living death, and he replied:—"It is hard to explain. You see, for so many years I was completely helpless, that actually I am only twenty years old. The eighteen years I was lying helpless in that bed are completely lost to me."

I asked him to tell me just what were his feelings when he felt the Spirit of Life, which is the Spirit of God surging through his nerve centres for the first time. He said that it was like the very life of God coming into his life. I asked him if there was ever a doubt in his mind that the Power of God had made him whole, and he replied:—"I was too happy about being made whole to doubt anything. I knew that the healing had taken place as a result of faith in God, inspired by what you had written. There is no question about that. Nor is there any question about the life surging through me, and giving me the ability for the first time since I had been born, of standing and walking alone."

I asked him how long it took him to walk, to which he replied that he stood alone by the side of the bed when he felt the Power surging through him, and then walked unaided across the room. When I asked him if he had ever had a doubt since, he said he had never had the slightest doubt. So evidently the cure was instant and complete, after twenty years.

Then I suggested that it might have been a good thing had the



miracle been publicized, stating that perhaps the churches might try to discover the Source of such Power. His reply was characteristic of the English people, for this is what he said:—"My father was in England when it happened. Sahib Eli wired him that I was up and walking round. Dad called me by radio-phone and when I had corroborated the healing, he insisted that no one be told about it. I promised I would comply with his wishes in that.

"Of course, he took the next boat, and a week later he arrived home. I met him at the door. He was completely mystified, and insisted that I go into great detail about the whole affair. Then he called the three physicians in Alexandria who had been in attendance on me several times since birth. He also called the one who actually brought me into the world. None of them could offer the slightest word of explanation. They were loath to admit that a notable miracle had been wrought, yet they had no other explanation to offer, and, when told in detail the whole circumstance, they said that perhaps you had some special healing Power which was entirely outside of the field of medicine." (They knew nothing about the Spirit of God in Pixley.)

Then I asked him if his father had ever actually given God the credit for the healing. He said he did not know, but that he doubted it very much, being loath to admit that anything good could come from God, unless it came through the organized church.

Then I asked Pixley if his father, great Christian though he was, had ever prayed for him, or asked anyone else to pray for him, to which he replied that it was his father's attitude that fate had handed him a dirty deal in that it had given him a crippled son who never would be able to walk, and that there was nothing to be done about it.

I then asked him how the mother had taken it, and this was the first intimation I had that the mother had died at his birth. Pixley told me that the reason his father seemed to love him as he did, was because he loved his mother so very much.



I am always very much interested in the reaction of church people to the results of the Spirit of God in human lives. On one occasion, a minister in Moscow had called me to see the son of a member of his church. The boy was in a pitiable condition when I saw him. I do not recall what the disease was, as this incident happened during the first year of my ministry. Anyhow, the boy had a marvellous recovery. But instead of giving credit for the recovery to God, who alone is entitled to the credit, this minister circulated the story round Moscow that *he* had prayed for the boy and a marvellous recovery had followed. The fact that he had called me into the picture, and the fact that I had ordered the disease to leave in and through the Power of the Spirit of God, was never mentioned. If that minister prayed for that boy, I did not see it. Nor was the recovery of the boy due in any measure to whatever prayers he may have uttered somewhere else. It was due directly to the quick responding of the Spirit of God to an act of faith on my part. Yet this minister, who is no longer in Moscow, took all the credit. Or did he? About the only person he fooled was himself.

The foregoing incident is factual. Here is another one. Some thirty or more years ago, Gipsy Smith, the famed evangelist, who some years later, while in his eightieth year married a young girl of eighteen, I believe it was, had built a large galvanized iron auditorium in Portland, for a series of evangelistic services. One night, the rain came in torrents. It began just as Smith was starting his sermon. Lifting his eyes to Heaven, the famous evangelist prayed this prayer:—"Oh my Father—this is your meeting, not mine. The rain is falling on the galvanized iron roof of this building, and these people cannot hear me. *Please stop the rain.*"

Instantly the rain stopped. The next morning the Portland Oregonian and the Journal and another paper which was published at that time but which is now extinct, carried banner headlines on the incident.

"EVANGELIST PRAYS—RAIN STOPS"

"GOD ANSWERS EVANGELIST'S PRAYER"



At that time the Author was working for nine dollars a week in the basement of the E. P. Charlton store, later bought out by the Woolworth Co. The manager of the store was president of the Portland Holiness Association. His name was Baldwin. I was actively engaged in religious work in my spare time, being a member of Dr. Hinson's First Baptist Church in Portland. During this Smith campaign, I sang in the choir.

The morning after the rain incident, Baldwin sent for me to come to his office. When I arrived there he said:—"Sit down, Frank, and tell me what you think of the rain stopping last night."

I told him that it was quite evident what had happened. Smith was being annoyed by the rain, had prayed, and the rain had immediately stopped.

Almost jumping out of his chair, Baldwin shouted to me:—"That is not what happened at all. Smith's prayer didn't even reach God—it was my prayer that was answered, not his."

I took issue with Baldwin on that, telling him plainly, although he was the "boss," that I considered that it was Gipsy Smith's prayer which had been answered, and that his prayer probably did not get even as high as the roof. Baldwin, the president of the Portland Holiness Association fired me on the spot for arguing with him about whose prayer stopped the rain.

\* \* \*

Turning to Pixley as we were speeding along the Cairo highway I said:—"Tell me again about the circumstances which led you to get in touch with me."

He re-told the story of having seen my advertisement in an American magazine, and had sent for the literature. Then, he said to me rather quietly:—"Doctor Robinson, do you believe in dreams?"

I told him that dreams seldom had any significance, but that God very often spoke to men through visions, which can be very



easily mistaken for dreams if one does not know the difference by experience.

"Did you have a dream, or a vision?" I inquired.

"I sort of hate to tell you this—you may think it was just imagination, or a dream. However, as I cannot forget the incident, I'll tell you about it and I shall be interested in knowing whether it had anything to do with my recovery, and my sending you the forty thousand dollars," he said.

"Shall I begin?"

"You go right ahead, and be sure and omit no detail, however unimportant it may seem. There is much more behind the crossing of our paths than you realize now. Before I leave you I'll tell you how I came to send you the wire, asking you to send me forty thousand dollars."

"A few nights before I saw your advertisement in the magazine, there came to me the very strangest dream I have ever had. I do not dream any more, but those years in which I was lying there hopelessly crippled, unable to move hand or foot, were full of dreams every night. But this one was different. In this dream I met a man who called himself 'The Wanderer'."

How I was able to stay in my seat I do not know. I had an idea that I had been the only one to whom "The Wanderer" had appeared. And now, like a bolt out of the blue, I was sitting beside the man who first had such a miraculous healing, and then had sent the forty thousand dollars which had made the Psychiana Movement possible, and *he too, had seen "The Wanderer."*

Hardly able to hold myself in the Rolls-Royce I said to my friend Pixley:—"Go on."

"Well it was something like this. I was dreaming that there came a great war. I saw hordes of soldiers over-running the City of Alexandria and the surrounding country. I saw the whole world involved in that war which, I seemed to believe, would soon sweep across the Mediterranean and destroy all that I held dear, even though I was not in a physical condition to enjoy it.



"While I was dreaming of that horrible war, a strange figure entered my bed-room, the room in which you have been sleeping Doctor Robinson. He looked very much like me, and at first I thought it was my brother Geoffrey who is in the Foreign Office in London. Then I saw it was not Geoffrey. He was as tall as I am, and just as dark, but much more handsome, and he had the strangest look in his eyes."

"How was he dressed?" I interpolated, again asking him at the same time to omit no detail.

"Well he was dressed in a suit of banker's grey and he had on a red tie. His shoes were high shoes, and if I remember correctly, they were brown. He stood there at the door looking at me, and I saw in his eyes what I took to be a feeling of great sympathy or compassion for me. I seemed to sense that he wanted to help me, if he could. Of course, I knew that was impossible, for although this was but a dream, a sense of my helplessness underlay all of my dreams. I was never able to get away from that."

"Go on."

"You seem to be very much interested Doctor Robinson—do you think there is any significance to what I am telling you?"

"You just keep talking, my friend. I'll tell you what I think after you have told the story in detail—go on."

"This strange man, whom I seemed to like immensely from the first moment I saw him, stood looking at me as I told you, for quite a while. Then he slowly walked towards the bed and sat down beside me. Reaching over, he took my right hand in his, and as he reached out to take my hand, *I saw in the middle of the palm of his hand, a terrible scar.*

"I seemed to have no trouble at all in moving the hand he held. As a matter of fact, I moved my hand towards his, although this was the first time I had ever dreamed that I could move any part of my body. But I am quite sure that I met his hand half-way."

"What did you think when you saw that scar?" I asked him.

"I did not know what to think. I had never seen this man be-



fore and therefore had not the slightest knowledge of who he might be."

"Did you see the palm of his left hand?"

"I did a little while later, when he reached out to take both of my hands in his, and lift me to my feet. *There was a scar there too.*

"Go on," I told Pixley.

"Well as I have told you, he came over and sat on the side of my bed, and first took my right hand in his hand, which, by the way, was quite large. I should say it looked like the hand of a musician—an artist of some sort or other. As we looked into each other's eyes, I said to him—'Who are you?' to which he replied, 'You may call me The Wanderer.'

"Why have you come to me—what are you doing in my room, and how did you get in?

"He told me that he went about the world doing what he called "My Father's business" and when I asked him what business his father was in, he replied:—"Making people whole."

"Hearing this, and wanting above all else to be made whole, I said to him—'Can your father make me whole?' to which he replied—'That is why I am here—my Father has sent me to heal you and make you walk just like other people do.'

"You will remember Doctor Robinson this is only a dream, and there probably is not the slightest connection with what happened at all, and anyway, it makes no difference because I am now completely well and have been for many years," said my friend Pixley.

"You just go ahead with your story, Brother—there is very much more to this than you have any idea of," I said to him. "What did this man do next?"

"He took my left hand in his right, and transferred my right hand to his left, and then he said to me—'Do you want to be made whole?' Of course, I told him that was exactly what I did want. I told him that my father would pay him, or his father, any amount of money if either of them could restore me to



normal health and make me walk round like other people did."

"What did he say to that?" I asked, smilingly, as I believed I knew the answer myself.

"He said that what he was about to do for me could not be done through offers of money. He said neither his, nor his father's services were for sale. Then he told me that God was his Father, and that seemed to put an entirely different light on this man. I remembered the two scars which were in the palms of his hands, and that, of course, reminded me of the scars in the hands of Jesus."

"Were you able to get a look at his forehead?" I asked.

"No—he had a hat on, and it was pulled down quite low over his eyes."

"Then you did not ever get a look at his forehead?"

Pixley thought for a few moments. "Seems to me that when he bowed himself out, near the door, he raised his hat—and—yes, I remember very distinctly now . . . *There were scars across his forehead too.*"

"Okay—and what did he do next?" I queried.

"Well you will remember that he had asked me if I wanted to be made whole, and I had told him that I wanted that more than anything in the world. You will also remember that he was holding both of my hands in his. At this point he asked me again if I really wanted to be whole, and if I believed that God, his Father, could instantly make me whole, to which I replied—'Of course I do . . . I have never had any doubts about God being able to make anyone whole.'"

Pixley thought for a while, and then continued . . . "Then I felt a tug at both my arms, and I heard this man who had called himself 'The Wanderer' say . . . 'Get up and walk—through the Power of The Spirit of God.'"

"And you got up?"

"Of course I had to get out of bed myself, but he pulled me at first. I think he pulled me to a sitting position. After that, I did the rest."



"Just what did you do then?"

"Oh—I put my clothes on and sat in a chair reading a magazine."

"And what did 'The Wanderer' do?"

"Just stood there looking at me and then said . . . 'Are you not going to thank God for your recovery?'"

"Hastily I apologized, telling him that my joy at being healed was so great that I had not had time to think about thanking God, or him, for the marvellous healing. Then he did a strange thing Doctor Robinson—he began to weep. The tears came from his eyes in blinding torrents. I asked him what the matter was, and got to my feet intending to go over to him, but he waved me back.

"I could see that the man was heart-broken, so I walked to the dresser and took a silk handkerchief out of a drawer and handed it to him, thinking that perhaps he might wish to dry his eyes."

"Did he take the handkerchief?" I asked Pixley.

"No—he opened the door, removed his hat, bowed a bit, it seemed to me, and as he left he was saying over and over, 'I thank Thee Father that Thou hast heard me.'"

"Is that the last you saw of 'The Wanderer'?"

"Well shortly after that Doctor Robinson, I was awakened by Eli for breakfast. It had all been a dream—but only a dream I guess."

"I'm not so sure of that," I replied, remaining quiet in thought.

"Have you told me everything, every little detail?" I inquired a few moments later.

Pixley thought for a while and then replied:—"There was one little incident which is not of much importance, but if you want to know of it I'll tell you, for you evidently are interested in the details of this experience, although personally I don't believe it had anything to do with the healing, which came from your teachings alone, of course."

"I could tell you many things my friend, if I chose to, but let



me say this one thing to you—that was not a dream . . . *that was a direct revelation from God*. And now, please *let me tell you* what the little detail was which you have omitted."

Turning his eyes from the road, Pixley said to me:—"But how can you know anything about what happened in that dream?"

"I don't know—but I'll make a guess that 'The Wanderer' handed you that magazine, opened to the page which contained my advertisement."

Pixley did not know what to say to that, but by the slow nodding of his head I knew that I had correctly guessed.

We discussed the dream, as he called it, from every angle. I wanted to be alone though. I wanted to tie together some loose ends about this whole affair. That it was very definitely connected with the initial financing of my Movement, there could be no doubt. But there were many thoughts running through my mind which could only be answered by another meeting with "The Wanderer." That meeting came to pass within the next week, for I had sent out two requests for "The Wanderer" to come to me.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### In Which "The Wanderer" Reveals Himself

IN DUE TIME WE ARRIVED IN CAIRO WHERE I SAID A VERY FOND "good-bye" to my friend Pixley. And to think that he had almost not told me about what he called "a dream." I knew now that the Spirit of God had been behind that strange incident. I knew that this dream, as he called it, had been given to him by God, in order to call his attention to a simple advertisement in a magazine, which advertisement, if he followed the invitation it contained, would most assuredly lead him to the only God who had the ability to heal his paralyzed body, and restore him to perfect health.

The appearance of "The Wanderer," long before I met him, was in itself proof that the entire incident was a direct manifestation from God. Everything tied together so very closely that there was not the slightest question in my mind but that the Spirit of God was about to make one last appeal to the nations of the earth. It would give them one more chance to let the reins of government of this war-weary planet rest where they ever should have been—in the hands of God.

No man should hold public office, especially an office which could plunge his nation into war, unless that man knows the Power of the Spirit of God in his life. If the peoples of this earth could discover some system whereby they could rule themselves, without having kings, and presidents, and dictators over them, there never would be another war, because the people themselves do not want war. They do not want to fight and they never would fight, if they had their say. It is for this reason I say that until *the government* of the peoples of this earth be placed



in the hands of God, there can be no surcease from the horrible tragedies of useless and senseless war, for war never settles anything. The only thing it does is breed new wars. And religion, or what has passed for religion, in the past, as in the present, has seemed to be at the very core of these devastating wars.

Book-religion. Bible-religion. Church-religion. Every sort of religion except one which can actually reveal the Power of God to the earth. We have no such religion.

I did not remain long in Cairo. "The Wanderer" had not appeared to me, and I took that to mean that I had not yet reached the place where he desired to meet with me. So I laid plans very shortly to continue my trip to Jerusalem. From thence I should go to Bethlehem, a few miles to the south of the City of Jerusalem.

As I have previously told you, I intended to stay at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, and reservations were awaiting me when I arrived.

Since that day, the very hotel in which I stayed was almost demolished by the bombs of Jews, or others, who comprise that seething mass of misery which, at this writing, is Jerusalem. Truly the "Abomination of Desolation" is now standing where it should not stand. Truly, the time is here when the nations of the earth must make a decision which will forever save them, or destroy them. If they are destroyed, they will destroy themselves. God will never do it.

As I sat there musing in my room in the King David Hotel, I tried to put together the pieces in the sordid puzzle of the nations of the earth. One shocking conflict had ended, and one would think that the peoples of the earth would never want to see another such holocaust. The people themselves do not want to see it. But the forms of government under which most nations live are such that at the orders of those in power over the people, they *must* go to war. For if war is declared, and one refuses to fight, such a one is at once incarcerated and punished as a criminal. The Christian Bible says "Thou shalt not kill." But



when one country threatens another, the Bible and every other book which tells about God, goes out of the window. And God goes with them so far as the rulers of the nations are concerned.

The Author is trying to help men and women find God. He wants to present to the nations of the earth, a suggestion that they all take God into their reckonings as they try to secure international peace. This Author knows that there never can be, and there never will be peace on this earth, until the nations of the earth have received a concept of the Power of God which is of such scintillating brilliance that they will automatically be drawn to it.

So far, no such concept of God has been brought to humanity. It follows then, as the night the day, that no such concept has been seen by any of the many religious organizations on earth, each of which claims to be teaching the truths of God, although they all fight amongst themselves, if not openly, under the surface. Certain it is that no common denominator has been found upon which all religions can agree. That common denominator must be found.

If such a common denominator is to be found, it will have to consist of a new concept of God. It cannot be anything which the churches themselves can concoct. For even if all the churches in the universe were to combine, Catholic and Protestant, Moslem and Jewish, that would not reveal the Power of God to the earth, it would only eliminate some of the friction which exists among a score or more of religious organizations, none of whom are able to advance a single theory of God which has Power enough in it to appeal to the nations of this earth. You may be sure that when the TRUTH of God begins to be made known on the earth, if it ever does, men and women by the hundreds of thousands will flock to that TRUTH. It is wrong, however to offer a substitute to the world. It is useless. No man will recognize the Power of God faster than the man on the street. In the time of Jesus it was the "common people" who heard Him gladly. The church hypocrites thanked God that they were not as others are.



Well when the great day of reckoning comes, it will be discovered that in the sight of God there is no class, no race, no creed. For when God Almighty created man on this earth, He made him of one blood; and when humanity is finally saved from the errors into which it has plunged itself—when it finally finds God—or rather when that portion of it which is left finds God, it will be discovered that only one thing will matter then—*do you know the Power of the Spirit of God?*

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Whenever I am in the City of Jerusalem, there is a sacred feeling which seems to hover near me. On this Saturday afternoon about which I am writing, I was trying to view world conditions in the light of the Man of Sorrows, Who, so very long ago, predicted the very things which are happening now. Not only the very things but the very places where these things should happen. I sensed that we are coming very close to the end of the age. I knew what would happen in the immediate future. Knowing that, I was over-anxious to do what I had to do, well. I was impetuously anxious to bring the answer to the problems of the world, to the world, in the quickest possible time. For there wasn't very much time left, and I knew that too.

Whenever I go away for an extended trip, I have my newspaper, The Daily Idahoan sent to me first-class mail.

This newspaper always carries the column written by Drew Pearson, on the front page. As a matter of fact, it occupies the place of honor on the page—the first column.

I had been reading "The Washington Merry-Go-Round," and when I saw there, the very things the Spirit of God had revealed to me as destined to happen in the immediate future, I was more perturbed than ever. As at the Feast of Belshazzar, I saw the handwriting on the wall. It was the same now as it was then:—"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin." "Thou hast been weighed in the balances and found wanting."



Here is what Drew Pearson had written on August the 17th, 1946.

"Beneath the surface, however, certain ominous developments are seething in the Near East which could plunge us into a war more horrible than anything ever envisaged by the mind of man. Behind the scenes, the top military men of Russia and England and, to some extent, the United States, are now maneuvering for positions for a war which some of them think could come in a matter of months—even weeks.

Here are some of the secret moves which, only one year after a war to end all wars, make the world so laden with dynamite:

1. Intelligence agencies have learned that Stalin now has three giant airborne armies, totalling 120,000 men each, poised along the Black sea. They are alerted and prepared for action—presumably against Turkey.

2. The soviet politburo has decided on a showdown with Turkey over the Dardanelles—at once. Last week all the Russian field marshals met with members of the politburo for three days in Odessa. Afterwards, Russia sent Turkey a demand that the Montreux treaty covering the Dardanelles be revised at once—and be revised only by the soviet satellites.

3. The Russian navy is now concentrated in the Black sea ports of Sevastopol and Feodosiya.

4. The British foreign office and the British general staff have decided that the time for a showdown with Russia is at hand. Their intelligence reports indicate feverish soviet experiments with the atomic bomb and cosmic ray. The presence of rocket bombs over Sweden is known to be Russian experimentation with radio-controlled rockets eventually calculated to hit England or perhaps cross the Arctic Circle.

British scientists know that the Russians may wind up with the atomic bomb or even the more deadly cosmic ray if the soviet is given another year to experiment. The British also know that the United States is not ready to wage a joint Anglo-American war against Russia; but they are convinced that, if Russia and England clash, the U. S. A. would come in on the British side.

5. The British general staff has moved three crack divisions into Iraq for a showdown with Moscow over Iran. The British fleet is poised in Mediterranean waters. At least nine other Brit-



ish divisions and the entire royal air force are ready to support Britain's determination to dominate Iran. Baghdad, capital of Iraq, is being heavily reinforced by the British.

6. The U. S. army is now spending increased amounts to fortify Alaska and is working in close cooperation with Canada on defense of the entire Arctic northwest. The Russian spy trials in Canada revealed that Moscow was collecting all possible information regarding northwest Canada and Alaska; also that all details of U. S. troops were reported back to Moscow, even including the movements of regiments in the southern United States.

7. The Russians are heavily fortifying the coast of Albania. This gives them partial control of the entrance of the Adriatic, and might keep an allied fleet from rescuing U. S.-British troops at Trieste. Moscow has also been shifting the red army in Europe, has replaced war veterans with fresh men. In Germany the red army is 750,000 strong. In Roumania, 90,000 red soldiers have been increased to 350,000 men. Four Russian divisions are in the Czech Sudetenland. A total of 6000 Russian planes are in Poland and Roumania.

8. Twelve factories in Russian-occupied Germany are pouring out munitions of war. The old Skoda works in Czechoslovakia, once used by Hitler, is turning out quantities of arms of an interchangeable type, for use in either the Czech or red army. Poland and Yugoslavia are manufacturing standardized Russian arms.

The armament race is once more on. These are some of the ominous undercurrents which could pull the world into another war even before the wounds of World War two are healed, even before a peace treaty is signed. Some diplomats and military leaders say that these currents have gone so far that another war is inevitable."

As I sat there in my room in the King David Hotel, reading the comments of Mr. Pearson and other writers, I knew that my intuition that we are approaching the end of the present dispensation was correct. Even if the unexpected should happen, and if a peace treaty which would mean something, should be signed, that, in my opinion, would only postpone the inevitable destruction of man. Inevitable, that is, unless man finds God, and there



is not the slightest hope that this will happen, until those organizations who say they represent God, bring to the world some evidence of the truth of that claim.

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From thoughts of war, I turned to "The Wanderer." His unexpected appearance to Pixley, and the added fact that Pixley had seen *scars across his brow*, intrigued me more and more as I thought the whole matter over. Who was this "Wanderer?" I had seen terrible scars in the palms of both of his hands, and Pixley had seen them too. But Pixley had seen something that I had not as yet seen—the scars on the brow.

Had those scars been made by a crown of thorns? Had the wounds in his hands been caused by the cruel nails—or were they caused by something else? And the scars on the brow—had they been caused by a crown of thorns? Or was the whole thing coincidence? I was not willing to admit that there was any coincidence in it at all. But if there was not, then "The Wanderer" must be Jesus.

He was a Syrian Jew. He was born in Bethlehem. His home was in Nazareth. He bore on his body, scars which could have been caused by the crude nails which might have been used to nail him to a cross. On his brow were marks which could have resulted from a crown of thorns. And had I not seen him do what no other man has ever done? Had I not seen him restore life to a dead China pheasant? And had his appearance to Pixley not made it possible for a hopeless cripple to be instantly healed?

If the impossible were to happen, and "The Wanderer" was to prove actually to be Jesus, then what was He doing on the earth? And why had He not revealed himself to the church, instead of to me? If it should come to pass that "The Wanderer" was Jesus, I intended to ask Him those questions. Those, and many more questions I filed away in my mind, just in case He did happen to be Jesus.

If He was Jesus, then many questions which had puzzled me



for many years would be answered, certainly. For I knew that I should see "The Wanderer" again. But where? It should be very soon now. I knew that he would not disappoint me. I had his word, and I had travelled half way round the world to see him. He must appear, and he must tell me who he is.

If he happened to be Jesus, then he certainly had come back to earth in a manner little expected. Those among church people who do look for the personal return of Jesus to the earth, and they are very few by the way, are looking for Him to come on the clouds of Heaven with great glory. They are expecting the archangel Gabriel to blow his horn, and they are looking for hosts of an angelic crowd to accompany Jesus and annihilate with one fell swoop, everyone on this earth who does not believe in the Christian religion.

Quoting from their Bible, they are expecting Jesus to come back and reign forever on the throne of His father David in this very city of Jerusalem. They are expecting the graves to open, and they who have been dead for hundreds of thousands of years to arise from the tomb. Some there are who say that those who have died shall rise first, and meet Jesus in the air. After that, they say, those who are left on the earth, and who believe in the Christian religion, will all be taken up to Heaven while the hundreds of millions who do not believe what the Christian religion teaches, will be destroyed by Jesus when He comes.

I have never believed that, although that is exactly what was taught me in my youth in the Bible Training School in Toronto. That is too cold-blooded an explanation of the return of Jesus for me. That smacks too much of what this world has been witnessing for the past centuries, the ruthless slaughter of the innocents, and everyone else whose reason has dictated to them that they could not possibly believe many of the things the Christian church has advocated as necessary to their complete "salvation."

If, however, "The Wanderer" was Jesus, then His return certainly was very far different from what the Christian Church had taught its followers to expect. There would be something



wrong somewhere if "The Wanderer" should turn out to be Jesus. Somehow or other, the reappearance of Jesus as "The Wanderer" would seem very much more logical to me than the story of His return on clouds to destroy all who did not believe that He was God, even to those millions who never had a chance to believe, because they had been born thousands of years before Jesus was born. Then I began to ponder again—suppose He was Jesus. What was He doing back on the earth? And why had He only appeared to one man, so far as I knew, in person, while He had only appeared to one other man in a dream? And if He should prove to be Jesus, what would He think of world conditions today? What would He think of the Christian Church which, rightly or wrongly, has been founded on His name? And what would He think of the way this church had allowed the world almost to destroy civilization, *while the church stood idly by on the sidelines, utterly unable to do one thing to prevent the human destruction?*

What would He think, if He proved to be Jesus, of the costly priestly robes, the beads, the crucifixes, the altars, and the rest of the paraphernalia which adorns the "houses of God" today? What would He think of the fraud which was perpetrated in His name at Messina? What would he think of the old priest who was willing to sell "tears which fell from the eyes of the Virgin Mary" so long ago, for a price?

What would He think of the stock the Church of England holds in the Vickers Arms Co.? And what would He think of the bridge-playing, dog-loving, gin-drinking, cigarette-smoking Christians who, while belonging to the "Ladies Aid" societies and other church groups, spent most of their leisure hours leaning against a slot-machine in some "non-profit" club through the week, religiously attending church every Sunday morning?

Oh yes—if "The Wanderer" should turn out to be Jesus, there were many questions I should want to ask Him. But was he? It seemed too much to hope for—yet it could be. Either Jesus or someone else had to appear on the earth and tell men and women



about the Power of God or it would certainly destroy itself. By all appearances, that is the direction in which this civilization is headed, and if Jesus, or someone else does not appear, then there remains but little chance of any of us being saved from the doom which seems to be so very close.

How different would it all be if only they who have made such a profession of God, down through the ages, actually had found the Power of God and manifested that Power to others. As the Christian Church stands today, it has a great show of Godliness, but no Power at all. If it really knew anything about God it would be full of Power. God is full of Power. The church "god" may not be, but you can depend upon it the God who made this universe, and man—that God is very full of Power, and that God is the God this decaying civilization needs.

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I had made up my mind to drive down to the little city of Bethlehem the next day. "Perhaps that is where The Wanderer wants me to meet him," I thought. So, early in the morning, I hired a car and drove the five or six miles which separate Bethlehem from Jerusalem.

The word "Bethlehem" means the "House of Bread." It is not generally known, but this same city of Bethlehem, or so religious tradition has it, gave birth to another virgin-born "god" long before it saw the birth of Jesus. There is so much that is questionable about the birth of all of the "gods" who have left the wonders of Heaven to save mankind, that nothing like accuracy is possible in the case of any of them. This includes the Christian God—Jesus. For the sake of this work however, I am supposing the Bible account of the birth of Jesus to be a correct account, although there does not exist now, and there has never been known to exist, *a single original manuscript covering the birth, crucifixion, or resurrection of Jesus*. This fact is not known; I mention it in passing so that you may know just what the facts are. The entire story may have been copied from a much older



religion. I personally believe it was. However, there is that in every religion, as I said once before in this book, which will save the world if one will but dig deep enough to find it.

Even the so-called "Authorized Version" of the Christian Bible was not authorized by anyone. It was never authorized by royal proclamation, it was never authorized by order of the Council set up by King James to put it together, it was never authorized by an Act of Parliament, or by a vote of the Convocation. The words "Appointed to be read in churches" did not appear by order of the editors. These words were added later by the Church of England. The strange part of this "Authorized Version" which was produced by the Christian Church less than four hundred years ago, lies in the fact that the manuscripts (so-called) from which it was produced, have also disappeared.

I do not mention these facts with any intent to discredit the Christian Bible which, as every Bible scholar knows, has never been anything other than a work of man. It was written by men. Almighty God has not at any time made any divine deposit of a manuscript in the hands of any man or any church. The Christian Bible in its entirety is a work of man. While it is unquestionably true that "Holy men of old wrote" as they believed that God inspired them, so have many other writers since that day written in the same conviction. This Author is writing this novel, firm in the conviction that what he writes has a divine inspiration. There certainly is no other motive for writing the book.

Fame? . . . He cares nothing for it. Money? . . . He cares less for that. As the reader should know by this time, the Author knows, with every other thinking American, that there is something radically wrong with this world civilization. But, wrong as it is, he believes the Power of God is equal to the occasion. He believes that the Power of God can right every wrong, and give to the human race the vision it needs to take its feet from a path which is inevitably leading it to its doom, and place the feet of this civilization on the road to something so very much higher than anything it has ever known.



The writer does not believe that the doctrines advocated by the Christian Church have in them enough value or merit to save the world, even if they were all true. So he is trying to throw what little light he may be able to, on a troubled world. He believes that if the Christian Church will throw away the doctrines which have proved it to be powerless in saving this world, and will concentrate instead upon the actual Power which must lie in the Realm of God, it will, for the first time in its history, be able to come to the world, not so much with the story of Jesus, but with *the Power Jesus came to teach*.

All the priests and all the preachers and all the rabbis in the universe can tell the world that Jesus came to save the world from sin until the crack of doom. And the world will look the Christian Church straight in the eye and answer:—"So what." This war-weary civilization does not need the story of Jesus Christ. It does not need the story of Mohammed. It does not need the story of Buddha, or of Chrishna or of any of the other scores of gods who came down to the earth from Heaven to save the world from sin. *This world needs the actual Power of God, and if the Christian Church will not allow the Power of the Spirit of God to manifest through it, because of its unprovable traditions, the Spirit of God will be forced to manifest somewhere else. The Christian Church may not recognize the Spirit of God in action when it sees It, but there is one sure test which it can apply if it cares to. "Ye shall know them by their fruits"—Matt: 7:16.*

There are those among the Christian Church, many of them high up, who cannot bring themselves to face the facts they must face, sooner or later. As a Methodist preacher of quite some prominence said to me recently:—"Doctor Robinson—I agree with everything you say and teach. The Virgin Birth of Jesus means nothing to me. The Immaculate Conception never happened. The Resurrection is a farcical story in which my own children would not be interested—but can the Christian Church afford to make an about-face?"



To which I replied:—"The Christian Church does not need to make an about-face. Let it first find the actual Power of the Spirit of God in it, and then let it use that Power, as Jesus taught that it should use it, and the dross will automatically melt away, revealing only the pure gold of the Spirit of God."

If I have written anything in this book which may lead anyone to believe that there is enmity between that Church and the Author, I am sorry. The Christian Church hates this writer—but it knows deep down in its heart that this writer is speaking the truth as he receives that truth, directly from the Realm of the Spirit of God, where the old church fathers received their inspiration. Their inspiration was good when they received it. Mine is much better for the twentieth century.

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This little City of Bethlehem is situated on a limestone ridge about 2500 feet above sea-level. It is about five or six miles south of Jerusalem. It has a very fertile countryside round it, producing wheat, olives, grapes and much barley. A very old city, I imagine the population is not over ten thousand people. It was the ancient home of David and Joab as referred to in 2 Samuel 2:32. The District in which our little City lies is called Ephratah. While rich in ancient lore, Bethlehem was a ghost city—completely forgotten when it became, truly, or traditionally, the birthplace of Jesus.

The traditional scene of the Nativity is a grotto on the eastern part of the ridge, and it is in this grotto, where, as before stated in this book, another virgin-born God, Adonis, was worshipped for almost four hundred years after the birth of Jesus. This is not a greatly publicized fact among Christians, but it is a fact nevertheless that as late as 400 A.D. in the very same grotto celebrated as the place of the Nativity of Jesus, there was also being celebrated there, the birth of another crucified God, Adonis by name. Many think that the worship of Adonis became the worship of Christ. When we consider the fact that the Christian



Church did not have an "Authorized" Bible until about four hundred years ago, and even then it was not "authorized," that Church cannot challenge the truth of the above assertion.

However—it doesn't matter. The writer does not care if one hundred and fifty crucified gods came from Heaven to earth to save it from sin. It has not yet been saved, so the task of the author and the Christian Church lies before them, for both are trying to do the same thing.

In 330 the Roman Emperor Constantine ordered a great wall built around the grotto, and this wall or basilica is now standing. Justinian later restored part of it and added to it. In the eleventh century Bethlehem was captured by the Crusaders, and was made an Episcopal See. However, that did not last long, and the possession of most of the grotto has passed into the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. There are several monasteries there, and a few Moslems, but not many.

The pity about this ancient and revered City is the manner in which it has been, and still is being commercialized. Crucifixes made from the cross of Jesus are manufactured and sold by the hundreds of thousands. I saw enough wood purporting to come from the cross of Jesus to fill a box-car. It is grossly wrong to try to fool the public under the garb of religion, for money.

Beads, images, idols, everything the religiously minded can think of, are all manufactured and sold in the little City of Bethlehem, where, we are told, the Prince of Peace, the Savior of the World was born. It is about time that Prince of Peace—that Savior of the World, manifested Himself if this world is to be saved, at least by Him.

I am not too much interested in the various steps unbelieving man has had to go through in his ascent towards knowledge of the Power of God. I suppose that the re-ascent to God must needs be much slower than his fall away from God. I have always been convinced that there was a time in the history of man when he dwelt in perfect happiness with his Creator. There is a very definite reason why man fell away from that estate, just



as there is a very definite reason why man will be restored to that estate.

There is a great tendency on the part of man to consider that this is the only planet which is occupied by human beings. But nothing is more probably wrong. The vastness of the superb celestial sphere above, and all around us, precludes from the thinker, the idea that The Almighty, after having created yon celestial sphere in all its wonderful majesty, concluded His work by bringing human life to only one of the millions and perhaps billions of planets the Great Architect of the universe flung into space. That is a short-sighted concept of God.

If the human race can but get the proper perspective, and see how very infinitesimal man is in comparison to the great created scheme of things, then perhaps man will cease considering himself to be almighty and all-powerful. I do not believe the Creator of this universe would even miss this planet if it should be destroyed. Of course, it could not be destroyed without His knowledge. But if it should happen that man does destroy himself and this planet, and that could very easily happen now that men are trying to explode the cosmic ray, Almighty God, while taking cognizance of it of course, would neither miss this planet or the people who inhabit it.

These picayunish concepts of the Creator, which have plagued humanity for thousands of years, need to be changed for a very much grander concept of God. Any religious organization which thinks for one moment that Almighty God gave to it, the secrets of the universe or the "salvation of man" is deluding itself. Any religious organization which teaches that man cannot know God unless he believes what it teaches, is also deluding itself. I can discover more of the rhythm of God from a tiny flower growing in some crannied nook, than I can from all the sermons ever preached, or from all the "articles of faith" ever printed.

God wants to make a revelation of His Power to this world, and He wants to make that revelation now. The only thing holding back the Creator is the fact that man's eyes are not big



enough to recognize the revelation for what it is. The Spirit of God wants to reveal Itself to every human being. The only thing that keeps you and me from grasping the revelation, is our inability to grasp the magnitude of God. We are pretty small ourselves, so we expect God to be as small as we are. We keep our spiritual eyes glued to some preacher, priest, or Bible, thinking that perhaps we shall find God in that manner. May I suggest to the reader that he or she broaden his or her spiritual concept, before expecting to behold anything of the beauties and glories which are hidden from mortal eyes, because our mortal eyes are so closed to the Light which is God that we cannot see it.

When the full manifestation of God comes to this earth, and it will come to a certain portion of those who are now living on the earth, it will be so shatteringly magnificent that we shall all bow our heads in shame to think that we have believed for one instant that *our* little system of theology—*our* Bible—contains all there is to know of the Power of God.

There's an old hymn of the Christian Church which goes something like this:—

"We may not climb the Heavenly steeps,  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown."

Yet the Christian Church, and its ministers, will try to bring the Truths of God so low that they have assumed complete jurisdiction over them. You cannot be "saved" unless you are either converted or confirmed. One branch of the Christian Church goes so far as to make the completely idiotic claim that its priests, and its priests alone, possess the "keys" to the Kingdom of God. And supposedly intelligent Americans believe that, and at the same time fear fills their hearts for what is about to happen on this earth.

No—God has not given to any man or to any church, the "keys" to His Kingdom. There isn't a man or an organization on



the face of the earth capable of receiving them, or would know what to do with them if he possessed them. How is it possible for any church-member to look at this world today, and then assume that *their* church and *their* religion are "born of God?"

There is not a system of religion on the face of the earth which was born of God. If there were, that system of religion would be able to reveal the actual truths of God to the world. Do you know of a system of religion which is doing that? Do you know of a system of religion on this earth which is capable of stemming the horrible tides of war which once more threaten to engulf the whole world.

To know God is to be able to use the Power of God, and I know of no system of theology on the face of the earth which is doing that.

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On my arrival at Jerusalem, the News had sent a reporter to the hotel to interview me. I never like interviews of that sort. Although I am in the newspaper business, so many times, when one allows himself to be interviewed, something one did not say creeps into the interview. Sometimes the reporter will print something he thinks you should have said. Anyway, I usually have little to say to reporters when I am travelling.

However, in this instance it was a good thing that I had this interview. It appeared fairly accurately with a cut of me which happened to be in the "morgue" of the News.

I know that Psychiana Members are to be found all over the civilized world, but did not suspect that some of them would see the item which appeared in the Jerusalem paper. However, I proved to be wrong, for the paper had not been out very long when the telephone in my room rang. It was a Student who had been living in Bethlehem for many years. He was staying at the same hotel, and, seeing the notice while reading the paper in the lobby, had decided to give me a ring on the house phone.

I told him that I would be right down, and, sprucing up a bit,



I took the elevator and was soon shaking hands with one of the finest men I have ever met. His name is Josiah Blakely and he is an Englishman. Later on I discovered that he had been a member of my father's church in London, many years before. I was happy to meet him.

He had a large olive ranch just a few miles from Bethlehem. Wouldn't I like to go and spend a day or so with him? I certainly would, and did, leaving the next day for his ranch. He called it a farm.

It took us less than half an hour to make the drive from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. There I met Mrs. Blakely, the two little Blakelys and the Blakely cat, a huge Persian. The biggest cat I have ever seen. The Blakely home was a beautiful place. Built in typical Bethlehem style. There were three guest-houses, each occupying a corner of the large lot on which the house proper stood. Every convenience was to be found in the guest-houses, and one could come and go as one felt inclined to do.

I was offered a choice of a room in the house proper, or one of the guest-houses. I chose the guest-house. That would give me an opportunity to be alone, and perhaps I might want to wander over those hills where Jesus wandered, once more. I had travelled over them on previous trips to the Holy Land.

That evening the Blakelys and I spent in chatting together in the comfortable, large living-room. Of course, our talk soon turned to world conditions, but, not wishing to talk, only to listen, I let Mr. Blakely do most of the talking. He was not very optimistic about world conditions, especially in the Near East. It was his argument that if there was no oil in that region, there would be no trouble about Jews in Palestine or anything else. The British would not be herding everyone into their homes at six each evening, then erecting barbed-wire barricades to compel them to abide by a six P.M. curfew ruling.

Mr. Blakely informed me that with the death of the old League of Nations, Great Britain had no more legal right in Jerusalem than the Man in the Moon has. He carefully pointed



out to me what he thought to be the root of all the bloodshed which had been witnessed in the now bloody City of Jerusalem, over the past few years.

"Russia wants the oil, Great Britain wants the oil and the United States, which does not need the oil, has allowed Great Britain to sell her on the theory that, at some future time, she might want it," said Blakely, adding:—"When are you Americans going to stop being played for suckers by us Englishmen—don't you know that we can twist you round our little finger?"

I smiled, and added:—"Well don't be too sure that you can twist to your heart's content, for when you begin to twist until it hurts, then you are apt to find out that you have a wild-cat by the tail."

Altogether, it was an enjoyable evening. I excused myself just after dark, stating that I wanted to take a walk alone out in the orchards. Mr. Blakely had many acres of them. I was informed that I should feel that I had complete run of the place, and that I was to make myself at home anywhere. Moreover, I was to stay as long as I cared to.

I thanked the Blakelys and made my way across the lawn to my little house. It was beautifully furnished within. Persian rugs, solid ebony fixtures, freely decorated with white ivory elephants, of which the Blakelys had quite a collection, I later learned.

On the bureau, done in fine ivory, was one of those sets of three monkeys—"See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." As I looked at it wondering how those monkeys had managed to get into Bethlehem, I thought what a paradise this world would be if everyone followed the instructions on the pedestal on which the three monkeys were sitting.

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Those who have learned the secret of actual communion with God, have learned that such communion almost invariably comes in moments when the world outside is forgotten, and when the



seeker after the precious spiritual experience which comes from personal contact with God, is alone with his or her Maker. There is a place in every man and woman where God can be met—and recognized. That place is down deep in the innermost recesses of one's own soul. There is a place at which, when the soul of man is alone with its God, free communion may be had. In such moments, not vouchsafed to many, some of the beauties of the Realm of the Spirit of God may be made known to the seeker.

Such moments are seldom forgotten. They are charged with spiritual Power. The veil, which seems to separate man from God is temporarily pulled aside, and one beholds some of the vastnesses of the Ocean of Power that is God. When the human family comes to the place at which it is willing to take time enough to find and know the God within, which is the God without, the last human problem will vanish quickly.

It may seem optimistic to even hope that such a day can come on this earth—but it can. It is entirely a matter of man's learning the precious truths which lie in the Realm of God. That Realm is constant. It can never change. It is there for man to find. Man, however, must be in earnest enough to want to find God.

As the Author sees this civilization, it seems to be madly rushing around looking for anything which offers "a thrill." Some new sensation. Some new vice. A gambling-ship, anchored outside of the twelve-mile limit will attract so many people that the boats are unable to carry them to the object of their search. They know that the gambling-ship is there to take them to the cleaners. They know there is slight possibility of their winning any appreciable sum of money. Yet the gambling-ship offers a thrill, it is something new, so it attracts the crowds.

The Author recently made a trip through the southern part of Idaho. What he saw shocked him. He wonders if a permanent civilization can be built upon the low morale he saw on that trip. He had heard about conditions and he wished to get first-hand information.

Gambling devices running wide open. Every sort of liquor



obtainable openly on sale. Houses of ill-repute. Profanity the like of which he has seldom heard. The pitiable thing about it all is the fact that most of the devotees of these vices seemed to be returned service men. Youths—not thirty years of age—standing there against these bars, cursing, drinking, playing slot-machines, roulette, dice, and every other form of gambling which, legal or illegal, saps the moral character of everyone who indulges in such vices.

Those who try to reveal the Spirit of God to this civilization have set for themselves a goal which, to say the least, has no immediate hope of being reached. They have set for themselves a path that is a hard one to travel. And yet—if these precious young men and women, for our girls are there too, could but be led to the great beauties which lie in the Realm of the Spirit of God; if they could be shown how very easy it can be for them to exchange the fleeting, transcient, illusory “thrills” and pleasures of this earth for some so infinitely better, what a joy it would be to live on this earth.

But who is to show them? Where is the organization, religious or otherwise which can bring to these young men and women, some of the charm and beauty of the invisible Realm of the Spirit of God? Perhaps “The Wanderer” has the answer.

I felt the need of silent communion that night. So, taking a light sport coat with me, I left the guest-house of the Blakelys and walked slowly through the olive grove. It was my intention to spend the night alone with God. I do this quite often. I never get down on my knees and pray in the traditional manner. Rather, these moments of communion with God are moments in which I keep absolutely still before God, and listen to what God has to say to me. I listen for the “still small” voice of God, which, although it be both still and small, is loud enough to make Itself heard above the roar and tumult of this God-less world.

I have used the words “The rhythm of God” at one place in this book. Those words express better than any other words, what happens in such moments as these, when I get alone with God,



having a definite object in mind—more knowledge of the Power of God. When we have the answer to it all, we shall find that The Creator is a spiritual existence, filling all space with Its own Power, which Power is instantly available to all who want It. The trouble is not with God—the trouble is with a wayward, mean, horrible race of men and women who will not take enough time out from their waywardness, their meanness, and the horrible things they say and do, to find the Peace which the Spirit of God always brings to those who seek that Peace. They may do no more than express a faint desire. Yet that desire alone is sufficient to bring its corresponding measure of spiritual reward. As the path is travelled, and as we change that tiny desire into a surging hope, the whole Realm of the Spirit of God opens up to us; we wonder then, why we have been so blind to the glories and the beauties of the Realm of the Spirit of God.

On the other side of the olive orchard, there was a field in which the Blakelys kept their sheep. They had a flock of about five hundred. Lying along the fences, and huddled together in little groups, the sheep had been bedded down for the night an hour or so before. The field in which the sheep were pastured was probably a mile and a half from the Blakely home.

The stars were shining brightly as they were another night, almost two thousand years ago. A crescent moon shed its dim light, and added to the glory of the scene. They were contented sheep. Not a bleat could be heard from any of them. Away at the other side of the field I could make out dimly, the form of the shepherd who was watching o'er this flock by night. He was standing in a corner of the field farthest away from me, resting against the crooked fence which kept the sheep on the Blakely property. I could faintly make out the crook he carried in his hand. The old custom of shepherds carrying crooks still persists on the plains of Bethlehem.

Looking at the shepherd, I wondered if he would disturb my meditations, for I expected to be there all night. Sighting a small out-building in which various tools and other farm implements



were kept, I unhurriedly walked toward it. There, I thought, no one would disturb me, nor would I disturb either sheep or shepherd.

Whenever I am in communion with God, I always bow the head slightly, and wait. Soon there comes stealing into my soul, the assurance that the Spirit of God is there. That night, on those famed Bethlehem plains, the assurance of the Presence of God came quickly. How quickly the consciousness of God comes depends entirely upon the receptivity of the seeker. It usually does not take the Author very long to enter that spiritual rapport with God, for he has been walking along this path, lo, these many years.

I had probably been standing there less than an hour when I was brought back to the immediate surroundings by the most beautiful tenor voice I have ever heard. I have heard Caruso when he was here. I have heard John McCormack. I always listen to Jim Melton. But never had I heard such a voice as this. For sheer beauty of tone, and brilliance of delivery, this tenor voice seemed to come from another region.

I heard it very faintly at first, for it was evident that it was coming from a distance. Faint at first, then increasing slowly in volume.

I listened, transfixed by the sheer beauty of the voice, and the melody which came floating across that starry night on those tradition-famed plains of Bethlehem, into my entranced ears. I knew that melody, I thought. Yes—I had played it many times in my home in Moscow where the Mary and Martha Society of the First Presbyterian Church used to hold their annual Christmas meeting.

Entranced, there came floating to me through the stillness of the night:—

“O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,  
The silent stars go by:



Yet in the dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee tonight."

Strange—here I was, alone with God, trying to deepen my spiritual experience on the very same plains of Bethlehem this beautiful Christmas hymn so graphically depicted. There was just one thought came to me as that brilliant voice of the unknown singer was wafted to me o'er the stillness of the quiet night. The stars did not go by. They were part of the handiwork of God. They—were constant, this earth was going by—not the stars.

The first stanza had ended. Would the singer in the night sing another verse? Did he know another verse? I believed he did. I was correct, for soon the melody of the second verse came thrilling into my anxious soul. For I love those old hymns of the Christmas season. In spite of the fact that the Christian Xmas ceremony did not originate with Christianity, having been known and celebrated hundreds of years before the advent of Jesus, I still love them. It made little difference to me that night, as I stood there on the plains of Bethlehem, how much of error had crept into the doctrines and teachings of the Christian Church. For I realized that men had founded it, and whatever man founds, or has anything to do with, is usually a long way from being perfect. Perhaps I could do something to make it perfect. Perhaps "The Wanderer" might be able to help me.

Thoughts of "The Wanderer" were swept from my mind though, as the second verse of that wonderful Christmas hymn, much clearer now, floated into my ears. Evidently the singer was coming closer to the little tool-house against which I was leaning:—

"For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep,  
Their watch of wondering love.



O morning stars together,  
Proclaim the Holy Birth,  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth."

There was a pause after the second verse. I thought about the words, so beautifully written so many years ago (1868) by Phillips Brooks. But it was a far cry from the peace the Christ-Child came to proclaim to men, and the holocaust of coming destruction which seemed hard ahead, even as I stood there on the plains of Bethlehem. I thought of the ravaged homes, seared and scarred by the cruel hand of death. I thought of the vacant chairs, the empty bed-rooms, the dimmed eyes, as fathers and mothers by the million, throughout this "civilized" planet, wept daily for the son, or the daughter who would never again sit in those empty chairs or sleep in those empty bed-rooms.

I thought of the millions who, even as I stood there, were suffering, bleeding, and dying of starvation, hoping against hope that the awful man-made thing called "war" would never place its un-Godly hand on them or theirs again. I thought of the hundreds of millions in China, many of them dying by the wayside; I thought of the ghastly horrors of the concentration camps in Germany, where so many of our American boys were tortured to death. Then I thought of the cruel "justice" meted out to those who had perpetrated such heinous crimes. Could one life replace another? By taking a hundred lives could the sins of those murderers be wiped out? Would the hanging of the arch-criminals put an end to war?

And the armament race with atomic and cosmic forces which is going on at this very moment—was that what Jesus had in mind so long ago?

There is something wrong somewhere. Something radically wrong. As I stood there on the plains of Bethlehem, listening to the unknown singer whose voice possessed such marvellous beauty, my heart bled for the world. I believed, as I stood there, that I knew what was wrong with this civilization. Could I put



my message across? With the Power of the Spirit of God in me—YES.

Then the voice broke in on me again; very much closer now. I would wait until he had sung all four verses and then I would step from behind the little tool-house and make my presence known to this man, whom I believed to be the shepherd who was watching o'er his sheep.

"How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift was given;  
So God imparts to human hearts,  
The blessings of His Heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in."

As I pondered over that verse, the thought came to me that the writer of the hymn, Mr. Brooks, must have had a very vivid experience with the Power of God in his life. He knew that the gift of God—the Spirit of God is that Gift—comes silently. He knew too, that with the coming, or the recognition of the Spirit of God in the life, all the blessings there are in the Realm of the Spirit of God are made available to the one who finds, or rather accepts the gift. For there is but one way to accept the Power of the Spirit of God, and that way is to find It in one's own life.

Then again, how very true it is that no ear can ever hear the coming of God into the life. It is a spiritual coming. When the Power of the Spirit of God is recognized in the life, silent though it may be, the world usually knows that something has happened to the one who has had that blessed experience. But both the recognition of the Spirit of God in the life, and the constant communion that recognition brings with it, are silent. That is the reason I was to be found on the plains of Bethlehem in the middle of the night.

Then came the fourth, and last verse. By this time the singer



was so close that I could hear his breath as he inhaled and exhaled as he sang. He must be right on the other side of the toolshed. Soon, we should meet. I wanted most certainly to meet anyone gifted with such a voice. Why, instead of herding sheep in Bethlehem, that man could make a million dollars a year with his voice. But perhaps he was like me—perhaps money did not interest him. I hoped so, as the words and the melody of the last verse came rolling in the sweetest tones I have ever heard:—

“O Holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend on us we pray.  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us today.  
We hear the Christmas angels,  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.”

That was all. There are no more verses, and I did not expect the singer to start all over again. I wanted to meet him. Stepping round the tool-house, I saw the figure of the shepherd standing there, crook in hand. It was semi-dark, of course, but not dark enough to prevent me from seeing—“*The Wanderer*.”

We stood there for several moments before either of us spoke, our hands clasped. There was too much emotion in me to speak. Probably too much in him too. But volumes could be written about the look in that man's eyes, and the silent understanding which was passing between us. You see, *I knew now who “The Wanderer” was.*

I had suspected that he might be Jesus for many months, but the thought seemed so utterly fantastic that I had trouble making myself believe it. Yet there had been too many incidents which pointed to His being Jesus for me to doubt longer.

Here He was, dressed in the garb of a shepherd, calmly watching over a flock of sheep on the plains of Bethlehem. He had not come in the manner in which I had been told He would come.



When He came, or how He came, none on the earth knew, for He had been here many months to my knowledge.

I was so enraptured by the thought that I was standing there tightly clasping the hand of Jesus, that it is no exaggeration to say that I was, to all intents and purposes, living in another world. The plains of Bethlehem disappeared. The sheep seemed to vanish. I was looking on the face of Him who, I knew, could give me the answer to the problems of this world, and tell me wherein it has failed. That was information I wanted to know. After I had received that information, I could then do my work better. Where I had gone wrong, I could correct it. Wherein I had fallen down, I could be careful that I did not fall again.

I knew that Jesus would tell me what mistakes I had made, and I should be very careful not to make those mistakes again.

I do not know just how long Jesus and I stood there, our hands clasped. It may have been just a moment, or it may have been hours. The greeting and recognition were very short. But oh how sweet it was. I just uttered one word:— "*Jesus.*"

"Frank," softly said Jesus.

I can usually stand up under any emotion. I have had to steel myself many times against emotions which would have broken many a man. But to stand there and be able to say "*Jesus,*" and hear him say "*Frank,*" would have melted the heart of a stone. And I melted—believe me. Tears came streaming down my cheeks. They were hot tears. They were tears of joy. They were tears of sorrow. They were tears of gladness. They were tears of pain. But they were tears—and I let them flow. I did not care to even try to control them.

The reader will admit that it is a very unusual experience for anyone to meet Jesus face to face, and have Him call you by your first name. Yet that is what is happening on those Bethlehem plains at this moment. So many different pictures have been drawn of this man Jesus, and those pictures have been for the greater part colored by what believers in Him think He should



be like, that the picture I am about to give you of Jesus, as He appeared to me, may be quite different from what you expect.

It may be that we shall find that Jesus was a very human man after all. It may be that in trying to find the truths of God through Jesus, we have expected the impossible. It could very easily be that we have been unable to see a tree because of the forest. Then too, it may be that the attaching of deity to the brow of Jesus, has made it impossible for us to understand the message He came to earth to bring.

That He had a message, goes without saying. That His message has not saved this world, also goes without saying. There are many who believe that out of the whole creation, only a very few men and women are to be "saved." The rest will be eternally damned because they have not believed that Jesus was Almighty God in totality. I do not hold that view. If one of God's creatures is lost, God is imperfect, unless of course that man is lost *because of his own volition*. I am not saying that, through some great miraculous change which will come upon this earth, all who live upon it will be miraculously transported into Heaven, in spite of their actions here. What I am saying is that the plan God has for the human race—the plan Jesus must have brought with him—visualizes the salvation of everyone, regardless of whether they believe in the name of Jesus or not; regardless of whether they believe He was God Almighty, or not. For that is what "believing in the name of Jesus" actually amounts to. It means whether or not you believe that He was, and still is for that matter, Almighty God in totality.

We live in a land which is traditionally Christian. That means only that the religion of this land happens to be the "Christian" religion. It does not mean that Americans as a whole, or even the major portion of them, either belong to a Christian Church, or believe that Jesus was Almighty God. Most of them seldom if ever see the inside of a church, and most of them do not care.

They are bewildered. They do not know what to think. They have seen two horrible wars, and, if they are smart, they see



another one in the making. So they are confused. They are bewildered. They do not know what the score is. They are asking:—"What is the answer?" They long since ceased to look to religion for the answer. They have long since ceased to look to any church for the answer. They do not consider the Christian Church a divine institution, and there is no reason why they should.

They who hold membership in the churches, of course, believe their own peculiar doctrines and dogmas. But they believe them only because those in authority over them insist that they do believe them—not because they have made an independent investigation, and have proven the teachings of their church to be true. Those in authority will take good care that their members do not make such investigations. Some religions frown on their members reading the Bible, telling them that they do not have either the education or the ability to understand the Book. So, they must ask their "superiors," because they alone have the power to read aright, and interpret the "Word of God." So you go to them.

It must be evident to the thinker, that the truths of God must be universal. They must include the entire human race. There must be no "purgatory" for they who have failed or made punishable mistakes, nor must there be "outer darkness" or "Hades" for they who would not, or could not believe what the churches have asked them to believe.

It must also be evident to anyone who cares to think, that none of the different ecclesiastical organizations on this earth, have a concept of God which is big enough to include the world. Their rules, rites, rituals, articles of faith etc. were made by them to serve their own ends. Not one article of faith, one creed, one rite, one ritual possessed by any church, came from God. Not one Bible or "Sacred Writings," (as some religions call their bibles) came from God. Every Bible and every "sacred writing" of every religion is man-made. They contain the ideas the churchmen of their respective days, subscribed to.

Now each of these religious organizations is absolutely con-



vinced that its inspiration is correct. It believes that the men who inspired it, ages ago, received their inspiration from God. That is correct. But whatever inspiration they received was second-hand by the time they told it to others. It was received subject to the mental and spiritual limitations of the men who were inspired. But the Creator has not set aside some particular group of men in any age, for inspiration purposes. Whosoever will, may have all the inspiration he needs, right now, by listening to what God has to say to him or her individually, and no Bible of any religion has anything to do with that inspiration. When someone quotes the Christian Bible, he is only trying to secure new members for the Christian faith. (And at best, it is but a "faith.")

When someone quotes the Bhagavad Gita, or the Koran, he is merely trying to get members for that particular "belief."

When one attempts the dangerous and foolhardy task of suggesting to a major religion that perhaps its theology is man-made, instead of divinely revealed—when someone attempts the equally foolhardy and dangerous task of suggesting to some major religion that its Bible may be a human, instead of a divine production, righteous indignation at once manifests against the "upstart" who dares question the veracity of *their* religious persuasion. It is all right to question the truth of the "other fellow's" religious set-up, but you must not dare to question theirs.

The fact remains however that it is most patent to the greater part of this civilization, that it is off the track. It's away off the track. So any honest attempt to put it on the track, or make a suggestion which might help get it back on the track, should be gratefully received. There are those who contend that if man is given time enough, he will find the solution to all his problems, and some bright day men and nations will live together without wars. We have had hints of a certain number of freedoms which, if adopted, we are told, will bring such a day to us.

But even if it were possible to bring common-sense to the nations, and eradicate all fears and all ambitions for world domination, man would still be off the track. He would be closer



to the track, but he would still be off it. Two problems would be left to be solved: Death—and God. But I hear someone say that "all have to die," and I hear someone else say "We can get along without God." I deny both of those statements. The fact that they are so universally made is complete evidence of the long distance man is from the track.

I am suggesting to this civilization that it cannot eliminate God without insuring death. I am suggesting that when the human race finds the answer to the God proposition, it will also have found the answer to the "death" proposition. To state that man, through any church, knows all there is to know about God, or to state that we are not supposed to know anything more about God than we already know through what our churches have told us, is to make statements with which the Author has to disagree.

I am convinced, after sixty years of a very interesting and checkered life, that the human race has not learned anything about the Creator, or the Power of the Creator in human lives. I am convinced that this civilization is on the verge of making the greatest spiritual discovery the world has ever made, about the existence and Power of God. If that be true, then man is close to the answer to the twin riddles of life and death.

The thing that worries the Author is this—*Is there time? Man is fooling round with the atomic bomb and the cosmic ray, and he might very easily wipe out this civilization before the actual truths of God can be brought to it.* That is what worries this writer. He does not believe any church, in any land, will be willing to admit that what it has offered the world as coming from God, came only from men, and therefore is very imperfect.

The "inspired" writings of two thousand or even one thousand years ago, cannot answer the perplexing problems of today. They have not been able to disclose God to very many, if any. They have been effective in holding membership in various ecclesiastical organizations together, but as far as drawing the human race closer to God, or revealing the Power of God to the human race,



I am afraid we shall need some twentieth century inspiration to take the place of first century inspiration.

In this novel, the writer has tried earnestly to point the way to a possible answer. He believes that the reader will have no trouble in seeing what he is driving at.

In presenting Jesus to you, as I see Him, in the next chapter, I do so as He appears to me. I do not have the slightest intent to discredit the Christian Church—only to help it. If it is honest, it will admit that it needs help. There lies on the door-step of the Christian Church, the greatest opportunity it has ever had, to bring to this earth, TRUTHS of the Infinite God.

If it is smart enough to grasp these TRUTHS, and big enough to lay aside for the moment at least, its unprovable theories of the immaculate conception, virgin birth, resurrection, and unique deity of Jesus, *it will win this earth for God*. If it will not, then let every Christian Church in America write above its front door, the following word, written to the last age of the church—The Church at Laodicea:—

“I know Thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; so then, because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of My mouth.”



## In Which "The Wanderer" Talks

"J<sup>ESUS.</sup>  
"Frank."

He called me by my first name.

When the silence between us was broken, it was Jesus who broke it. Still clasping my hand tightly in His, He said:—

"What was it that convinced you that I am Jesus?"

"May I call you Jesus?" I asked before answering Him.

"I want you to call me that. When I asked you, on the train, to call me "The Wanderer," I was not quite ready to reveal myself to you. But it doesn't matter now. But just what was it that convinced you that I am Jesus—I have not said that I am?"

That was a hard question for me to answer. He had not said so, yet I knew instinctively who He was. You see—he was dressed as a shepherd. He wore the sandals the shepherds wear in the fields of Bethlehem, but He wore no head-piece, and there, across His forehead, I had seen in the moonlight, *horrible scars*.

"There was no one thing, Jesus, which convinced me that you are Jesus—I had already seen the prints of the nails in your hands, but I had not seen the scars on your brow until just now. But the actual recognition came from within. My Father, and your Father, made known to me who You actually are. I have suspected it for some time. But I did not expect you to come back to earth like this—I half expected the universe to be lighted with a brilliant light. I expected to hear the sound of a trumpet, or many trumpets. I expected to see hosts of angels. I expected to see the dead arise, and I also expected to see you, sitting on a cloud and returning in great wrath, to visit Your anger on the



peoples of this earth. I did not expect You to appear as a Bethlehem shepherd," I said to Jesus.

"I came to earth two thousand years ago to try to save mankind, and point out the way by which it can unite with God, thereby completing my Father's will and wishes. I do not come to destroy. I come to reveal the Power of God."

"But Master, why have you made your coming so perfectly natural?" I asked Him.

"I do not know any other way to come. I come to the earth now, as I came before. Now you see me as a shepherd. I was a carpenter then, and many times I would tend my father's sheep, as I am doing now. Joseph had many sheep."

"Then you did not come to earth by miraculous means? You were not immaculately conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of a Virgin in a miraculous manner?" I asked Jesus.

Smiling sadly, it seemed to me, Jesus answered:—"My Father does not permit births of that sort. He has laid down laws which govern childbirth, and every child who comes into the world, comes as a result of the workings of the Law My Father has provided for the physical birth of these precious children—and oh—how I love them."

"Then it can be truthfully said that You are a human being just like me?" I said to Jesus.

"If I were anything else, how could I be standing here talking with you? How could I be tending sheep? How could I have walked through the corn-fields plucking the ears of corn two thousand years ago, had I been anything other than a human being?" He answered.

"But how did the world come to look upon You as a God?" I said.

"That is a mystery I shall never be able to fathom. It was a mistake which has cost this earth millions upon millions of human lives, and has brought more agony to the human race than any other one thing could possibly have done. But many systems of religion, long before My time, and much larger than



the one which wrongfully bears My name, did the same thing."

"You mean that long before you were born, the same story told about you, was told about other men? You mean that other religions had tried to make a God out of a man?" I asked Him.

"That is what I mean, and they all failed, just like the Christian religion has failed," said the Master.

"But wherein specifically has Christianity failed?" I said to Jesus. To which He replied instantly:—

"It failed because it tried to do as many older religions had done. It tried to make me a God whereas I was only a man, just as you see me now."

"But Master, to what do you attribute such a terrible mistake?" I asked Him.

"Mostly to the superstition and ignorance of the church leaders of that day, and their lust for political power. When they heard me speak, they knew that I was a Messenger sent to them with a message from My Father—God. They knew that if the people were to grasp the message I brought, there would be no room on the earth for their schemes. They were money-mad. They were power-mad then, as they are today. They hid their rottenness under My name. So they plotted to kill Me. They thought they had. But My Father took care of that. And then their hypocrisy was made manifest. After I was supposed to be dead, they copied from the Hindoo, and decided to make me a God, crucified on a cross, and they began to capitalize on Me, never for one moment referring to the message I came from my Father to bring to them. As a result, you have an idolatrous church, worshipping a man instead of My Father, and as a result of that, your world will soon pass into utter oblivion."

This was about what I thought had happened, but it was wonderful to hear it coming from the lips of Jesus. I had many questions to ask Him though, so did not do much talking, except to ask Him for the answers to my questions.

"Then you actually were crucified on a cross?"

"I was crucified—yes—but I did not die on that cross."



"But how did you escape with your Life?" I said to Jesus.

"There was a man there who lived in Arimathea, his name was Joseph but I always called him Joe. He was a mighty good friend. I could bank on Joe every time. He went to Pilate, after that terrible crucifixion scene was all over, and, knowing that I was not dead as he had come to Golgotha to witness the fiendish crime, I had opened one eye slightly. Everyone else in that crowd thought I was dead, although had they thought, they would have considered it strange if a healthy man like me should have died by crucifixion in three hours, for that is the total time I was hanging there. And Frank, the agony of body and soul was awful. The pain . . . the terrible physical pain . . . and the agony of soul which I suffered . . . you see Frank, I had come to earth to tell both the church and the world that My Father wanted them to have eternal life through His Spirit . . . and I had failed in my mission. I had not been able to convince them. Instead, the religious leaders of that day sent me to that awful cross. I never want to go through an experience like that again, and, thank God, I never shall."

"But tell me Jesus, how did you manage to escape with Your life?"

"I was coming to that."

"You were speaking to me about Joe," I reminded Jesus.

"Yes I was. Well Joe went to Pilate and asked if he could have my body, and Pilate, knowing that Joe and I were very close friends, said he could. Waiting until it got a bit darker, Joe, with his wife and two of his boys, took the cross out of the hole in the ground, laid it flat, and very gently untied the ropes which were wound round me. I fainted when they pulled the nails out of My hands and feet. Had I been God, of course, I should have felt no pain, nor should I have been on that cross at all. But, not being God, I suffered the awful agonies which only they who are so tortured can suffer. It was torture Frank, believe me."

"I am quite sure it was, Jesus, and had I been there, even



though I might have lost my own life in the attempt, believe me I should never have run away and left you like Your followers did. There would have been a fight, even though I should probably have lost the fight. But those monsters who tried to kill you would have had a battle just the same. And as for those cowardly followers of Yours, they are not worthy of the name."

Looking at me tenderly, Jesus said:—"Don't be too hard on them, Frank, those who say they follow me would do the same identical thing today. And that would be all right. I came into this world alone. I battled it alone. I shall leave it, alone. I tried to tell the church that the Power of the Spirit of God could straighten out this world, and bring eternal life to all men, regardless of race or creed—and what happened? The very same thing would happen today, only, instead of being crucified on a cross, which is not permitted, I should probably be ruthlessly shot."

Wishing to have an authentic story of just what happened after Joseph of Arimathea had secured his supposedly dead body, I prompted Him again by asking:—"And what did Joe do with you after he had got the nails out of your hands and feet?"

"Oh yes—I was coming to that. He took me to his home where the whole family dressed my wounds. They fed me, gave me some medicine, and then they turned me over to a group of their friends who belonged to the same Order I did. I suppose you would call it a "lodge" today.

"Who were those friends with whom You had gathered—was it a society or some group similar to our lodges?"

"Yes Frank. They were Essenian Jews. You see, as I told you on the train going to Moscow, I am a Syrian Jew. There was a little group of us which used to gather in an underground cave. We held meetings whenever we could get together. I taught them. Then the church people found out that we were meeting, and tried to break up our meetings. They finally did."

"Did your society have a name?"

"No special name. These people were, as I have said, Essenian



Jews. They were called sometimes, Therapeuts. They belonged to the Hindoo religion, but they were very faithful people. They did not believe in any of the "gods" the Hindoos had offered to them as being God Almighty, so we all met together in this cave, and I told them the truth. They believed me. Those I went to when I first began My ministry, would not believe Me. They had me crucified. There was nothing left for me to do but turn to these other peoples. By the way, those who decided to make a God out of me were not known as 'Christians' until long after I had disappeared. It was at Antioch in Syria, they were first called 'Christians.'

"And what did the Therapeuts do with you?" I asked. I knew now that I was getting at the truth behind the fantastic claims of Christianity that Jesus was Almighty God. One could not stand here and talk face to face with Jesus and not know that he was very much a human being.

"When my friends finally had to stop holding their meetings in the caves, they decided to migrate. This was at the time of My crucifixion. They held a special meeting the day after Joe had got me from the cross, and it was decided they were to disguise me, and we all decided to get out of the land entirely. So, in the dead of the night, we all left. I could not walk, of course, so they built a long wicker basket, placed Me in it, and they took turns carrying it."

Jesus paused for a moment, and turned his eyes toward the sheep. He had heard a movement among them, and a few were bleating. Satisfied, however, that they were all right, and that no marauder was in the vicinity, Jesus proceeded:—

"We travelled far. Very far. It was a long, tiresome journey which took very many months. We knew where there was a group of men to whom My Father had spoken, so we headed our little caravan in their direction, finally arriving at our destination a long time later."

"Where were those men—what place did they live in?" I queried.



"They live in a monastery in Tibet."

"You say they 'live' in a monastery in Tibet—are they still alive, as you are?"

"They are still alive, and have been since that fateful day when my followers all forsook me and fled, leaving me at the mercy of those religionists who could not afford to have the actual truths of My Father sent abroad through the world."

I desired to ask Jesus a question about those men, so I said to Him:—"You say these men are still alive—are they very old men?"

"To the contrary, they are very young men—no older than I am, and I am only thirty-three, even though I have been alive for nearly two thousand years."

"But does not that fact make you two thousand years old?" I asked Jesus.

"There is neither time nor space in the Realm of My Father—the Spirit of God," He replied, adding, "All is an eternal now."

Although it was hard for me to credit the fact that there are men in Tibet, in a monastery, who have lived there for many thousands of years, I saw at once that the authentic story of the crucifixion and escape of Jesus, as told to me by Him, was a much more logical explanation than the one no one can believe, that after three days the son of Mary and Joseph rose from the dead, and, in sight of hundreds of witnesses, was carried into the sky, never to have been seen or heard from since. Under that religious philosophy, we have "Christian" America today, struggling for peace in a world which is full of hatred, and not knowing one thing about the Power of the Spirit of God, which, had Jesus been listened to as a man, would have redeemed this world long ago.

"Are you tired of standing there Jesus, why don't we both go over to my guest-house and sit down and finish our talk?" I suggested.

"We can sit down here, can we not? I cannot leave my sheep." Jesus replied.



"I understand perfectly, Master," I said.

I saw a great light in His eyes as we sat there looking at each other. The most profound admiration must have shone through my eyes, and He must have known it, for in His, I saw profound understanding.

"Why did you not reveal who you are to the churches, and why did You come back at all, Master?" I asked Him.

"Please do not call me 'Master,' Frank, just call me by my right name. My full name was Jesus Azusa. But you just call me Jesus. Now I'll answer your question. I did not reveal myself to the churches because I did not wish to suffer the humiliation I suffered once at their hands. True, they could not crucify me today, but what do you suppose would happen if I were to present myself to the churches and tell them I was Jesus?"

Thinking for a moment, I replied:—"Well they would probably do to you what they have tried to do to me. They would call you a faker and a racketeer, and would try to have your Teaching suppressed, because if it was true, they would be out of a job. They might even go as far with you as they went with me—they might hire the most notorious racket in America to try to stop you. One thing is certain Jesus, if you went to any major church organization on the face of the earth today, and told them that the Power of the Spirit of God is waiting to redeem this world, and give eternal life to all men, they would get you out of the front door in rapid-fire order, for the Christian church today wants nothing more than it has. It does not want to be disturbed. It is doped up to the eyebrows with idolatry, and that is exactly what it wants."

"Then do you blame me for not appearing to it?"

"I certainly do not," I replied.

"Now as to your second question as to why I appeared at all. I have been watching to see if there is the slightest chance of the world being ready to receive now, the same message I tried to bring to it when I came to this earth so long ago."



"Well, do you believe this earth is interested in the things of God?" I asked Jesus.

"It was never so much interested in the things of God, as it now is. But what are the things of God? The people on this earth are sick and tired of war. They are sick and tired of governmental chicanery and double-talk. They know that somewhere, there must lie the *truths* of Almighty God, My Father, but what are those truths and who is there to bring those truths to them? Who knows them? If your Christian churches, with their organizations, could first find the actual truths of God, instead of being interested in fiction and fable, it would be no time at all till the whole world would be basking in the sunshine of the Love of God."

"Tell me Jesus, have you been in that monastery in Tibet ever since Joe and your friends took you there?" I asked Jesus.

"Oh no Frank. I stayed there a few years, learning of them, while they learned of me. We discussed at many intervals, the future of the man My Father has created, and we wondered if that man would ever return to God."

"What did you decide?"

"The chances are not good Frank. The chances of man's annihilating himself from the face of the earth however, are very good. I am disappointed. I thought perhaps, in some manner or other, someone might see the light, and tell men and women what the actual truths of God are. A few have done that. You are one. You have done more to tear down heathen superstition and reveal the Spirit of God to the earth than any religious leader this earth has had. That is the reason I appeared to you. I thought perhaps you might succeed. Had the churches not done to you, exactly what they have done to Me, you would have succeeded. I see little hope for this civilization Frank."

That was a very gloomy prediction for Jesus to make, yet He made it. Seeing that I was deep in thought, Jesus held His peace for a while until I was ready to receive His answer to where he had been since leaving the monastery in Tibet.



"I have been about My Father's business," he said.

"On this earth?" I queried.

"Oh no—not on this earth. You see, My Father has many millions of planets beside this one. All the rest of them have found the Power of God, and are living happily, and will live forever with God."

"Then, Jesus, you mean to tell me that there are other planets, inhabited by human beings, besides this one?" I asked Jesus.

"Millions of them," He replied, then asking me:—"What made you think this is the only inhabited planet in the vast celestial sphere you see above you? Do you think that My Father, in His great magnitude, and in the magnificence of the scheme He created, placed man on just one planet? Why, do you know something?"

"What?" I replied.

Pointing to the stars Jesus said to me:—"Look up Frank—lie on your back." I did, gazing up into the most beautifully starry night I have ever seen.

"You see those stars Frank?"

"Yes—I see them, and have often wondered what they are."

"Those stars Frank, are all inhabited planets. The light you see emanating from them is the Light of My Father. They shine with the glory of God, for everyone on all those planets has found the Power of the Spirit of God. They have found eternal life. I went to some of those planets long ago, and they listened to me. They did not try to deify me, they listened to what I had to say—and they found the Power of the Spirit of God—my Father. Do you know Frank, this earth is the only planet left which has not found the Power of God. That is the reason it is dark. My Father calls it 'the dark planet.' It will never be light, I am afraid."

"You mean to tell me that there is no hope for this civilization whatsoever? Am I to understand that all who live on the earth are completely doomed?" I asked Him.

"I am afraid you do not understand, Frank," said Jesus, adding:—"My Father dooms no one. He has made it possible for all



men to come to a full knowledge of His glory and Power. He has given them eternal life. They may have that eternal life here and now if they will—but they will not. That is the very message I came to this earth to bring, two thousand years ago. And what happened? They would not receive the message and nearly killed the Messenger. If the nations of the earth do not want eternal life, if they would rather wage incessant warfare, fighting among themselves, blasting each other into a hopeless eternity without God, there is nothing anyone can do about it. My Father has made full and ample provision for all to live forever on the earth, surrounded with the glory which is my Father. But if this earth refuses that glory and that eternal life—if it persecutes and tries to kill those who bring the message of the Power of God, what can My Father do about that? Man is a free-will agent. Ages ago, through his own doubt of the ability of God to give him eternal life, he drifted away from God. He conceived the 'death' idea, and as a result of that 'death' idea, he has died. And he will continue to die until he reaches out for the one Power which can overcome death, and that is 'THE LIFE OF MY FATHER.' That life, My Father gives to all at birth. It need never end. Only the blindness of man and the hardness of his heart prevents him from seeing the true Light which is shining into his life, and which can liberate him from the tragedy he has brought upon himself. Even those church organizations which pretend to be teaching men and women about God, even they are so blinded by their own church-made superstition that I am God, that theirs is the greater crime—theirs is the greater blame."

Jesus was deeply hurt. Yet as He made that statement I saw that He knew what He was talking about. To a sense not apparent to me before, I saw the bigness of the plan of God. I saw the smallness of man.

"What sort of people inhabit the millions upon millions of other planets your Father, and my Father created?" I asked Jesus.

"The same sort of people you are," He replied. Then He went on:—"There is very little difference. But they have been re-



deemed. They have believed God. They have not fooled round with a lot of church-made theories of immaculate conceptions, virgin births, resurrections or that sort of thing. They do not believe that God created a man so bad that it took the death of God Himself to redeem him, failing in that. They do not believe, and they have never believed that Almighty God has opposition in the form of 'Satan' or any other power. There is one Power in this universe. That Power is My Father—the Spirit of God. It is very strange that the planet on which we stand is the only planet among the millions which are scattered throughout eternity, which made for itself man-gods, and depended upon those man-gods for 'salvation,' sometime, somewhere. You see Frank, your whole religious structure needs re-vamping. It is not true. It is false in its every premise. Instead of being founded on the solid rock of the Spirit of God, it is founded on a theory advocated by old church-fathers, that man can never know God until after he dies. May I say to you that if man dies on this earth without finding the Power of the Spirit of God, then man is dead for eternity. And my Father will shed no tears over him either."

"And you say, Jesus, that the light we see in those twinkling stars is the glory of God?" I asked my Friend.

"Frank, wherever God is, there is Light. Where God is not, there is gross darkness. That is the reason the inhabitants of the millions of other planets call this one, 'the dark planet.' It may be permanently dark. I don't know yet. I hope not. But it may. You see, when My Father's great plan is complete, there will be not millions, but billions of inhabited planets. They will expand through all space, time, and eternity. Really these three, space, time, and eternity cannot exist in the Realm of My Father, for My Father is Spirit. Had it not been for your 'dark planet,' the one we are sitting on now, My Father's plan would be complete. Yes—the Light you see in yon twinkling stars is brighter than your little sun. These other inhabited planets are radiant with the glory of God. Men and women there, accepted the truths of God when those truths were brought to them. They did not



doubt. They did not make the fatal mistake of worshipping the Messenger instead of the message—they saw God through the Messenger. But here on this earth, you see all around you, the results of ignoring the Power of God. You see the results of trying to make a God out of a man. Frank—do I look like God?"

"Well Jesus, I do not know what God looks like," I replied.

"What would you expect God to look like?" He asked me.

"Well to my way of thinking, and speaking from actual experience with God, I know that God is Spirit—invisible Spirit—and I have called God, 'Life, capable of existence with or without physical form' but of course, God must be more than that."

"No Frank—God is not more than that, but God is just exactly that. You see, there is a great difference between physical life and spiritual Life, which is the Life of God. Physical life cannot exist in any form without God being *in that life*."

"I have been telling men and women that for twenty years," I told Jesus.

"Yes I know you have Frank, and little do you dream what the final results of your ministry will be. You have already seen results which have staggered the imaginations of others who believe that when I died, as they think, all manifestations from the Realm of the Spirit of God died with me. Why, those poor deluded people. They saw me raise the daughter of Jairus. They saw me raise Lazarus from the tomb. But after they had seen that, what did they see? They saw God doing it. Their false teachers who had never known the actual Power of God, taught that only Jesus could do those things. You know better. The irony of it all is that when I went away, what little faith My few followers had, went with me, and this 'dark planet' has remained Godless ever since."

"Then am I to understand that there is little hope of this earth ever finding the Power of God—do you believe it will destroy itself completely?"

"Frank—that is the business of the men and women on the earth. It is the business of they who say they represent God on



the earth. As it looks to me now, there is nothing but complete annihilation for the peoples of this 'dark planet.' I cannot see the faintest ray of hope of your earth ever turning to God. Those among you who are most earnest in their faith, are looking for My return. They think I shall be used to bring peace to the earth. I tried that once, and failed. If I tried it again, I should fail again. Here I am—back on the earth once more. Yet I dare not go to those who have taken my name upon them instead of the name of God. That would be disastrous. They will not believe me if I come to them as a man. But what other way is there in which I can come to men and women? I am not God—I never was God. True, the Spirit of God lives in me and gives me life as It does you, and every other created human being. But that does not make us God Almighty—does it?"

"No—that does not make us God Almighty, *but it does provide us with the means of coming into full communion with God*, does it not?" I replied to the question Jesus had asked me.

"Yes—and that is exactly what I tried to tell the people right here in this neighborhood where I was born, nineteen hundred years ago. Every prophet of God down through the ages has tried to tell them the same thing. And every prophet thus far, like me, has failed. I saw it when I was a very young boy. At the age of twelve I went into the temple and told the priests that they were wrong in their philosophy. I said to them very plainly that there was none of God in them. Why even their temples were filled with money-changers just as they are today, only it's far worse today than it was then. Did I not tell them very plainly that of Myself I could do nothing? Did I not tell them that it is *My Father within* who doeth the works? What reason had I to believe that they would think that I was the only one in whom the Spirit of God dwelt? I had no way of knowing that the priests in the temple would build a huge system of theology on my name. Had I known that I never would have come to the earth. I should have stayed where I was with my Father in His glory, and with



the rest of the people on the other planets, in their glory. But My Father saw this 'dark planet.' He knew it was the only planet which had doubted God. He saw it fall. He told me in my earliest childhood what would be necessary to redeem it, and, true to the God within me, I tried. I miserably failed as you can see by looking at world conditions around you today. The people on this 'dark planet' are headed into doom, and there is little I or anyone else can do about it. You see—if this 'dark planet' turns to God, it will have to be a free turning. It will have to be because it wants to turn to God. My Father can give no help. He has already provided all the help that is necessary. He has placed His Spirit in all men. In other words, the Light shineth in the darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not, because the works of men on this earth are evil, so evil that they may destroy the whole civilization."

"What about man's discovery of atomic energy—is there any significance to that, Jesus?" I inquired of my friend.

*"Yes Frank, man, in his gross ignorance of the Spirit of God, has gone so far in his attempts to discover just what the Spirit of God is, that he has made the astounding discovery of how to destroy the Power My Father put in and through all creation."*

"When My Father created this universe, billions and billions of ages ago, *through His own Presence and by His own Presence*, He charged it, and super-charged it with Himself. The whole universe is charged with the Spirit which is God. Frank—there is enough Power in this shepherd's crook I am carrying to destroy all of the civilization on this 'dark planet.' Men and women on your earth are living in a dynamo of Power, so transcendently enormous, that if they only realized it, they would shudder at the Power of God. My Father wants them to know this Power. He put it in everything, for their use. And now, your scientists have discovered *how to undo what God has done*. They have found the secret of destroying what God has created. They will use this power for their own destruction. But, bad as the discov-



ery of atomic fission is, *they are now trying to explode the very Realm in which My Father lives and operates—they are trying to explode what they call the cosmic ray.*"

"What is the cosmic ray, Jesus?"

"The cosmic ray is an emanation from My Father. It fills all interstellar space, and it is bombarding all the planets in the universe with untold energy. Your scientists on this earth have estimated that these rays carry over fifteen million volts of electrical energy. They are wrong. The energy in those rays cannot be measured in volts.

"These cosmic rays Frank, are the closest thing to the Spirit of God—My Father. They are not God, of course, but, being *thinking rays*, they do contain the Spirit of My Father. Any attempt to explode those rays will bring devastating destruction to this planet. In exploding the atom, man has already discovered a secret of My Father which, if man uses it for destructive purposes, will eradicate all life from this "dark planet." Used for constructive purposes, they can use the power in the atom to point men and women to eternal life. Man is not far from God. He is so dangerously close that unless men's hearts change, they will find that while My Father is the originator of life, any threat to My Father means inevitable death to those who attempt it.

"You see this staff in my hand Frank?—it has enough atomic energy in it to blast out of existence, every human being on the face of the earth as I have already told you. It looks like a piece of wood—but it is much more than that. Inside of every atom, My Father has locked up so much of Himself, that while man is very close to God, the chances are that he will destroy himself, because of the hate and fear in the hearts of the leaders of the nation. You see Frank, in addition to having made all of creation, *My Father lives in it*. Especially true is this in human life. My Father did not charge and super-charge everything in the entire universe with such awful power without Himself retaining control over this power. He has not turned such staggering energy and power loose for man to do with as he pleases. He will let



man go just so far, and no farther. If men's hearts will change, and if they will substitute love for hate, they will find that My Father has already made provisions for man's every need. Eternal life on the earth is very close. Man may have it any time he wishes to take it. But man must be pure in heart before he can have surcease from death."

I saw the awful possibilities in what Jesus was saying, and, turning again to Him as He sat there by my side, I asked a question which had been puzzling me for some time. I had been quite familiar with cosmic rays for many years, and had studied the new discoveries which had been made about them. Long ago, I published a statement that these cosmic rays were "thinking-rays," and now Jesus was corroborating me. So I asked Him:—

"Is it true that the Spirit of God operates *through these cosmic rays*?" to which Jesus replied:—"That is completely true, Frank. My Father not only lives in those rays, but those rays are the source of all life on this, and all other planets. Of course, this is the only planet which is dark. It is the only planet which has not discovered the secret of eternal life through My Father—the Spirit of God. So it is the cosmic ray which actually gives, and supports life here on this earth. If man tries to destroy, or explode that ray, man is challenging the God-ship of My Father. That can have but one inevitable result—the complete destruction of man.

"But do you not see Frank, how very possible eternal life and perfect health are on this earth, through the existence of the cosmic ray through which My Father gives life—*His Own Life*—to every created human being? To most people on the earth, My Father is some ethereal being living somewhere above the skies. None knows anything about Him, and all have been religiously taught that none may know anything about Him until after they have died. Just because I happened to see the vision two thousand years ago, and brought that vision to the people, they tried to make a God out of me, but missed My message completely.

"So now I have come back. I shall not appear to the church,



but I shall leave a message with you for the church. Although it brought about most of my pain and suffering, and that terrible attempt to kill me, I still love it. It is a wonderful, but a very misguided institution. It has little confidence in the Power of God though, not knowing that Power. To it—I, Jesus, am the great God of the universe. How very foolish that is. What a pity such a picayunish theory ever got a head start on your earth.

“Where do you think the Life came from which I restored to the dead body of the China pheasant on the Dusty road Frank? How do you think I restored it? Let me tell you. I knew that the Life of God, My Father, fills every nook and cranny of this universe. I knew that the earth is full of that Life. I knew that, throughout the boundless reaches of eternity, is the Life of My Father. I call it the Spirit of God. Now I was holding in my hand a dead China pheasant. The Life which came from My Father had fled through that accident. *I called that Life, which is God, back again.* If you were as close to God as I am, you could have done the same thing. You nearly did it in the case of the wren, and the more than *half a million* cases of miraculous healing which you have seen since you started your Movement; they are all mute but very eloquent evidence that you too are close to the Kingdom. But you have not reached it yet. You will.”

This was sweet music to my ears. I have been so completely misunderstood that many a time my heart has been sore. I have had to defend my faith and my religion against the most scurrilous attacks any religious leader has had to suffer in the history of the United States—yet here was Jesus, telling me I had been right, and still was right. From now on I should be able to still confound my enemies, and prove to the world that the vision of God which came to me, is true—it just happens to be about fifty years ahead of most of the religious thinking of the day.

“Won’t you tell me Jesus, what prevents eternal life from manifesting on the earth today? Won’t you tell me why people are sick and suffering all the time, crowding the doctors’ offices until one has to wait nearly all day for a chance to see the doctor?



Won't you please tell me why an American citizen cannot work unless he belongs to a labor union? Won't you please tell me why there is so much debauchery in my land? Won't you tell me why the nations of the earth continue to fly at each other's throats, murdering human beings by the million? Won't you tell me why nine-tenths of the population of this earth are in abject misery and fear, at this very moment—and won't you tell me why there is the rottenness and graft in government? In short, won't you tell me why the pitiable conditions on this earth exist at all?" I said to my Friend.

"Certainly I shall tell you, although I suspect you are asking that question because you want to put My answer in a book you are planning on writing, not because you do not know the answer. Anyway, the things you have mentioned, along with every other sin and crime on the face of your earth, they all exist because this is the only 'dark planet' in My Father's creation. It is the only planet that does not glow with the Light and the Glory of God. It is the only planet which tried to make its own God, disowning the Father for a supposed 'son.' That was but an excuse for getting away from meeting God face to face, and accepting from God, everything He had to offer. Had the old Christian Church fathers not been steeped in sin and debauchery themselves, this earth would have known the fullness of the Power of the Spirit of God when I came to bring knowledge of that Power to it. So rotten was the structure Frank, that when one hundred and eighty Roman Catholic bishops and priests met to put together what they offered to the world as 'The sacred canon of Scripture,' most of them got as drunk as hoot-owls and the whole 'holy' mess wound up in a drunken brawl, accompanied by fist fights and killings. That was the way our 'New Testament' came into being. That is quite a setting for the Christian 'belief' that I am Almighty God, is it not?"

I knew all this of course. I knew that the present four gospels were put in the "sacred canon of Scripture" by vote of a coterie of Catholic bishops and priests, not by "inspiration of the Holy



Ghost." I knew too, that after the "vote," many of the completely anonymous "manuscripts" which began to show up strangely at that time, were left out of the "canon" because it was advanced that they "are so ridiculous that people will not believe them." Yet they put in the "canon," far more ridiculous yarns about Jesus, and on these yarns, originated in their entirety by old "church fathers," and based on anonymous manuscripts, the human race is asked to base its hope of eternal life.

There was one incident which is related in one of the "rejected" books of the Bible which I was especially interested in asking Jesus about. Here was a good time to ask Him, and I knew that He would answer me truly.

"Jesus—is it a fact that you and a small group of your playmates were playing on the roof of a house here in Bethlehem when you were here, and did one of the boys fall off the roof and die? And were You accused of pushing him off? And did You awaken the dead boy from death so that he could testify that you did not push him off? And did you, after he had answered Your question in the negative, cause him to go back into death again, instead of keeping him alive?"

Jesus smiled as He looked at me; and as He looked I saw the same sad smile I had seen on the face of "The Wanderer" on the Palouse Special that day when He first met me.

"No Frank—that did not happen. Nor did any of the rest of the miracles attributed to me. That incident goes in the same category with the immaculate conception, the atonement, the virgin-birth, the resurrection, and the rest of those completely impossible stories. They are all propaganda stories, taken from older systems of religion then on the earth. Their sole object was to sell the Christian religion to the people of that day, in opposition to other religions. These old church fathers knew how superstitious the people were. They knew that if they hoped to compete with the other major religions, they had to have 'miracles,' as great or greater. So they ordered the monks in the monasteries to vie with each other in producing documents which



could be offered to the people as 'divinely inspired.' These documents, all man made and man-written, were voted upon. Some of them got into the 'sacred' canon, others did not.

"Most of the so-called 'miracles' with which the early church surrounded me, never happened. You can find duplicate stories in the older religions. So very evident is it that these stories were stolen, that if one did not know from which "bible" they were taken, one would consider them identical. Of course Frank, you know that before I came to earth, about two dozen miraculously born God-men had appeared before. They had been born of virgins, they had immaculate conceptions, they were crucified, and they rose from the dead . . . according to the respective religions which advanced these stories. Of course, none of these 'gods' really existed, any more than I did, *as a God*. But these stories go to prove that the fundamental theories upon which the Christian religion was founded, were manufactured out of thin air. They were the products of the fertile imaginations of the early church fathers. They were stolen, for the greater part, from more ancient systems of religion."

"There were then, in those days, religions and 'bibles' much older than the Christian religion and its Bible?" I asked Jesus.

"Of course there were Frank, and if you'll carefully study these old 'bibles,' you will find that the cardinal religious conceptions they contain are all essentially the same. They all run in parallel grooves. Moreover, you will find that every chapter of every bible, the Christian Bible included, is but a transcript of the mental chart of the writer. You will find that no bible, pagan or Christian, contains anything surpassing the natural mental and moral capacity of the writer to originate. So no divine aid or inspiration was necessary for its production. If the Christian Bible had been actually inspired by My Father, there is little in it now which would be there, I assure you. For My Father's ideas, and the ideas of the men who wrote the Christian Bible, are two very different sets of ideas. The writers of the Christian Bible deal with *death*. My Father deals with *Life—eternal Life*.



"You will find, Frank, if you study carefully, and I know you have, that the moral and religious teachings of no bible reach a higher altitude than the intelligence and mental development of the age and country which produced it. I think you will find too, that the Christian Bible in some respects is superior to some of the other bibles, but only to the extent to which the age in which it was written was superior in intelligence and natural mental capacity to the era in which the other bibles were written; and that this superiority consists not in more exalted religious conceptions, but only in the fact that, being of more modern origin, the progress of mind had worn away some of the legendary rubbish of the past. Being written in a more enlightened age, it is consequently a little less encrusted with mythological tradition and oriental imagery. Though not free from these elements, it possesses them in less degree."

I listened eagerly to what Jesus had to say about the older religions and bibles, remembering that I had been roundly criticized by the Christian Church for advancing these very same facts many years ago. At last though, the truth was coming out. Hereafter I could speak with much more authority, for I had seen Jesus, and my heart burned within me as I talked with him by the way.

"If you compare My history, according to the Christian Bible, Frank, with the histories of the oriental gods, you will find that I taught no new doctrine or moral precept. You will find instead, that I inculcated the same religion and morality as other moral teachers, but the Christian Bible writers have made me go to very great and sometimes preposterous extremes, even in this. You will find too, if you study the other 'gods' carefully, that I differ so little in character, teaching, preaching, and practical life from some of the older oriental gods, that no person whose mind is not deplorably warped and biased by early training, can call Me divine, while calling the others human. No Frank, there is so little difference in the biographies of these ancient 'gods,' and Me, that if I was 'divine,' so were they. If I was a



god, so were they—and you know how utterly impossible it is for My Father to appear in person on this, or any other earth.

"Those myriads of planets, all of them lighted by the glory of God, contain billions of people, just like you and me. They live forever in the Power of God. They are surrounded by that Power. Their lives are one with God. Yet none of them has ever seen God. They could not, because My Father is Spirit, and Spirit is invisible. So, no matter how hard the Christian Church opposes you Frank, you must continue to teach and preach the gospel you have been teaching and preaching for the past twenty years—not the Gospel according to Jesus Christ, but the Gospel according to *The Spirit of God*. You see—I had nothing to do with the stories which have been published in the Christian Bible concerning Me. My message was one of Life—I told the people plainly that I had been born with a vision which would give them Life, and give it to them more abundantly—and what did they do? They tried to kill Me, and then, in their crass sensationalism, they tried to make a God out of me. They failed in both instances."

"Jesus—may I take you back again to the matter we were discussing about the Spirit of God being part of the cosmic ray—I am not quite clear as to just what part of God is in that ray—will You give me a bit more light?"

"Of course Frank. My Father is Spirit. His Spirit is Life. His Spirit permeates the whole universe. IT IS. There is no time nor space where My Father is concerned. Being Spirit, He must be able to manifest as all Life, and at the same time manifest as Life without physical form. He can manifest either way. What you see on the earth—including man, could not possibly exist without My Father. Not only has He created everything, but *His Life manifests through everything*. Not all of His Life, but some of it. There can be nothing—absolutely nothing—either physical or invisible, which was not made by My Father, and which does not contain My Father.

"Man has recently discovered that what he had thought to



be 'inanimate matter' is so full of the power which is God, that there is, throughout all of it, *mankind included*, enough of the Spirit of God to make man shudder when he comprehends it all. The beauty and magnitude of God. Truly the heavens above do declare the glory of God, and the firmament does show His handiwork.

"Now Frank, listen to Me carefully, *every living thing on this 'dark planet' and throughout what you call 'space' is definitely and permanently linked with God—My Father. No matter what the form may be—in each atom there may be found whirling vortices of energy which can only come from God—My Father.* Take a dead body for instance—do you think that physical death releases all life and energy from that body? Your scientists have proved this is not true, for they know that all matter, in every form, consists of atoms, which contain enough of the energy which is God that it is impossible for the human mind to grasp it all.

"Now shall we take your body, and mine, and the bodies of every living soul on the earth. They too contain atoms. Then they too must be charged and supercharged with the Spirit of God—must they not. But God is Life—and *Life is not death in any sense of the word—is it?* Then it must be a fact, as you have proclaimed for so many years, that man does *now* possess eternal life, and the only thing which keeps him from enjoying eternal life physically is the fact that he does not know he possesses it. Your churches, those fantastic organizations which claim to represent God without knowing one scientific thing about God, have so impregnated the human mind with the idea that death is unavoidable, that the entire human race expects to die. I believe that God has ordained it that way. So man dies. And man will continue to die until he is willing to understand that the Creator of this universe is a God of Life—not a god of death. Death cannot enter where God is. *Death does not really exist. What you call human death is only the absence of the physical manifestation of the Life which is God—do you see that Frank?"*



"I do."

"Now by what means do you think My Father carries His Life to the millions of men and women on your 'dark earth?' Let me tell you. I have told you that the Spirit of God permeates the entire universe—the heavens above and the earth beneath. He has no residence or abode, being Spirit. He is everywhere. The means by which God sends Life to the human race, is by means of *His own Presence*. Every living man and woman on the earth has the Spirit of the Living God in him or her. Now imagine, if you can, some of the atomic energy wrapped up in this shepherd's crook, and then compare it with the energy in a human body. And there is something else Frank you should continue to tell the inhabitants of earth. It is very important. Listen—*Man is the only creation God has made which has the ability to comprehend the fact that God lives in him—and he is the only creation which has the ability to make known to the Spirit of God what his needs are. Once more—Man is the only creation of God that is able to direct the Spirit of God into whatever channel he wishes. If he cares to, he can direct that Power into the channel which will bring him eternal life on this earth. It was on this earth God created man, and it will be on this earth man will either destroy himself, or be redeemed.*

"Man can arrive at complete consciousness of the Presence of God, with all the Power that involves, whenever he chooses. Of course, if the nations of the earth decide to continue to fight each other and desecrate each other's lands, fighting for the oil My Father placed in the ground for man's enjoyment, man will automatically destroy himself and the planet he inhabits. God will not care if that happens. It will be man's own funeral."

"Pardon me Jesus, but did you say that the peoples on the redeemed planets are men and women just like us?"

"I did say that. There is a difference though. These people on those shining planets have learned the secret of eternal life. They have learned the truth about God. They can die if they want to, but none of them is foolish enough to want to die, sur-



rounded as they are by the Spirit of God, which provides them an abundance of everything."

"But how would they die, Jesus, would they commit suicide?"

"No that would not be necessary. All they would have to do would be to begin to doubt the ability of My Father to take care of them, and give them eternal life. That is the reason we call this the 'dark planet.' You people here have not yet reached the place where you give God credit for being able to give eternal life to anyone. So you die. When you have learned to believe God, and use the Power of God, when all the people and the nations on the earth turn to God, believing in Him for the very work's sake, because of what He has done, if for no other reason—you will live forever, and this planet will take its place in the celestial sphere, there to abide forever and ever with God—My Father."

"Is it your opinion that this earth will do that—or do you believe that it will destroy itself with atomic energy and, perhaps, cosmic energy?" I asked Jesus.

"It is my opinion that mankind will destroy himself from off the face of the earth. Not completely however. There will be left a remnant who will believe in the Power of the Spirit of God. On that remnant, my Father will build a new earth, and then His creation will be complete."

"It makes me sad, Jesus, to think that the earth on which I live is the only planet which stands in the way of the completion of God's grand plan."

"It makes me sad too. I have only come back to see if there is the slightest hope of the earth coming to sanity, and believing in the Power of the Living God."

"Has what you have seen caused hope to awaken in your breast?"

"I see but one possibility Frank. The Spirit of God has been given to you without measure. You have the same picture I had two thousand years ago. If there is some way you can get the people, and the churches to listen to you, and if they will follow



your advice, there is a distinct possibility that the awful deluge of horror toward which man is swiftly drifting, may be averted."

"But the churches are closed to me, Jesus. They will not listen to me. They write articles in their magazines and tell their followers that I am Anti-Christ, Satan in human form, and they tell their people that if they listen to me, they will excommunicate them. Even the great Methodist Church passed a resolution in Boise, Idaho recently, condemning every member of that church who had anything to do with me. They forced my Assistant, Dr. Tenney, either to resign from his Methodist ministry, or be 'defrocked.' He had to give up his position with me.

"When I secured another minister to help me in this work, his church 'defrocked' both him and his wife. Another large religious organization paid money to the greatest racketeering organization in America to try to put my Movement out of business. This organization wrote letters to every newspaper and magazine in which our advertisements appear, telling them not to run any more of those advertisements unless it said so."

"I know all about that," said Jesus. "That subversive, un-American organization will come to a very unhappy ending. You see, it has interfered with the work of My Father, which work you are doing, and no organization can do that and prosper. It sowed the seeds of its own doom, when, in Detroit, it accepted money from a large religious organization to try to suppress the truths of God, as you are revealing those truths to this world."

"But can you suggest something more which I might be able to do, to awaken this 'dark planet' to the Power of God?"

"Frank dear—there is one lesson you have not yet quite learned. You are, like I used to be, a bit over-impetuous. You are in the grip of the Power of the Spirit of God. You are anxious that your mission in life be fulfilled. You want to see the glory of the knowledge of God cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. *You will see that day.* But you must not be impatient. I know that the time is at hand. I know that the fields are ripe unto harvest. I know there are few on the earth who have been given



the vision you have. But you must be a bit quieter. You must let your Father work out the details. You are ready and willing to follow—I know that. But be still—and know that My Father, at the proper moment, will tell you what to do. He will make your pathway so very plain. It will not be easy, I assure you. You will suffer along the way, but you will triumph. The glory of God will be reflected to the millions on your 'dark planet,' and then, your joy shall be very complete."

"Thank you Jesus for those gracious words," I said. Then I asked him this question:—"If this earth does not come to God, if it decides that there is no God except the gods of the many bibles, if it destroys itself completely, what will happen to those who are on the earth? If they are in danger, My Father will take them to another planet where they do know the Power of God. Those whose lives are not in danger, when the great Armageddon comes, will be left, and it is they who shall finally redeem this planet. They will believe in the Power of God. Theirs will be a great triumph."

"What will become of the Christians who have died, believing, erroneously that you were Almighty God?"

"They will be just like others who have died down through the ages. What My Father creates, He keeps. He does not allow anyone to take from Him that which He has. No power is great enough to do that. *The greatest power on this earth is the power of man—the power which makes him doubt the existence of God, and the ability of God to give eternal life to every created human being. It was man's own doubt, fostered by well-meaning but grossly materialistic religious organizations which have kept the human race on this earth, and God, apart.* Away back yonder Frank, when man was enjoying the glory which comes from being with The Father, man, a free-will agent, began to doubt. That doubt originated in the mind of man. Satan, or no other mythical being had a thing to do with it. *Man brought his own fall from God.* If man is restored to the glory he had with God millions of aeons ago, he will restore himself, by believing in,



and actually experiencing the Power of the Spirit of God. No one can do that for him. No church organization can do it. The Messenger came once, and He was derided, mocked, and scorned. He had to depart with His mission unfulfilled. Now, My Father has sent you, Frank. You may have more success than I had. I believe you will, if you will keep close enough to God."

"Then am I to understand you that all men shall be saved, or rather resurrected to live with God forever, regardless of what they did while on this earth?" I asked Jesus.

"I did not say that, Frank. I said that none would ever be lost. Man, as he exists today, is of dual nature. He has in him a remnant of the glory which once was his, plus the degradation which his doubt of God has brought to him. If man dies, without beholding the glory of God, the Spirit in that man goes back to Its Maker, *without the body* which is allowed to rot in the grave. But even that body is not lost. Its form merely changes. It is still full of atomic energy, and one day, that energy will manifest itself. That day will come when your 'dark planet' decides to change its darkness for the matchless Light which is God. But the Spirit of God which was in that man, still remains the Spirit of God. It did not lead man to doubt God. It tried every way possible to restore man to his God. But those who refused to be restored, can never see the glory of God. They made their choice. The utter oblivion into which they will go, will be of their own making."

"Then the millions of men and women who have died, firm in some church belief that they were sure of a home in Heaven, have been deluded—is that it, Jesus?"

"That is the pity of it all. Whereas the church organizations which, through the ages, might have been pointing men and women to the Spirit of God which alone can redeem man, have been selling their membership on the proposition that membership in their church was an assurance of life beyond the tomb. Life came from God. It still belongs to God. *No man, or no church organization has anything to say about what God chooses*



*to do with that Life after It has left a human body and returned to Him.*

"The theory that priest or preacher has anything do with the soul, or even knows what the soul is, is propaganda designed to increase the membership of that church, or hold its members in fear of their lives. Believe me Frank, more men and women have lost eternal life through believing what church organizations have told them, than ever lost eternal life without those doctrines. The people are not to blame though; far greater is the crime of him who, knowing nothing about God, attempts to lead others to God. That is the blind leading the blind—they both fall into a ditch."

"What was the experience of those people who now inherit eternal life on other planets Jesus—were they once without the Light, as we are now?"

"They were Frank. Those celestial planets, by the scores of trillions, once were as this earth is. They were populated with people much the same as the people here now. They had the same problems you have. But none of these other planets tried to make their own God. Many of these peoples never did doubt the ability of God to continue them as He had made them. Others did exactly as this earth has done. There were not many like that though, and what few there were, returned very quickly to God. They did not try to make their own God out of a combination of Almighty God and a man, attributing to that man unique deity. *They came back to the God they had wandered from.* And when they returned, they found the God they had wandered from waiting for them with open arms, just as this planet will find God waiting, if it ever decides to return to Him."

"Jesus—is there anything more I can do, than I am already doing, to bring the Power of the Spirit of God to this world, preferably through the churches?"

"Frank—I am going to leave with you a manuscript which I have been preparing for some time. I knew that My Father would soon send me to see you, and I knew that you would ask



me the very question you have just asked. So, instead of telling you what the churches should do, I have written it down, and I want you to publish it. The book you will shortly write will be a very famous book. Through it, the Power of God will be revealed to hundreds of thousands of people. In that book, I want you to insert the manuscript you will find lying on your dresser when you return to your room. Read it carefully, and then publish it. Perhaps that will save your civilization through the Christian Church. If it does not, nothing will. It will then be hopelessly lost."

The first faint gleams of the dawn were beginning to steal across the morning sky. Jesus and I had been there all night. And what a night it had been. It is not possible for either my pen or my vocabulary to describe the glory of that night. I shall not try. I have written down from memory much of what Jesus said to me in that night of such sacred and hallowed memories. I had not read the manuscript yet. I had not even seen it, for Jesus and I were still sitting there on the plains of Bethlehem, he tending sheep, I listening to the words of Power which fell from His lips.

"Shall we meet again?" I asked Jesus.

"Do you think you'll need me?" He answered.

"I don't believe so. I know exactly what the message is. Of course, I have not read the manuscript yet, but I presume that contains some instructions for me."

"It does. Now listen Frank, if the churches do not respond to the appeal in that manuscript, then, until the Great Day of the Wrath of God comes to the earth, and that won't be very long, you continue doing exactly as you are doing now. Put out as much mail as you can. Tell the people what the Power of the Spirit of God can do for them. Let them take it or leave it. When the Day of God comes, you, and all who have believed in the Power of the Spirit of God, will, if in danger, be transported to another planet. If not, you will be left on earth to start another race of men who will believe in the Spirit of God.



"Is there anything else Frank, before I go? I must go and look after Mr. Blakely's sheep. Tomorrow night, another shepherd will be here. 'The Wanderer' will cease to exist."

"There is one thing more Jesus,—won't you sing me a few verses of *Your* favorite hymn? I know you have one. Won't you please?"

The same, sad, sweet smile swept over His lovely countenance as He shook hands with me, bidding me:—"Good-bye Frank—may the Spirit of the Infinite God be with you always."

As He turned to go, there came to me the same sweet, strong melodious voice which had so entranced me earlier in the night:—

"Lead—kindly Light—amid th'encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see the distant scene,  
*One step enough for me.*"

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou,  
Should'st lead me on;  
I loved to choose, and see my path, but now,  
Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will, remember not past years."

"So long Thy Power hast blest me—sure, it still  
Will lead me on.  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night be gone;  
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since,  
And lost awhile."

As the last faint echoes of that song faded from my ears, I turned my steps toward the olive grove, and the little guest-house beyond.



## In Which We Read the Manuscript

IT WAS WITH A HEAVY HEART THAT I WALKED THROUGH THE olive groves back to the little guest-house. I knew "The Wandering Jesus" had gone out of my life for the time being. I knew I should never see Him again on this earth. Yet He had left something with me. He had left the Spirit of God in a much more marked measure than I had ever known before. The aching void which came into my life as I watched Him disappear, was being filled with a sense of the overwhelming Power of the Spirit of God. That was probably the reason Jesus had appeared to me. That is the reason He was born, in this little City of Bethlehem so very long ago.

One always knows when the Spirit of God is close. In such moments, the world outside seems to be completely shut out, and one realizes that while he is in the world, he is not of it. The Source of his life is very much higher than the mundane things of this "dark planet," fallen, as it is, from the glory which is God.

The thought that there are millions of other planets, all beaming with the melody of God, and all reflecting the glory of God to such an extent that they shine as stars in the firmament, was not a new one to me. I had never been able to believe that in the grand and magnificent plan of creation, which the Master-Planner had designed, this little tiny speck of a planet is the only one occupied by human beings. If it is, there has been a terrible waste of space, for while the heavens do declare the glory of God, and while the firmament does disclose His handiwork, it is evident to all who care to think, that the only place in the entire scheme where the glory of God does not shine, is on this earth.



There seems to be little chance of that glory shining with world conditions as they are. Rather, one might expect the complete annihilation of most of the human race, with the possible destruction of this "dark planet." There are nations on the earth whose true nature and objectives have not yet fully appeared. They will appear. These nations would utterly destroy everything pertaining to God. They would blot out the name of God. They will try to do just this. They will fail. But before this sin-cursed earth is many years older, it will know that it has been in a battle with those forces which, if they could, would bar the mention of the word "God."

Ultimately, the Power and the Glory of God will have to shine on this earth as it shines on other planets. The Creator is too wise to permit for very long, a plague-spot like this earth to exist. Every possible chance, it seems to me, has been given to man to find and know the Power that is God. It is very evident today however, that the fleeting pleasures of a morbid mankind are of much more importance to the human race than are the things of God.

Millions of dollars are expended every year over the radio, to tell the public which brand of soap is the best. Millions are spent telling the people, or trying to tell them, which cigarette is easier on the throat. Millions more are spent selling patent medicines, while still more millions are spent on "quiz-kids" and gruesome murder cases.

But where is the radio program which deals with the universality of the Power of the Spirit of God? Is not the Power of God of much more importance to this world than a cigarette or a bundle of soap, or a package of yeast tablets? Yet try to get on the air, a program which tells men and women that the Power of the Spirit of God can heal all the diseases from which this world is suffering, and at the same time bring eternal life to all, and see what the answer to your request for time will be.

Our religious programs are just as bad as the commercial programs. There is the "Catholic" hour in which Catholics try to



sell the merits of their system of theology to whoever will buy. There is the "Lutheran" hour in which they too, try to sell their brand of religious hodge-podge. Then there is the "Federal Council" hour, and a score of other "hours" in which the sponsors of the program have only one object, which is to propagate their own individual brand of theology.

*Not a single one of these programs has ever told the American people that eternal Life, and surcease from the trials and tribulations of this earth, may be had at any time, through the Power of the Spirit of God.*

Instead, it's a case of "send a dollar" for this, or "send a dollar" for that, until today, the religious programs on the air constitute the greatest rackets of all. Recently the F.C.C. forbade the solicitation of funds over the air on religious programs, and many of the so-called "evangelists," old-fashioned and new-fangled were forced to fold their tents, and, like the Arabs, silently steal away. Take the money away from many of these religious fakers and they lose all interest in "the precious souls" of their audience.

In spite of all these offers of "salvation," this old earth continues to plunge headlong to its destruction. I had a letter the other day from my old instructor in the Toronto Bible Training School—Dr. John McNicol, to whom I have referred in this book. In my reply I said to this wonderful man of God:—"Is it not a pity that while you and I and others argue and wrangle over Christology and theology, the world continues to plunge closer to hell, and there seems to be nothing any of us can do about it." That is the essence of one paragraph in my reply to my friend.

Soap. Cigarettes. Patent medicines. Horse races. Murders. Prize fights. Vitamins. Political double-talk. "Better business" rackets. Jazz. Crooners. Religious racketeers. The Power of God? . . . No. No room for that. Everything but that. What this civilization bases its hope for security and peace on, I have not been able to discover. As I see it, the seeds of decay are planted in almost every phase of our American life. Let me leave this



subject. It sickens me to write about it. Let me get back to Jesus, or more properly, let me get back to the Spirit of God which Jesus came to earth to reveal, but which, because of the hard, callous hearts of the people, He failed to reveal.

\* \* \*

Quietly opening the door of the guest-house, I turned on the light for it was not yet daylight. There, lying on the dresser, was a package. I knew it was the manuscript Jesus had referred to. I was eager to open it. I suspected it contained a message for the churches. I doubted that it would do any good, yet I knew that it was my duty to deliver the message, no matter what it contained. It was not my message. It came directly, through Jesus, from His Father—the Spirit of God.

Stepping over to the dresser, I took the package which was about nine inches by twelve. It was done in brown paper, and a piece of hempen string was wound round it. Taking off the string and the brown wrapping-paper, I saw the manuscript itself was written on parchment. Across the front of the parchment was this message:—

“He that believeth on Me shall never die—believest thou this?”

In the upper left-hand corner were these words:—

*“A Message from Jesus to the Christian Churches  
throughout the world.”*

I am Jesus. I send you all greetings through the messenger who will bring this message to you. What I shall say to you will come as a great shock. It will hurt you. Truth often hurts. But truth only hurts those who are doing something or saying something which is contrary to the truth. What I shall say to you in this message will humiliate you. You may feel like crucifying the messenger who brings this message to you. Please don't do that. You did that to me. You did not know what you were doing, and for that reason I asked my Father, in that dark hour,



to please forgive you, because I knew that you did not know what you were doing.

This message really does not come from me. I have come back to earth again, thinking perhaps you might welcome me this time—but no. I am afraid that if I were to come to you personally, as I am now, and as I was then, you would humiliate Me, and possibly order me put into jail, as was done two thousand years ago. So I have chosen one from among you, whom I believe to be qualified to bring you this message, and to help you, in your dark hour of apostasy, back to the Realm of the Spirit of God. The one I have chosen has no fear. He is able to change your impotent ecclesiastical structure into one which shall shine with the Glory of God. Please let him do this.

I have little hope that you will. I have much hope, however, that the peoples who do not belong to your organizations, and who do not believe the very erroneous doctrines you are teaching, will gladly hear my messenger. He speaks not of himself. He merely passes on to you what I, Jesus, have written in this manuscript, by the direction of the Spirit of God, which is My Father, and your Father too.

This manuscript will pass into the hands of the messenger I have chosen, on the plains of Bethlehem, where I was born. Let me impress upon all churches everywhere, which bear the name "Christian," that I was NOT born of a virgin who was conceived in some miraculous manner by what you call the "Holy Ghost." No ghost had any part in my birth. Joseph, a carpenter was my father and Mary, a beautiful lady, was my mother. Had you grasped this fact, and listened to the message I came to bring, this "dark planet" on which you live, would now be shining in the galaxy of other planets that have found the Power and Glory of My Father, which Power and Glory I came to proclaim to you so long ago.

While I lived on the earth, and for hundreds of years after I had gone from your sight, no one considered that My birth was in any way miraculous. Those who lived and knew me, knew





better than that. You did not tack deity onto me until long after I had departed. You thought I was dead. But I was not. I was very much alive, as I am now. Had you listened to the message I came to bring, without offering me to the people as God, your planet would have been spared so much suffering. It would be a brilliant place now.

You have discovered however, that you cannot sell Me to the people of this earth as God. You *can* sell me as a man with a message from God. You know full well that there is nothing you can do outside of try to sell your religious ideas to whoever will buy them. You know, better than anyone else, your impotence to manifest the Power and the Glory of God on this planet. You know, and how well you know, that wars, and famines, and pestilences are abroad as never before. You know that the "Four Horsemen" are riding again. You know too, that, much as you would like to, you cannot do one thing about it.

When, in your ignorance, you began to tell the world that I, Jesus, was Almighty God in human form, you thought that you could convert the world to that philosophy, and, through Me, redeem it back to God. You have discovered that you can do nothing of the sort. When you stole the idea of a "trinity" from the Hindoo, you thought you were doing the world a favor. You were not. You were but hiding the actual truth of the Spirit of God from the world. You were hiding my message.

Oh yes—I know—you still have a form of religion, but there is no Power in it. The Spirit of God is completely unknown to any of you. You have demonstrated that the philosophy with which you hoped to save this world, has proved insufficient. Had you been endowed with the Power of the Spirit of God, as you should have been, and would have been had you listened to Me, instead of trying to make a God out of me, you could have restored man to the rightful place he should occupy with God.

Instead, you have made a social club out of what should be "My Father's House." I once drove the money-changers from the temple. Now, I shall let them stay in it. I have come back



to you. I shall make one more attempt to reveal the Power of the Spirit of God to you. In all probability, you will not listen to my messenger, as you refused to listen to me.

*But the time is short.* If this world destroys itself, you too, without the Spirit of God in you, will also be destroyed, for the Spirit of God is the only Spirit which can save you. I cannot. I never could. I was chosen as a *Messenger* only. In my early youth, the Spirit of God spoke to me and gave me Its message of Power. I brought that message to you. You ignored it. You told the people that I was God Almighty, when you knew full well that I was no such thing.

There is no time left however, to talk about past mistakes. We have all made them. Your own catechism says that you have done the things you ought not to have done, and have left undone the things you ought to have done. I say again, the time is short. You must now undo the things you have done which you ought not to have done, and you must do the things you have left undone.

Were it not for the fact that I know, down deep in the heart of every Christian, there is an earnest longing for the Light, I should not have written this manuscript. But I do know how your hearts yearn for the truth. Few of you are satisfied with what you have. Few of you believe that the answer is "The Blood of Jesus, which cleanses us from all sin." My blood is red—and red blood cannot make anything white. The answer does not lie in my name, and never has. I have never been able to do one thing which you cannot also do. I plainly stated that when I was here before. Now—you know it.

The time is short. There is still a chance of the Christian Church rising to its high calling. That high calling does not consist of telling men and women that I was Almighty God. That high calling consists of telling men and women that I came to this earth to reveal the Power of the Spirit of God. I want you to leave my name completely out of it. Men will believe in the present existence of the Spirit of God, and that Spirit, if



haste is made, can save your "dark planet" and illumine it with the Power of The Almighty. My name can do nothing to redeem this world. My message can, but not my name, for once again let me insist that I am not the totality of God, never was, and never will be. I tried to make that very plain while on your earth before.

When I left, I told you that in My Father's House are many mansions. Look above you some starry night, and you will see that is true. This planet belongs with those planets which have known the full Power of the Spirit of God. It has no right to be bathed in bloodshed and war, and had you not "done the things you ought not to have done, and left undone the things you ought to have done," these awful conditions could not exist.

The fault is yours. You had the vision. You had the Messenger. You had the chance to send the message of eternal Life ringing round the world. But you muffed that chance. You made a political organization out of what should be a Power-House for God. Now, I am giving you another chance. What I shall suggest is revolutionary. It will bring to this earth, if you will do it, a revolution in religious thought. But it will make available to all men, not your theories of me, Jesus, but the Power of the Spirit of God.

The patience of the Spirit of God is sorely tried. It will not always strive with man. *The end is very close.* My Father has decided that man prefers his sin, his wickedness, his money, his graft, his immorality, to the things of God. But He is giving man just one more chance, and His message, not mine, is offered to the Christian Church, for, with all its faults and short-comings, My Father hates to cast it aside.

But if the Christian Church refuses to listen again to the message I am sending in the form of this manuscript, there is nothing My Father can do. He will not permit conditions to continue very much longer as they are. It is not fair to the young people who are coming into the world. It is not fair to My Father, who has made provision for the complete return of man to God. If



man shows by his acts that he does not wish to return to God, and if the Christian Church shows by its acts that it does not wish to return to God either, then, believe me, My Father will wind up the sordid history of this "dark planet" very quickly.

I warn you, I know whereof I speak. I warn you, the day of God is at hand. I promise you that if you will make the first move and return to God, My Father will run to meet you, and it will not be very long before this earth is revelling in the Light and the Glory of God, instead of scheming how it may destroy itself. The atomic bomb is loose. All nations will have it sooner or later. There is nothing on the horizon which leads My Father to believe that man will redeem himself. There is nothing on the horizon which leads My Father to believe that the Christian Church will cast aside its idolatry, and charge, and super-charge itself with the Power of the Spirit of God. Nothing at all. And yet—I have interceded again with My Father. I have begged to be allowed to come back to earth, to offer the Christian Church another chance.

This time I have arranged it so that there can be no possibility of anyone thinking I am Almighty God, for I shall not reveal Myself to anyone, except one man, who I know, trusts me, and who knows a little bit about the Power of the Spirit of My Father.

Anyone who knows that man, knows that there is little chance of anyone mistaking him for God Almighty. So I am entrusting this manuscript into his care. He will turn the message over to you. What you do with it is your business, but with a heart overflowing with divine Love—the Love of My Father, I beg of you listen. I beg of you to completely re-vamp your present structure, making it a central distributing house for the Power of the Spirit of God.



## HERE ARE THE THINGS I SHALL EXPECT YOU TO DO

1. *Get rid of every idol in the form of statues, models, pictures, busts of Peter, Paul, the Virgin Mary, Myself, or any other Bible character. These are idols. They detract from the Power of the Spirit of God. As I was not Almighty God, none of these things have a place in the House of God. Get rid of them.*
2. *Have a large sign installed on all four sides of your church. Make it large enough to be seen night and day. Have it brightly illuminated at night. It should bear these words:—*

### “ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH THE POWER OF GOD”

3. *Those churches which specialize in crucifixes, beads, crosses, images, icons and the like, must get rid of them all. All of you know now that the cross on which I suffered as a man, is not a symbol of God, because I never was God. If you insist on having crosses in your churches, put two of them there, and put on them the two thieves who were crucified with me, for they believed me when I told them that “this night ye shall be with Me in paradise.” You have not yet believed in the message I came to bring to this earth, but those two thieves did. So if you must have crosses, use them instead of Me. There is no point in depicting Me on a cross, for if I had been God, you may be sure I should not have hung there, suffering the torments of the damned, unable to lift a hand to save Myself. I consider these crucifixes, statues, beads, and all the rest of this fol-der-ol to smack of pagan idolatry—not of the Spirit of God.*
4. *Get rid of all your priestly and ministerial robes. Nothing which has any semblance of what you have known as “religion” must be allowed to remain. You have literally millions of dollars tied up in those robes, and while they are very beautiful, they cannot reveal the Spirit of God to anyone. Those of the churches who have “holy water” and “confessionals” must get rid of them too. Ministers and priests should wear no special uniform, either inside or outside of the church, which gives them recognition as agents of God. If they truly are agents of God, they will not need to adver-*



tise the fact, because the Spirit of God will be revealed through them, and the world will know that they have been with God without their advertising it. The women too—they must discard all the hoods and other paraphernalia they wear, for it is very misleading. It leads one to think that they represent God. But if they do, like the ministers and priests, the world will know it. Those systems of religion which seem to worship the church itself, must remember that now it is revealed that I never was God, there can be no need for such expressions as "The sacred heart of Jesus" or any of the many other expressions used by them. As Jesus, there is no merit in my name, nor is there anything I can do for anyone, except what these ministers and priests should be doing—revealing the Power of Almighty God to the world. So all priestly and ministerial robes must go, if the church is to reveal the Power of God to men and women who, in their eagerness for the truths of God, look to these churches for those truths. You must not fool them any longer.

5. All ministers and priests should get the finest, lightest clothes they can buy. They should never be black. They should wear the conventional collar which others wear, and it should button in the front, not the back. A light-colored tie would be appropriate because they are now agents of the God of Life—not the God of death and purgatory. All priests should marry, as that is the command of the Spirit of God. When they do not, there is too much temptation surrounding them. Let them marry and raise children as God intended they do, and as every normal man wants to. Nuns should marry also. No man or woman living an unnatural life, can bring to men and women on this earth, the Power of the Spirit of God. Such a man or woman will have a warped understanding of God's Spirit, and anyway, the first thing the Spirit of God will tell men and women of this type, is to get married, and raise children.
6. All churches should be open twenty-four hours a day. Religion is for seven days a week, not for Sunday and Wednesday night only. It is a thing for the home and the business life, not for the church. It is good for churches to be built, but there should not be more than enough to take care of the needs of the community. There should be no difference



in the names of these churches. They must all be "THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD," not the Presbyterian, Catholic, Methodist, etc. This only confuses the people and hides the Power of the Spirit of God. There is but one Spirit of God—there should be but one church. As long as there is the conglomeration we have today, you may be sure none of the Spirit of God is in any of them, for the first thing that Spirit would do, would be to unite them. As long as they operate as individual units, then they are operating as church organizations, and not as agents of the Spirit of God. Some churches follow the Pope of Rome. Others follow John Wesley. Others John Calvin, and so on. All churches, if they are to save this world, must follow the leadings of the Spirit of God—not their "patron-saints" or other originators.

7. In the basement of every church should be a Youth Center. Pool tables, Ping-Pong games, and a soda-fountain should be there. The grown-ups should each have a definite day on which each will supervise the Center in the basement of the churches. There should be a reading-room, a smoking-room for those who wish to smoke, but no child under twenty-one should be allowed to smoke in the church. All children should be allowed to attend the Youth Center, regardless of race or creed. Ministers holding membership in the Ku Klux Klan must immediately resign from that un-American organization. I am sorry to state that many ministers are members. They cannot know the Power of the Spirit of God and belong to such organizations. The Masonic Order, Knights of Columbus, and other secret organizations should be disbanded. No church-member should be permitted to hold membership in any of them. A continuous program of entertainment should be provided for the young people, who should be impressed with the fact that they now belong to an organization which is revealing the Spirit of God to men, and that if they get a correct understanding of the Power of that Spirit, they need never die.
8. Anyone at all should be admitted to membership in all churches. In fact, after a while, membership will not be advisable. No one who applies for membership should be asked what he or she believes. It would probably be wrong anyhow. In any event, religion does not consist of what



one believes—it consists of conscious recognition of the Spirit of God in the life. When one has that experience, belief is not necessary because the actual Presence and Power of God in the life make “beliefs” completely unnecessary. This consciousness of the Spirit of God should be taught as early in life as possible. The graded Sunday school Lessons should be designed to teach nothing but the actual Presence and Power of God in the life. I should not be mentioned.

9. Ministers of all churches should be chosen from the membership. Theological seminaries are not necessary because the theory that I am Almighty God has been definitely exploded. That leaves the human race completely ready and willing to be taught the truths of the Spirit of God, and it eliminates the last excuse for different sects and denominations. Now, all can teach the one great common denominator—the Presence and Power of God—My Father. There will always be found one, or more, in every church, who seems to have a capacity for receiving and revealing the truths of the Spirit of God, a bit better than the rest. That person, man or woman, should be the minister or leader of the church. The order of service should be very simple. There are millions of sermons preached in hundreds of thousands of churches on this “dark planet” every Sunday. And hundreds of millions of people attend those churches. They sing a few hymns. They listen to a prayer and a sermon. They put their offering on the collection plate, and they leave the church for their homes with no more knowledge of the Power of God than they had when they went into their church. This goes on, year after year, and this it is which blinds the eyes of men and women to that Power of My Father. The people have come to believe that all there is to God is what the churches have to reveal, and that is nothing at all. The one requirement for membership in a Christian Church is that you believe that I am Almighty God. I have told you very plainly that I am not Almighty God, and never was Almighty God. Therefore, the churches on your earth must find another concept of God to bring to the world. There is no other concept except the one I came to bring, when both the world and the church refused to listen to me. That concept is God the Father, and God alone, with me left out of the picture entirely.



As religion is for the home and business, the church service should be dispensed with altogether, or simplified greatly. There should be no feeling of solemnity in any church. Rather, there should be a very joyous attitude, for are not the members, at long last, finding the existence and the Power of My Father? Why be sad? Why be over-reverent? My Father asks no one to be either sad or reverent in their dealings with Him. All He asks is that men and women on this earth recognize His Power, and use that Power for the manifestation of every good thing they can possibly need, including eternal life.

Church services should open with the singing of just one hymn. This hymn should be used at every service, year in and year out. Here is the hymn:—

"Open my eyes that I may see, glimpses of truth Thou hast  
for me;  
Place in my hands the wonderful key, that shall unclasp and  
set me free;  
Silently now I wait for Thee, ready my God, Thy will to see;  
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine.

\* \* \*

Open my ears that I may hear, voices of truth Thou sendest  
clear;  
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, everything false will  
disappear;  
Silently now I wait for Thee, ready my God, Thy will to see;  
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine.

\* \* \*

Open my mouth and let me bear, gladly the warm truth every-  
where;  
Open my heart and let me prepare, Love with Thy children  
thus to share;  
Silently now, I wait for Thee, ready my God Thy will to see;  
Open my eyes, illumine me, Spirit Divine."

After this hymn has been sung, there should be a period of absolute silence for five minutes. During this period, the members may sink deep into themselves and there, in them,



*find the connection which exists with My Father. At the end of the five minutes, the priest or minister in charge should say aloud:—*

**"I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE LIVING GOD."**

*The congregation should then repeat that statement of fact in unison. It is the only religious "belief" which has any Power in it, and the only one which is not man-made. Then the leader should say that statement again, and the congregation should again respond. That should be done three times, after which the hymn "Open my eyes" should again be sung. No collection should be taken during the service. Every member of the churches should be required to make a definite contribution to the support of the church each month, and that should be taken care of by the business office of the church. Begging for money with which to support a religious work, has no place in a religious service. It dishonors My Father. Those who do not make their regular payment for the support of the church, should be declared delinquent, and they should not be permitted to engage in the activities of the church until they have done their share in the support of the church.*

*There should be no sermon and certainly no praying. Praying is predicated on an absent God. That may have been all right when churches worshipped Me as Almighty God. But now that they can no longer do that, the only Power left is the Power of the Spirit of God, and that Power is not only right there in the midst of the church, but right in every life. Each member then, in the five minute quiet period, contacts the Spirit of God in him, completely eliminating the need of prayer which in any case, so long as it was directed to Me, was powerless. I cannot answer prayer, and as there is no need for prayer now, the time which has been spent in prayer can be saved.*

*The gathering should then be turned over to the members who should tell what the Power of God has done for them during the week. They should ask questions, and if they have a problem that problem should be openly discussed before the entire membership. The answer will be found in that membership. The service should be devoted*



entirely to telling how the members are finding the actual Power of God, and what that Power is doing for them. Open discussion of the Power of God is the best way to cultivate and know It.

10. The Bible should not be featured too much. It is a work of man and so many inaccuracies occur in it that it is a very unsafe guide for anyone to follow in his or her search for the truths of God. The book is predicated upon My being Almighty God. But as I am nothing of the sort, it becomes valueless now that the actual Power of the Spirit of God is available to all. Dealing directly with My Father is much safer than relying on what man wrote, especially when those who wrote the Bible did so in the false belief that I am Almighty God. The fact that so many copies of the Bible are being sold, is evidence of the hunger which exists in the hearts of men and women for the truths of God. Now that you are reliably informed as to just who and what I am, the whole structure of religion changes. From henceforth you will deal directly with God the Father, which is infinitely better than dealing with God the Son, even if I were the Son of God, which I am not to any degree different from anyone else. As every created man and woman is born with the Spirit of God in him or her, we may all be truthfully called sons of God.
11. If any member of the church should die, the local undertaker should have full charge of the burying, and no member of the church except the immediate members of the family should attend the funeral. The minister should take no part in the funeral, and under no circumstances should a dead body be brought into the church. My Father—the Spirit of God, is the God of the living, not of the dead. No words spoken over a dead body can have the slightest effect upon that dead body. They cannot bring it back to life again. Had the dead person fully known the Power My Father possesses, the dead member would not have died. The church should let the dead bury their dead. Living members should have nothing to do with death in any form.
12. If a church-member should become ill, the minister or leader should call on the sick member and together they should cast out the illness at once. There is no illness or disease



which My Father cannot cast out. The Spirit of God, which created the human body, lives in it, and the Power of God, which was great enough to create the human body, is also great enough to keep it alive without illness manifesting in that body.

13. The church should be the leader in civic functions, and the Power of God, and eternal life through that Power, should be preached and lived at all times. As religion is something for the everyday life, not for the church, the families that belong to the church must have certain set periods every day, in which they actually contact and talk with God. These periods should preferably be in the morning. Perhaps at the breakfast table or perhaps before. Every member of the family must be required to spend five minutes alone with God, before the duties of the day begin. The head of the family should officiate at this quiet period. When complete quietness of soul and body have been achieved, the head of the family should say aloud:—

"I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE LIVING GOD."

Then the family should join in unison, and the statement should be repeated three times. Then, for five minutes, with eyes closed and head bowed, the family shall talk with God, silently. Each member will make the actual contact with the Spirit of God, and thus the day will begin with perfect recognition of the Power of God in the life. Each evening, the same religious exercise must be repeated, and the regular church hymn—"Open my eyes that I may see," should be sung. Thus, a direct contact between man and his God may be maintained. If this contact is kept alive, and if man, day by day, grows in the grace and Power of the Spirit of God, he will receive from God just exactly what he desires and needs, plus eternal life. For God lives, and death cannot destroy the life My Father created, not even the physical life.

\* \* \*

At this point, there was a break in the manuscript, and upon reading some small type at the end of this part, here is what I read:—



"At this point you are to stop revealing the contents of the manuscript to the churches. If you see later that they are doing as I have asked them to do, you may reveal the other half of this manuscript. If you see they are not, then destroy what is left. Read it carefully yourself, but do not reveal its contents to anyone. Destroy it. For if the churches again reject me and my message, they are hopelessly lost, as is the world.

"When the churches receive this message coming direct from me, many of them will scoff and will tell you that Jesus is dead. They will tell you that you did not meet me, either as 'The Wanderer' or as Myself, on the Bethlehem plains. But there will be others, who, knowing there is no hope in the doctrines of the past, will follow My instructions. Upon those churches will fall such a baptism of the Power of God that those who have doubted will re-consider. There is quite a possibility that your 'dark planet' may yet be saved. Only the Power of God can save your civilization. Only the Power of God can save an apostate church. If the churches accept this part of my message, the second half, which you will reveal later, will be of such staggering import that before long, your 'dark planet' will have taken its place in the firmament above, and then, truly, the Glory and the Power of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

... Jesus



### *AUTHOR'S CLOSING NOTE*

This work is, of course, fictional. Yet underneath the fiction there lies a great truth which is very much more than fiction. Detailed instructions for baptizing any church with the Power of the Spirit of God, will be sent to any minister or priest, on receipt of his solemn promise to do what the instructions call for.

... The Author